

GALLANTRIES OF HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen

By Elizabeth Wilson

May

10c

Ruby Keeler



MARIAN
STONE

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BACHELORS—BY ED SULLIVAN

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You,

yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



*This smart Moire
Cosmetic Bag*

FREE ➔

WITH PURCHASE OF LARGE SIZE LISTERINE



Fits into purse, keeps powder, lipstick and other cosmetics in one place.

At your druggist's while they last
This offer good in U. S. A. only

Siren in Silver

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm**

YOU naturally expect to see—from any lovely woman you meet—a lovely smile. (*A flash of sound, white teeth. A glimpse of firm, healthy gums.*)

You don't expect to see—from a lovely woman—an unlovely smile.

(*An unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, tender gums.*) And you shouldn't. And you needn't!

The modern dentist knows how to avoid "pink tooth brush." How to correct it. How to treat the unpleasant mouth conditions due to soft foods and lack of massage. He will tell you what to do about it. And it's very reasonable.

Too many soft foods . . . not enough hard, fibrous foods . . . and consequently not enough work to keep teeth and gums normally healthy—these are the primary reasons why "pink tooth brush" is so common nowadays.

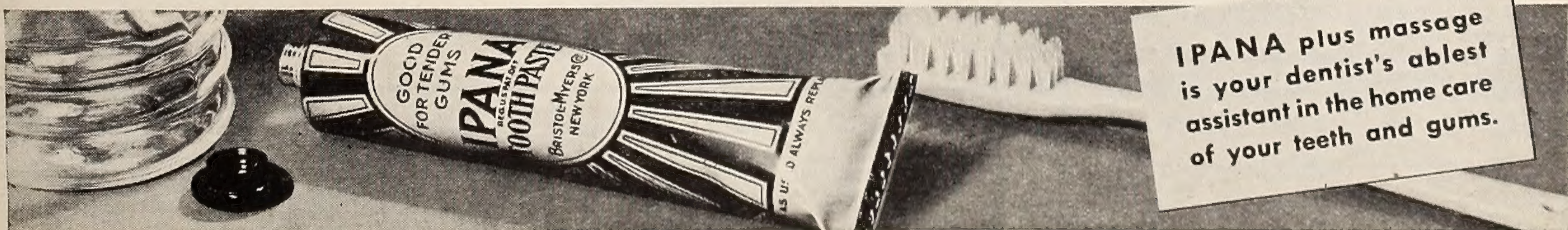
EXERCISE KEEPS GUMS HEALTHY

So modern dental practice encourages an oral health measure that's not only effective but very easy and simple—Ipana plus massage. All you do is to put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip, and rub it into your gums. Massage them thoroughly. Do it regularly, every time

you brush your teeth.

You can tell that your gums are grateful by the healthier, cleaner "feel" to them. New circulation tingles through them. They feel less lazy. More alive . . . Less sensitive.

Make this gum massage with Ipana a part of your daily routine—morning and night. And "pink tooth brush" will probably always remain a stranger to you . . . gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease probably will be just words in a book. And the new whiteness of your teeth, the new brilliance of your smile, will make you wonder why every woman isn't using Ipana plus massage.



IPANA plus massage
is your dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES	PAGE
"A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BACHELORS"..... Ed SULLIVAN	22
<i>Leap Year Sweepstakes</i>	
THE STARS ONLY FEEL SAFE WHEN NEAR HOLLYWOOD	
<i>There Is No Other Place In Which They Can Have Peace</i>	
MAUDE CHEATHAM	24
"I PROTEST!"	LIZA 26
<i>In Hollywood The Stars Are Always Registering Complaints</i>	
GIVING GARBO AWAY.....	JERRY ASHER 28
<i>Daily Incidents At Garbo's Studio</i>	
GENE TAKES A "TERMER".....	LENORE SAMUELS 29
<i>"A Free-Lance Actor Is A Lone Wolf," Says Gene Raymond</i>	
GALLANTRIES OF HOLLYWOOD.....	ELIZABETH WILSON 30
<i>Sentimental Customs</i>	
A GAY ROMANCE OF LOVE IN THE RAIN.....	JACK BECHDOLT 32
<i>The Story Of "One Rainy Afternoon"</i>	
DANCING THRU	DELL HOGARTH 34
<i>Ruby Keeler Has Danced All Her Life, And Loves It</i>	
THE INSIDE "LOW DOWN".....	JULIA GWIN 35
<i>Director Clarence Brown Discusses The Latest Happenings</i>	
BETTE FROM BOSTON.....	VIRGINIA WOOD 53
<i>The 1935 Academy Award Winner</i>	
NICKNAMES THEY GREW UP WITH.....	MURIEL BABCOCK 54
<i>The Stars Were Not Always Quite So Glamorous</i>	
THE GOLF SET.....	BEN MADDOX 56
<i>Screen Players Who Can Be Found On The Links</i>	

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS.....	6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".....	8
<i>A Letter About A Picture Or A Star Will Win a Prize</i>	
REVIEWS: TIPS ON PICTURES.....	10
EASTER COLORING.....	MARY LEE 12
<i>Make-Up To Match Your Easter Bonnet</i>	
STUDIO NEWS.....	S. R. MOOK 14
<i>A Visit To The Sets Of The Busy Players</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS	21
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN.....	58
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....	CHARLOTTE HERBERT 86
THE FINAL FLING.....	ELIOT KEEN 86

ART SECTION

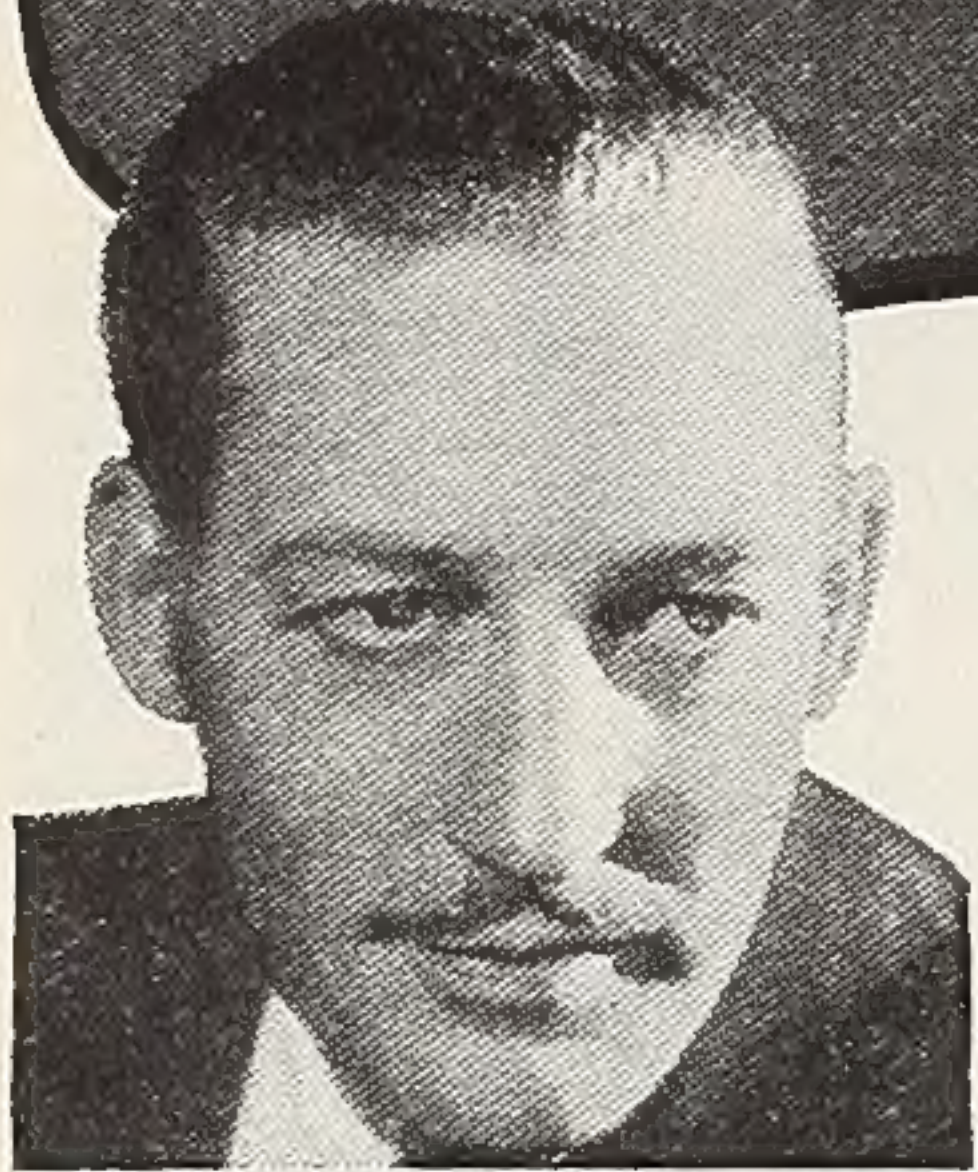
THE CAMERA PERSONALITY OF JACK OAKIE.....	37
<i>The Boulevardier Who Brightens Many Pictures</i>	
WE INSIST UPON ALLURE!.....	38-39
<i>That Certain Something That Is More Than Beauty</i>	
ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD.....	40-41
<i>It Is A Unique City Of Curious Contrasts</i>	
THAT FIRST TIME TOGETHER.....	42-43
<i>New Teams To Tempt Fate</i>	
HOLLYWOOD—A HEAVEN TO ANIMALS.....	44-45
<i>Dumb Pets Do Well In Pictures</i>	
THE FUTURE LOOKS VERY LOVELY TO SOME OF THE PLAYERS.....	46-47
<i>Optimistic Outlooks</i>	
A CHANGE OF GET-UP MAKES A NEW PLAYER.....	48
<i>Remarkable Characteristics</i>	
HOLLYWOOD ACHIEVES ART.....	49
<i>High Spots Of Future Pictures</i>	
THE LOVELY HOME OF GLORIA STUART.....	52
<i>A Famous Artistic Interior</i>	

COVER PORTRAIT OF RUBY KEELER BY MARLAND STONE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 400 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 511 S. Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Walton Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1936. Printed in the U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

"HER LIPS WERE
REALLY ALLURING"



SAID

WARREN
WILLIAM



Read why this
well known
movie star
picked the
girl with the
Tangee Lips



● We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls ... One wore the ordinary lipstick ... one, no lipstick ... and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

WARREN WILLIAM makes the lipstick test on the set of 'The Gentleman from Big Bend', a Warner Brothers Production.

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES ... when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation ... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee ... be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU56
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

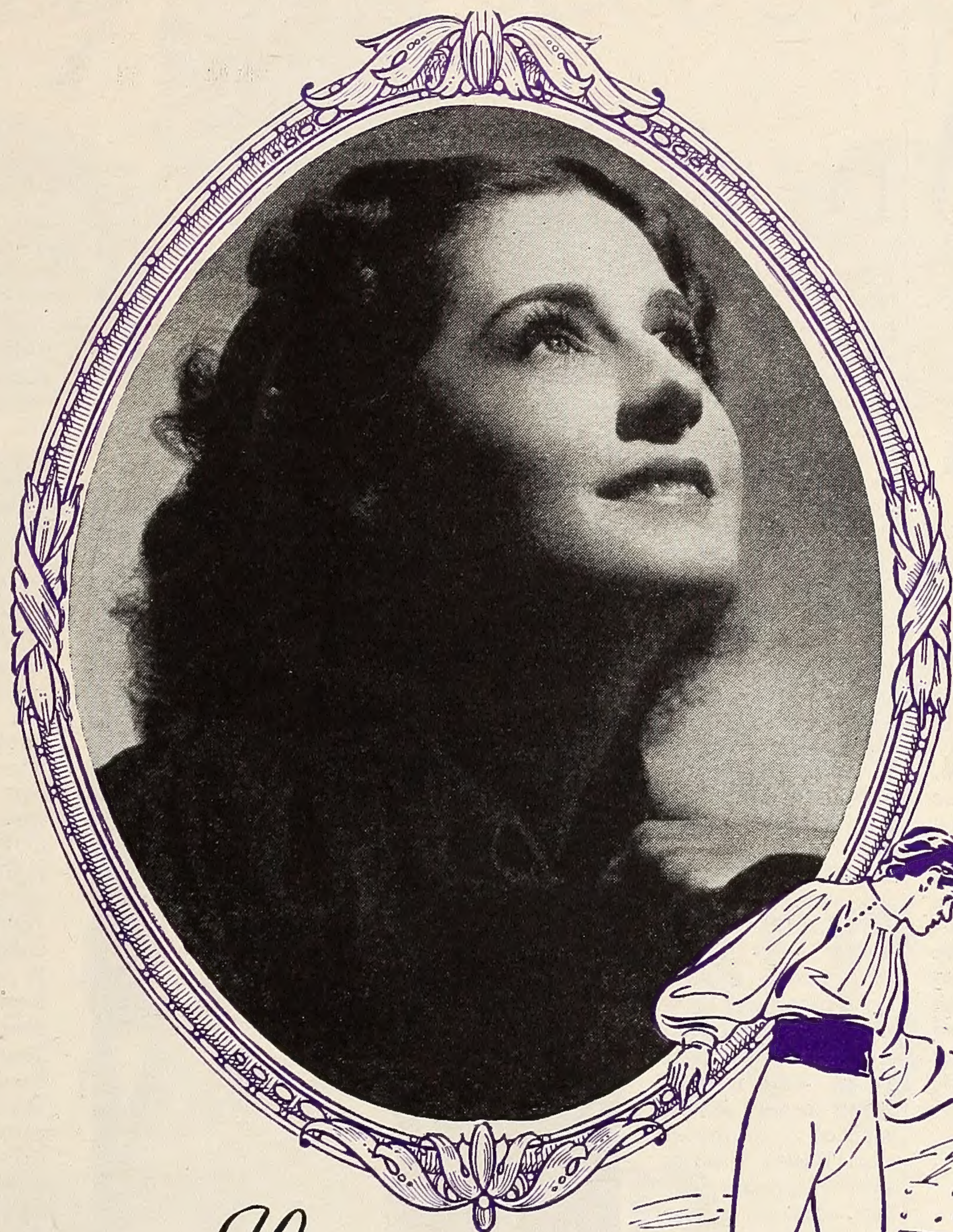
Check ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THE MOTION PICTURE THAT IS
EAGERLY AWAITED THE WORLD OVER



*Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard*
in

Romeo *and* Juliet

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
BASIL RATHBONE • CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY • RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH • HENRY KOLKER • ANDY DEVINE

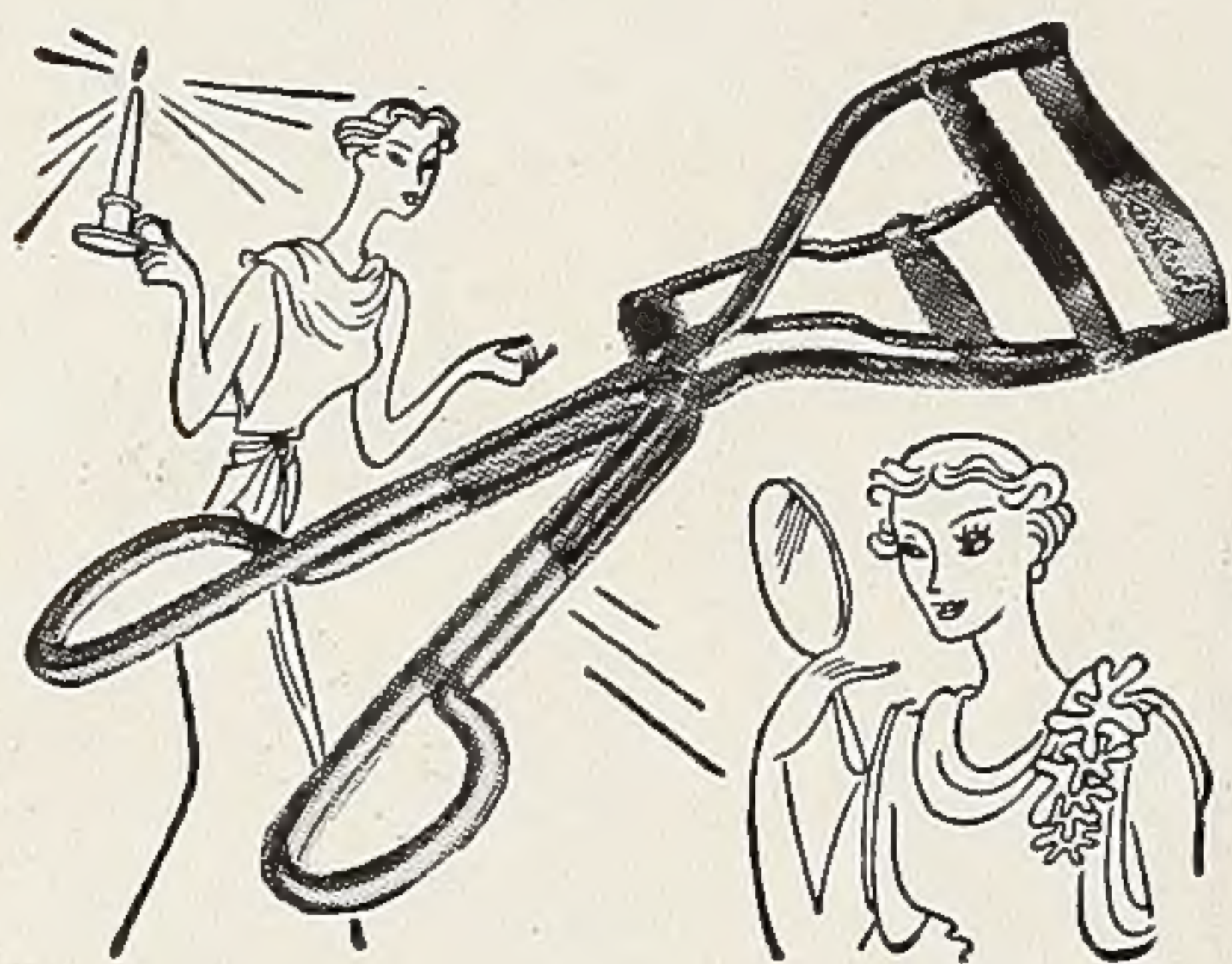
To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.



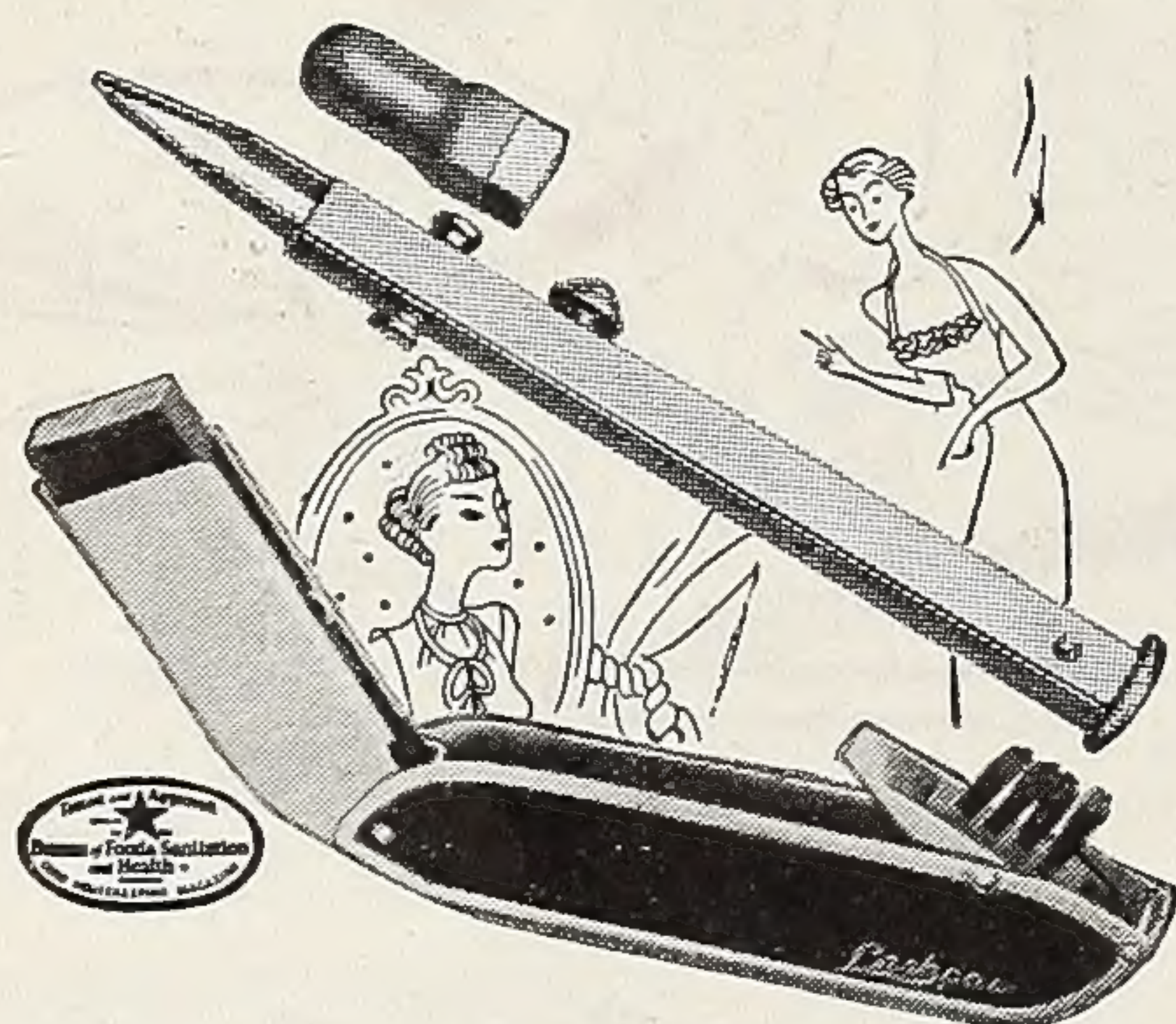


EYE DEAS

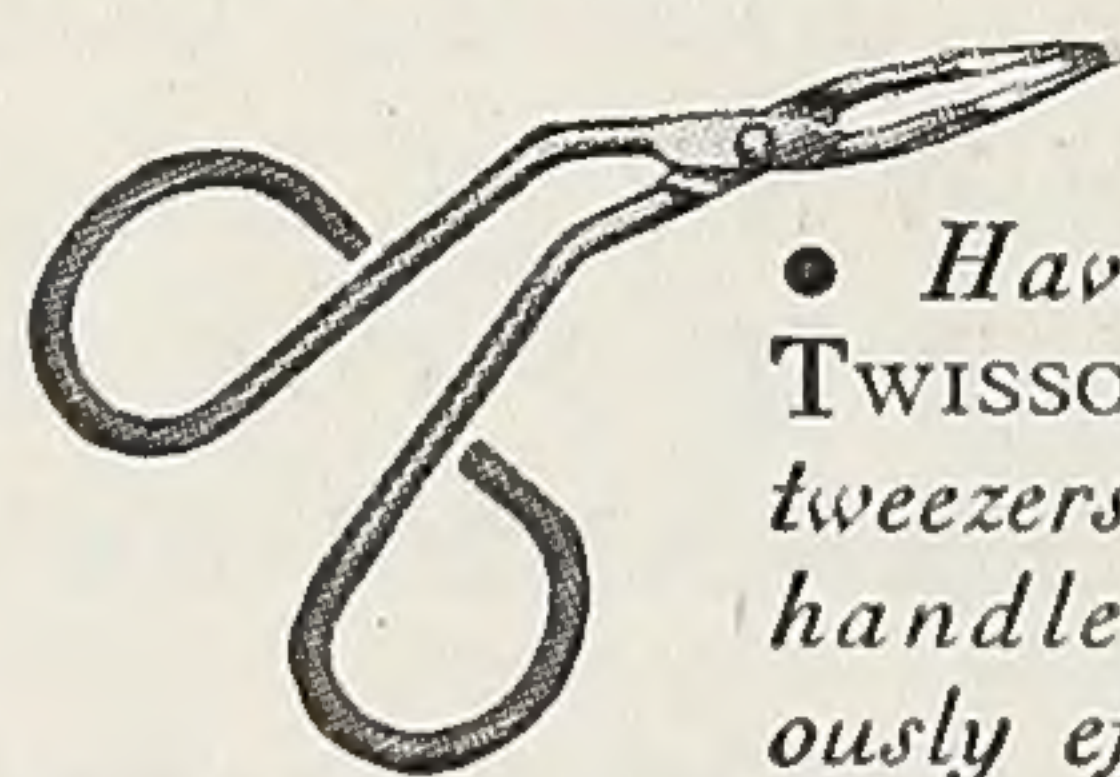
by Jane Heath



DO CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. (\$1 at good stores.)



Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASH-PAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming tool! Each, \$1—at good stores.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SS-5.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

I have just returned from a shopping bender with Joan Crawford, which is an experience well worth writing home about, not that I consider your termite-eaten desk and over-crowded waste paper basket home. I have been entering shops, and exclusive shops, too, I daresay, for well nigh on to, we won't go into that, years, and not once has my entrance caused the least bit of a flurry, though I did see two detectives edge in on me the day I looked at cigarette cases at Cartier's.

But the very second Joan Crawford entered Magnin's this morning, with me bringing up the rear as sort of a backdrop, as we say in the theatre, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the most excitement I have seen in all those years we won't go into. Salesladies rushed hither and thither like mad, models dove into tasty little numbers, and despite the fact that Joan had really come to buy a hat, sort of a combination Easter bonnet and chapeau for her cocktail party, in honor of the famous conductor Leopold Stokowski, practically everything in the store was paraded in front of her.

Joan said I came to buy a hat out loud and they said that's what you think under their breath. Before an hour had elapsed Joan had hats, dresses, pajamas, hosiery, lingerie, slippers, perfumes, powder, bags and even gadgets. Joan is a most amazing shopper. The slightly mad type. As I sat over in the corner on a couch, trying to persuade Pupchen and Baby, Joan's two puppy dachshunds, not to chew up the frou-frou on a little Hattie Carnegie something for the cocktail hour, I simply went into one amazement after another. And here's how Joanie shops . . .

When she finds a hat she likes she immediately has it copied in a dozen or more colors. She buys expensive straws and brings them back year after year to be re-blocked. She prefers simple tailored hats and vagabond hats, but, of course, if the *Occasion* demands a picture hat Joan wears a picture hat. Her Stokowski party hat, which she selected the day I was with her, was one of the loveliest I have ever seen her wear. It was an enormous, floppy blue straw, worn back on her head sans crown and showing the top of her head. (Not for the subways, dearie.)

Joan hates waiting for anything, she's the impatient sort, so she rarely has the shop deliver things to her home—she simply

stacks them up, as she buys them, and insists upon carting them herself out to her big black Cadillac waiting in front of the store. She also slips her feet out of her slippers while she is shopping, and you can well imagine the out-of-town tourists' surprise when they see their favorite Glamour Girl, quite shoeless, dashing about the store with her arms piled high with dresses, lingerie, robes, and things, and with Pupchen and Baby, with bits of Schiaparelli dangling from their teeth, yapping wildly at her feet.



Wide World

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford step out at the Biltmore Hotel, an unusual occurrence in the Tone family.

Joan is both a source of joy and horror to the salesgirls. They worship her as a big movie star, and they love her as one girl to another (Joan always chats and gossips with them) but when it comes to doing over their sacred Hattie Carnegies, Chancels, and John Fredericks that Crawford buys, it pains them to the heart. No one is ever allowed to fit Joan. She does her own fittings. She takes charge of the pins and tucks the dress in here and flares it there and ups the hem and downs the neckline and all they can do is to sit hopelessly by and say, "Yes, Miss Crawford."

Ever since she was a little girl and played on the floor, Joan has

adored making and designing clothes, first for her dolls and then for herself, and when she can do over and improve upon the most exclusive and expensive models in the country, ah that is fiesta day for Joan. But I leave it to you, her public, isn't she always dressed with the most exquisite taste? Pooh to the couturiers.

Another of Joan's annoying little habits is waiting on herself. She never misses a chance to dart behind the counter and pick out just exactly what she wants without any of the chi chi of having it sold to her. And to the floorwalker's horror, often she disappears, when no one is looking, into the holy of holies—the stock room. Through all this shopping orgy (even when a customer, not recognizing her behind the counter, asks to see something in washable gloves) Joan keeps in a gay, rollicking humor. The one and only way to make her furious is to try to sell her something that looks like what the cat dragged in. She's definitely not a push-over for truck. And speaking of truck I got a date to go truckin' . . .

Liza

SILVER SCREEN

They love to sing-a



So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd Have Joined Forces and Voices in a Celebrity-Packed Warner Bros. Song Show That Recalls the Glories of Al's Immortal "Singing Fool."



"THE SINGING KID"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.



The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.



'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world's greatest and the world's youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.



Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.



"Yes"

THE TIME OF MONTH CAN'T
DICTATE TO MODERN GIRLS:



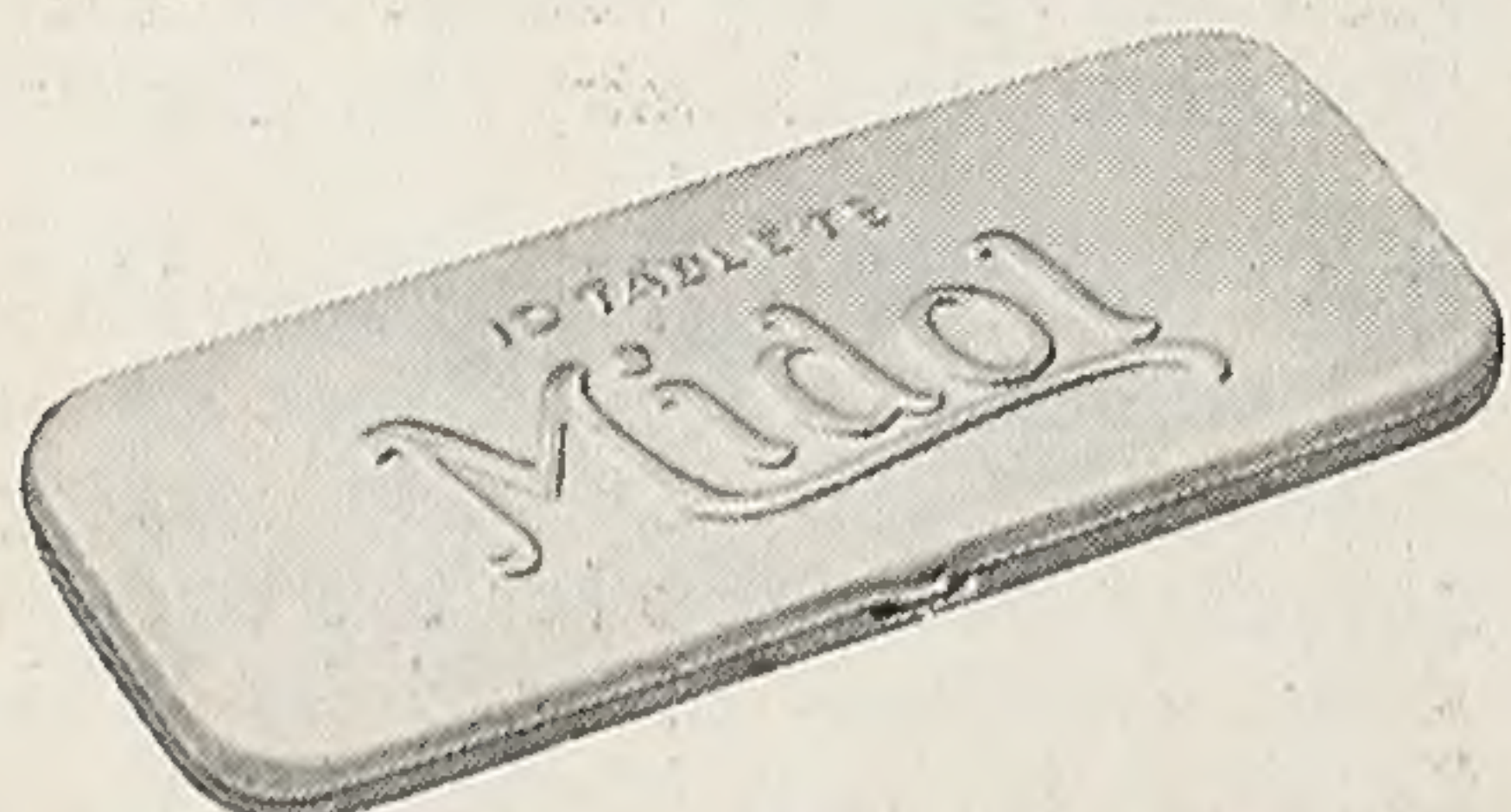
The modern girl doesn't decline an invitation just because of the time of month! She knows how to keep going, and keep comfortable — with Midol. For relief from painful periods, this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. At the very first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain altogether. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes.

Midol's relief is lasting; two tablets should see you through your worst day. Yet Midol contains no narcotic and it forms no habit. But don't be misled by ordinary pain tablets sold as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine, offered for this particular purpose.

You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.



"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

A Letter About
A Picture Or A
Star Will Win
A Prize.

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass. The photographs will be inscribed to the winners and signed by the star. Use the coupon.



The fifty winning letter writers in the February contest have been notified by mail.

This framed photograph of Leslie Howard measures 8 1/2" x 10 1/2". Sent to Marjorie Rainge.

"I SPEND my spare time wondering why Jean Parker is not the most popular person on the screen," writes Delfred Few of N. Fredonia, Longview, Tex. "To me, her unlimited acting ability and childlike beauty make her the most wonderful actress in the movies."

In our spare time we wonder about—Polly Moran!

"I HAVE just seen Clark Gable's picture 'Mutiny on the Bounty,'" writes Lucille Riley of Blythe, Calif. "I can see now why the girls in this town are crazy about Clark Gable."

Now they're Blythe and Gable!

"HENRY FONDA is my idea of a young man who is boyishly handsome, ruggedly charming, and altogether captivating in his own inimitable manner," writes Catherine Moylan of East 167th St., New York, N. Y. "Although I greatly regretted it, I missed 'The Farmer Takes a Wife,' for it seems that Henry took, not only a wife, but many young hearts by storm."

You grow Fonda and Fonda.

"THIS IS the third time I am writing about my favorite actor," writes Emma Shipman of Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Mr. Robert Taylor deserves a medal for his excellent portrayal of Bob Merrick in 'Magnificent Obsession.' I sincerely hope that he will continue to have rôles so well suited to him."

O. K. Emma! We know, you want a picture.

"IN EUROPE there was, and still is, the 'German' or 'Continental' style of knitting, in which the yarn is held by the left hand," writes Margaret Rhoades Mott of Eglantine Ave., Pennington, N. J. "In this country we have the 'American' way. The yarn is held in the right hand. Madame La Farge in 'The Tale of Two Cities' knits furiously through the picture our own 'American' way. Fancy that!"

To the guillotine with her!

"'THE DARK ANGEL' played here not so long ago. What a picture and what an angel Merle Oberon made. She won my heart completely. Her English accent . . . oh, it is so becoming to her. She has an individual radiance that no other star will ever surpass," writes Bernice Sullivan of Coburn Avenue, Nashua, N. H.

The incandescent Miss Oberon.

"I FEEL THAT I must write a few words of praise for Robert Taylor, that up and coming young man," writes Mary Lambert of Calgary, Canada.

*If I could go with Gable,
If I could go with Tone,
I'd rather go with Taylor,
Or else I'd go alone!*

*"Here's wishing him lots more good luck."
You'd be good fun too, Mary.*

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after May 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is

Address

City

State

Which
Picture
Did You
Like Best,
And Why?

CARL LAEMMLE presents

EDNA FERBER'S

"SHOW

BOAT"

(Version
of
1936)

starring

IRENE DUNNE
ALLAN JONES

with
Charles Winninger • Paul Robeson
Helen Morgan • Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT
OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR—FASCINATING ROMANCE—BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate its multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.

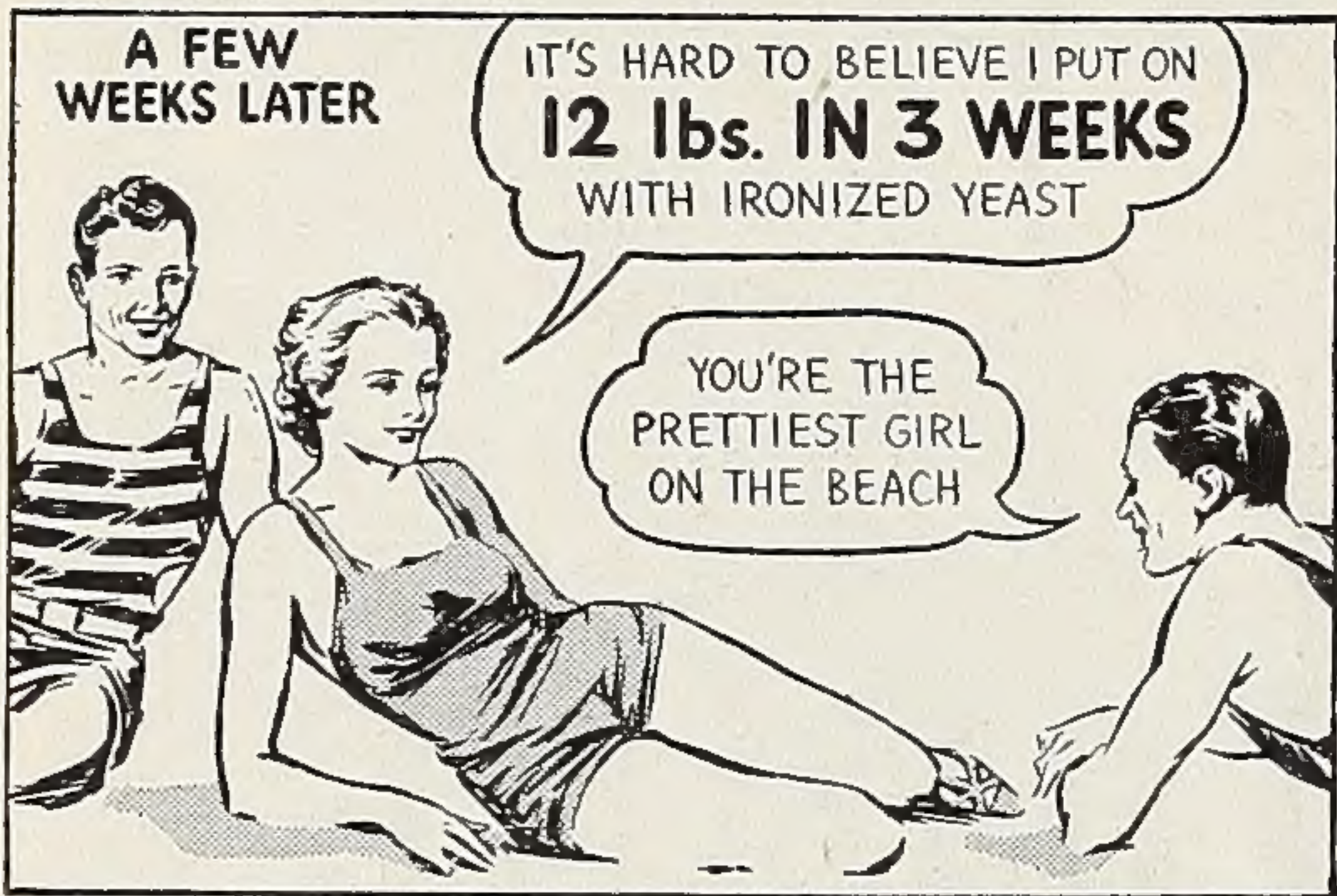
A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!



**THERE'S A GIRL I'D
LIKE TO MEET!**

**Yet 3 weeks ago they
laughed at her skinny shape**

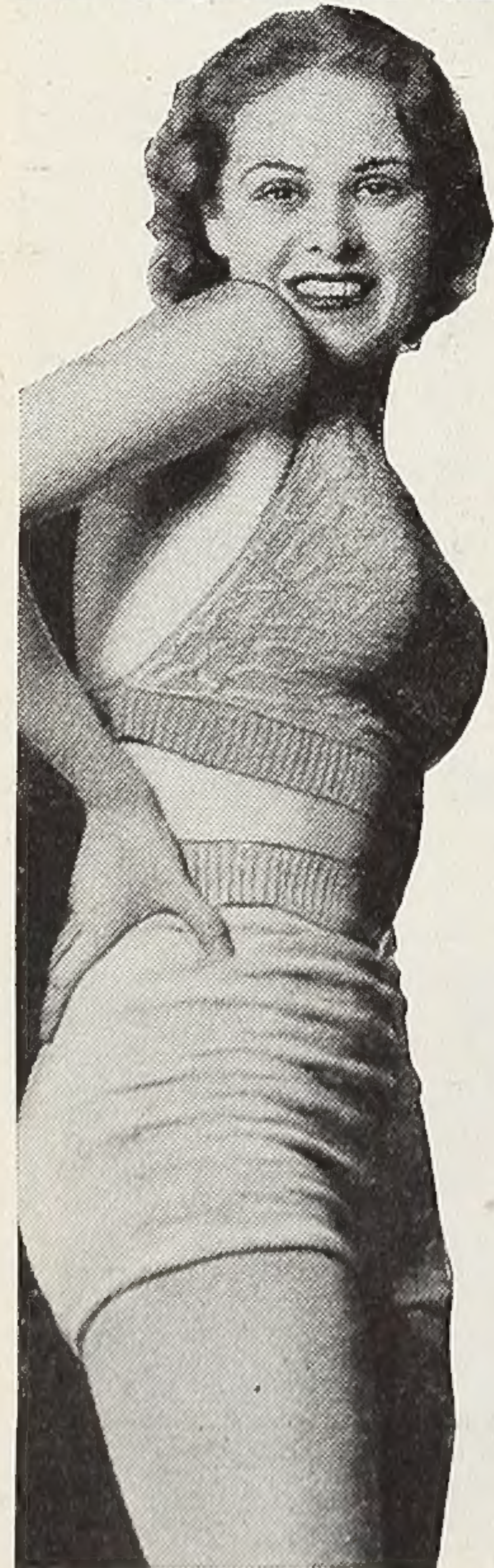


**NEW "7-POWER" ALE YEAST
OFTEN ADDS 5 to 15 LBS.
—in a few weeks!**

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—normal curves—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking pounds but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.



Posed by professional models

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special, imported ale yeast, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful—then ironized with 3 kinds of iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day watch flat chest and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Guaranteed

No matter how skinny you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 265, Atlanta, Ga.

REVIEWS:

Tips On Pictures

Again a radio singer breaks into pictures. Harriet Hilliard and her husband, Ozzie Nelson. She clicked in "Follow the Fleet."



BOHEMIAN GIRL, THE

—Entertaining. This may not be the opera that staid habitués of the Metropolitan remember, but it is a hilarious version of the theme nevertheless, and retains several of the most precious melodies. Of course with Laurel and Hardy performing in it, you can expect almost anything—and get it!

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT

—Fine. This is one of those bright, wholesome comedies about the first year of marriage that is always good for a hearty laugh from every member of the family. Well acted by Ross Alexander, Anita Louise and Joseph Cawthorn.

COLLEEN

—Entertaining. A musical that boasts the team of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler is sure to rate many followers, and when, in addition, it gives us those swell comedians, Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie, the box-office "high" should be assured.

DESERT GOLD

—Fine. A Zane Grey western that packs enough punch to interest even dyed-in-the-wool sophisticates who ought to get the breath of the great open spaces into their nostrils once in a while. (Buster Crabbe, Marsha Hunt, Tom Keene, Monte Blue.)

DESIRE—Colorful. Jewel stealing on the Continent can certainly be made a fascinating occupation when indulged in by the glamorous Marlene Dietrich (not directed by Von Sternberg). Both Gary Cooper and John Halliday add considerable verve to the exciting events.

DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE

—Fair. When Ann Sothern persuaded her husband, Bruce Cabot, to give up his gambling establishment and play the stock market instead, she didn't realize that one form of gambling is as unsafe as another—but she discovers her error soon enough.

DON'T GET PERSONAL

—Fair. A slight little comedy about a girl who, not making good in the Big City, returns to her well-upholstered existence in a small town, trailing behind her two irrepressible college youths whom she annexed on the way. (Sally Eilers, Jimmy Dunn, Pinky Tomlin.)

HELLSHIP MORGAN

—Fair. The tuna fishing industry seems to be going romantic all of a sudden—it's furnished plot material for several films lately, including this. Besides tuna fishing, fortunately, we have love—in the shape of a triangle once again—with Ann Sothern, Victory Jory and George Bancroft involved.

HER MASTER'S VOICE

—Good. Edward Everett Horton is perfectly cast as the henpecked husband whose well-timed "revolt" leads the plot into many strange and amusing situations. (Peggy Conklin, Elizabeth Patterson, Laura Hope Crewes.)

LADY OF SECRETS

—Fair. The plot's a bit pre-war—that of a lovely lady who is forced to bring up her war baby as her sister because of her father's peculiar reaction to the situation—but this modern year of 1936 fixes everything okey-dokie for her, thank heavens. (Ruth Chatterton, Marian Marsh, Otto Kruger, Lionel Atwill.)

LOVE ON A BET

—Amusing. A lively romantic farce about a youth who bets that he can go from New York to Los Angeles in 10 days, starting from scratch, and arriving plus a sweetheart, a new suit of clothes and \$100 in cash. (Gene Raymond, Wendy Barrie, Helen Broderick.)

MILKY WAY, THE

—Fine. Don't pass this up for your pet radio program or for anything else—it's a lulu of a comedy with Harold Lloyd at his most amusing best as the dumb-cluck milkman who blossoms out into the world's most amazing prizefighter. (Lionel Stander, Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, Dorothy Wilson.)

MODERN TIMES—Excellent. A real event in the cinema world. Charlie Chaplin is with us again in a rollicking comedy that touches subtly on various phases of our so-called economic civilization and yet manages to keep us laughing in most un-subtle fashion all the way thru. (Paulette Goddard.)

MUSIC GOES 'ROUND, THE

—Good. Harry Richman plays the role of an exhausted favorite of Broadway's musical comedy stage who recovers his pep when he teams up (for love's sweet sake) with a decrepit showboat troupe that wants to make "big time." (Rochelle Hudson, Walter Connolly.)

PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND

—Fine. A dramatic film telling the story of the unfortunate young doctor who was so terribly tortured after he unwittingly gave medical aid to the man who shot Lincoln. Warner Baxter is excellent in the title role. (Gloria Stuart.)

RHODES

—Interesting. The story of Cecil Rhodes, the English student who visited Africa for his health and remained to carve out an Empire for Queen Victoria. The Diamond King, he was sometimes called, and if you've never read his biography, see this film which is rich in historical data. (Walter Huston, Basil Sidney.)

TOUGH GUY

—Good. The kids will enjoy this film hugely. Joseph Calleia is the gangster whose tough old heart turns to mush and milk when he happens across Jackie Cooper, who is running away from home because his stepfather won't tolerate Rin Tin Tin, Jr., his pet dog.

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

—Fine. A Kentucky Mountain feud story that has become famous. Filmed this time with technicolor which catches the somber atmosphere of the tragedy, it is engrossing film fare. Fine cast includes Sylvia Sydney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda.)

VOICE OF BUGLE ANN, THE

—Good. For those of you who can't resist getting sentimental every time you see a dog flashed on the screen, this story of a desperate Ozark Mountains' feud over the fate of a marvelous canine named Bugle Ann should be right up your alley. (Lionel Barrymore, Dudley Digges, Maureen O'Sullivan.)

WOMAN TRAP

—Good. A diverting crook story, with the adventurous Mexican border for its setting and dealing with such exciting undesirables as jewel thieves and bandits—as stacked up against an intrepid American reporter, a charming aviatrix and a Mexican G-Man. (Gertrude Michael, George Murphy, Akim Tamiroff.)

The Girl who Married your Husband



Have gnawing fears and worries
withered the bloom of her
romance? Or did she discover
"Lysol" in time?

LIKE every woman, you started
out with certainty that *your*
marriage would be different. No mis-
understandings. All harmony.

Some marriages *do* succeed in pre-
serving those ideals. You might be
surprised to know how often they
owe much of their success to "Lysol".

Doctors know that back of *most*
marriage failures is the old, old story
of a woman's fear—bred of misin-
formation and half-truths about
marriage hygiene. Fortunately, more
and more women today are learning
the *facts*...that much of their fear is
needless. "Lysol" has *earned* the
confidence of the millions of women
who have used it.

Two special qualities of "Lysol"
make it exceptionally valuable in
antiseptic marriage hygiene. First,
it has the property of *spreading*, of
reaching germs in folds of tissue
where ordinary methods do not
reach. And second, "Lysol" *remains*
effective in the presence of organic
matter (such as mucus, serum, pus,
etc.)—when some other antiseptics
lose their germ-killing power partly
or even totally. Yet the dependa-
bility and gentleness of "Lysol"—
in the solutions recommended—are
such that leading doctors commonly
use it in the delicate operation of
childbirth.



You will find that the use of
"Lysol" brings you a reassuring sense
of antiseptic cleanliness. But more
important—it relieves your mind of
that constantly recurring worry, fear
and suspense, which no husband
ever *really* understands.

A booklet of valuable information
on this important subject, is yours
for the asking...just mail the coupon
below.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reli-
able. It contains no harmful free caustic
alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true*
germicide, which means that it kills germs

under practical conditions...even in the
presence of organic matter (such as dirt,
mucus, serum, pus, etc.). Some other
antiseptics don't work when they meet
with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, be-
cause of their low surface tension, spread
into hidden folds of the skin, and thus
virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is con-
centrated, costs less than one cent an
application in the proper solution for
feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol"
disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full*
strength, no matter how long it is kept,
no matter how often it is uncorked.

NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP...

for hands, complexion, bath. A
fine, firm, white soap, with the
added deodorant property of
"Lysol". Protects longer against
body odors, without leaving
strong after-odor. Washes away
germs and perspiration odors.
Get a cake at your favorite drug
counter.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. SS-5
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS",
with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of
"Lysol".

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Lysol
Disinfectant



The
Dancing
Divinity



JESSIE MATTHEWS

in
"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"

with
ROBERT YOUNG

... Romance,
Comedy, Adventure in
Rhumba Rhythm ...

COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE

A  Production



EASTER COLORING



By
Mary
Lee

Betty Fur-
ness in a
Chinese red
straw sailor
for the first
Spring days.

THERE'S just one thing the new Spring hats have in common—they all show scads of hair! They are every shape and veils under the sun. The trimmings and veils strive to be feminine, probably in atonement for the mannish tailleurs and high necklines which reduce glimpses of white throat to a minimum.

If your hat is simple in line, like the shallow-crowned, wide-brimmed sailor Betty Furness is wearing, it should be gay in color—Chinese red (like Betty's)—purple, peacock blue and bright green are only a few of the rainbow hues that will center attention on Milady's head! Even brown has taken on new life and appears now in "saddle brown," the rich, tawny color of a brand new saddle.

Henry VIII served as the inspiration for a shallow-crowned hat of straw or felt, with a grosgrain ruching brim reminiscent of the 16th Century ruff. Another style born of the same period has a swooping brim, turned up at the sides and topped by an ostrich plume that droops forward. There's a ridiculously giddy little model, hardly large enough to be called a hat, that perches aslant over one eye and shows practically all of one's hair.

Whatever the shade and shape of your Easter bonnet, you can be sure it will put

your hair in the spotlight. Treat it accordingly! For most of us, a good permanent wave is the basis of hair beauty. Your next permanent should be done in a way that will permit smoothness or loose waves on top and plenty of saucy curls at the sides and back where they will do justice to your hat.

A good way to insure the success of your permanent is to use a soapless shampoo, like Admiración, for several washings before and after you have the wave. This strengthens the hair besides adding to its life and lustre.

Speaking of permanents, we've just seen one given that looked as if it were actually fun to have! It was the new Nestle-Undine "one-minute" wave that avoids both overhead wires and chemical heating pads. The secret is pre-heating of featherweight clamps, so they have to stay on your head only one minute—or two if your hair is unusually fine. There's automatic control of heat and a system of lights and bells that tells the operator just when each step is finished.

The bright, shining clamps made the model look like a Hindu goddess. And her hair came out as soft, silky and natural-looking as a child's curls! This new method can wave hair closer to the head than has ever been possible before, so it's longer before the curl "comes out." A special cream is put on the ends of hair that still retains some of the old wave, in order to prevent brittleness.

The vogue for curls clustered atop one's head makes evening coiffures more interesting, too. There is so much that can be done to embellish curls—a jewelled ornament at a flattering spot, flowers or a band of velvet ribbon that brings out the color of your eyes. You may dress up the velvet ribbon by tucking a few fresh flowers into it. Baby rosebuds, pansies or violets are especially nice for this purpose, depending upon what colors you are wearing.

Speaking of violets, these shy little flowers are coming into their own again! Bouquets of violets, real or fabricated, are important accessory notes—especially if one is wearing fashionable gray. And most of the perfume manufacturers are bringing out new violet fragrances, or paying more attention to their old ones that have been kept on the shelves for mothers and grandmothers the last few years. Lenthéric has a perfectly delightful new violet perfume.

Your new gray bonnet may not have blue ribbons on it—but it's very likely to be tied under the chin or one ear! And here's a tip if you're going in for the Season's



Lilies and Rita Cansino,
and both so beautiful!

smartest color—in suit, hat, frock or accessory touches. Gray is one of the hardest colors to wear after you've passed the youthful years when natural circulation sends color to your cheeks. Coty has made a real contribution to the gray vogue by bringing out its famous Air-Spun face powder in "blushing shades," especially conceived to make gray becoming to anyone. "Soleil d'Or" is the warm, sunny shade for the olive-skinned, and "Rachel Nacré" gives the effect of a peach-like blush to blondes and light brunettes.

Another misdemeanor of which gray is guilty is stealing the brightness from your hair. So, whatever the color of your hair by Nature or "by art," be sure that it shines when you're wearing gray! Every shade of hair is fashionable this season, even brown. But drab, lack-lustre tresses or those that look dry and dead from over-bleaching are absolutely taboo. If you're lucky enough to have bright hair naturally, use a shampoo that will bring out all its highlights, and give it plenty of brushing to increase its sheen.

You who feel that your hair needs "touching up" to achieve the most becoming shade, should know about a Continental shampoo-oil-tint that is now being used in beauty shops in America. It's called "Clairol" and is made by Mury of Paris. Rich, re-conditioning oils infuse the hair with new life and lustre at the same time the coloring ingredients penetrate the shafts, lastingly, and not to be washed off with the next shampoo. Our own personal hairdresser, who has done tinting for decades, is enthusiastic about the Clairol treatment. He says it makes it easy to give a woman exactly the shade she wants (there are 21 from which to choose), that the effect is natural-looking and the oils prevent continued use from making the hair dry and brittle. It disguises gray hair most effectively, too. And there's a "silver white" shade that gives real charm to yellow-tinged gray or white hair.

The eyes that shine beneath a flower-decked bonnet or a brilliant hued "Homberg" should be given the care to make them look their loveliest. Long, dark lashes and well-shaped brows can double the attractiveness of eyes. Most eyelashes don't show their length unless they are darkened, because the tips are naturally light. The most natural effect is gained by using liquid mascara, as it simply lends color and does not leave a coating to thicken the lashes.

However, many women want to make their lashes look heavier, as well as longer, and mascara in cake form is the most efficient way to do it.

Does Marriage end ROMANCE ?



Before you dress!—use the secret of all-over fragrance — MAVIS!

Keep lovely with Mavis. At least twice a day . . . before you dress . . . after every bath . . . smooth your skin all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is so pure and soothing. It guards the youth of your skin . . . protects it from drying . . . keeps it velvety and soft. And the use of Mavis is so Parisian! Its subtle

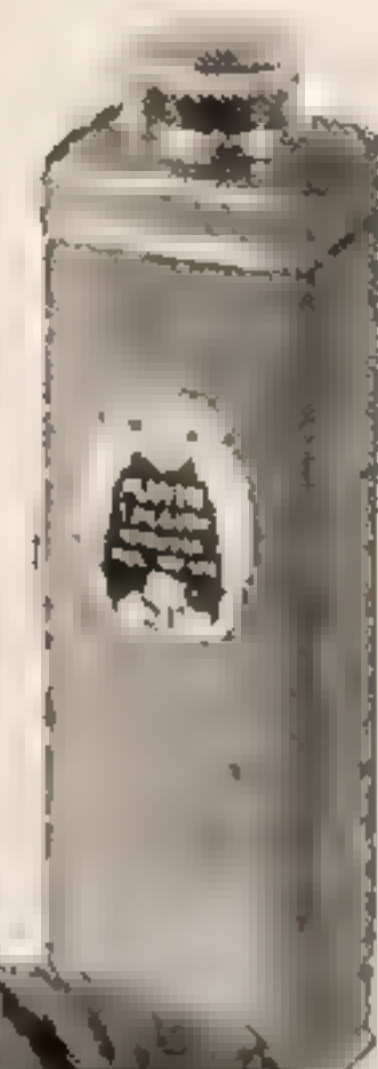
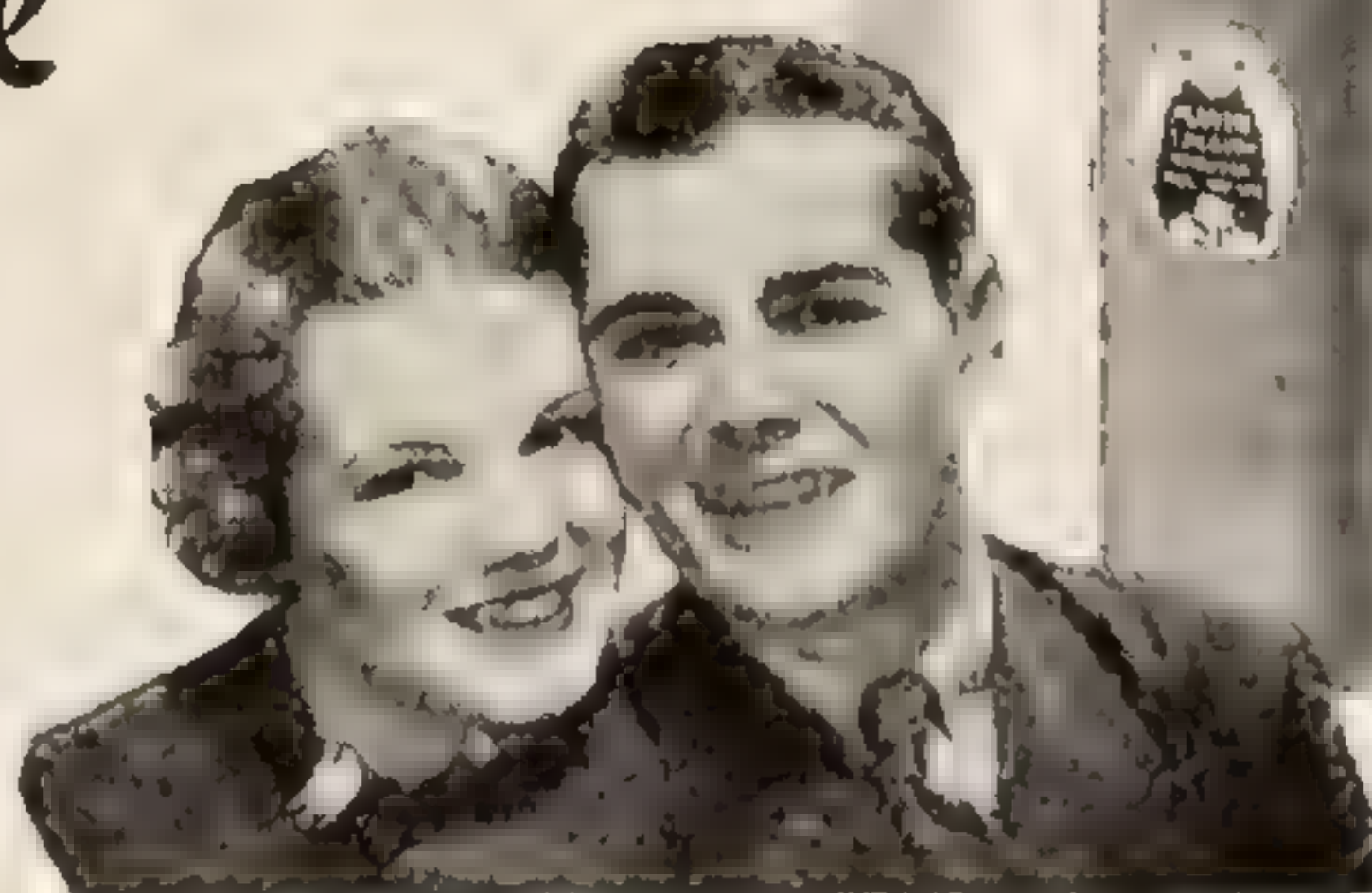
fragrance clothes you in glamour. And protects your feminine daintiness . . . gives you a fresh adorable charm that lasts the day or evening through.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

MAVIS

Genuine
Mavis
Talcum

IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

S-6

Everybody Makes Mistakes So . . .

NEW TITLES

- "A Gentleman Goes To Town" (Gary Cooper) has been changed to . . .
"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
- "United States Smith" (Charles Bickford) has been changed to . . .
"Pride of the Marines"
- "Bless Their Hearts" (Melvyn Douglas) has been changed to . . .
"And So They Were Married"
- "One To Two" (William Powell) has been changed to . . .
"The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"
- "Thoroughbreds All" (John Arledge) has been changed to . . .
"Two in Revolt"
- "For the Service" (Buck Jones) has been changed to . . .
"Word of Honor"

Superset stays SET!



LEEP tossed heads quickly ruin the effects of ordinary waving lotions. But Superset sets hair as it should be set and keeps it that way. With Superset, your hair is always manageable—sleek, burnished and well groomed. Superset dries quickly and leaves absolutely no flaky deposit. Use Superset and be proud of your lasting, natural, lustrous waves. 10c at all 5 and 10 cent stores. In two formulas—regular and No. 2 (Faster Drying).



Over 700,000 have Studied Music



You, too, can learn to play by this remarkable home-study method

Learn how to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. No private teacher could make it clearer. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day. You play real pieces by note—right from the start. Learn to play the Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Banjo, Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument you like.

FREE BOOK. Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Mention instrument. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music, 1195 Brunswick Building, New York City



Eunice Skelly SAYS
"YOU CAN REALLY LOOK
YEARS YOUNGER!"

Foremost Authority on Face Rejuvenation • Your face, not your birthday, tells your age. Look young! This amazing new YOUTH METHOD drops years from your apparent age, corrects oily or dry skin, overcomes wrinkles and flabbiness.

10 DAY INTENSIVE TREATMENT \$1
produces thrilling results. Special 1936 introductory offer. Send today Check, Money Order, C. O. D. if preferred.

FREE with or without order, her beauty booklet, "How to Look Years Younger and Grow More Beautiful as You Grow Older".

EUNICE SKELLY, Salon of Eternal Youth
Suite V, Park Central, 56th St. & 7th Ave., N. Y.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligay, Dept. 20, 254 W. 31 St., New York

STUDIO



Joe E. Brown and Joan Blondell prepare for a scene in "Sons O' Guns," while Director Lloyd Bacon watches from behind the camera.

UP WITH the birds and out to watch them make movies. First, there is—

Paramount

AT AN unbelievably early hour in the morning there's a big restaurant scene in a picture "Till We Meet Again," starring Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael. It's a Viennese restaurant in London in the year 1914. Everything is very gay and most of the people are in evening dress.

Gert is an actress who is also an Austrian spy. Herbert, too, is an actor. Suddenly a newsboy is heard shouting "Extra." Some people rush outside, buy papers and come back. "ENGLAND HAS DECLARED WAR ON GERMANY!" You can imagine the hubbub this creates. There are *ad lib* exclamations all over the place. Then, one feeble voice starts singing "God Save the King" and the others take it up. It's all very thrilling and stirring for everyone except the musicians. I don't suppose a Viennese orchestra gets much kick out of playing "God Save the King" when they know darned well it's only a matter of a few days until England will declare war on their country, too.

Suddenly a familiar voice falls on my ear. It belongs to Robert Florey who used to direct about twenty-five pictures a year at Warner Brothers. Now he's at Paramount directing "Till We Meet Again." Mr. Florey is an excellent director who has never lost the human touch and, with time enough at his disposal to do things as they should be done, I look to see him turn out some really fine pictures.

"You see," he exclaims, "I always promised if you would just come at the right time I would shoot my biggest scene for you!" Good luck, Bob!

For some reason I can't fathom I suddenly feel the urge to find out what's going on at United Artists, and as there is nothing to stop me, I make this the next stop.

United Artists

NO SOONER am I on the lot than I realize what the secret urge is. Ida Lupino is working here with Francis Lederer in "One Rainy Afternoon."

Just wait until you get a view of Ida in this picture. She really wears some clothes. And what clothes! And Lederer, for the first time, gets a chance to sing in a picture. He used to play in comic operas on the other side. Mr. Jesse Lasky was so intrigued with this play he bought the rights to it last summer when he was abroad—bought them with no other thought in mind but that it would make a good picture for Francis.



Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael in "Till We Meet Again," a story of World War days.

NEWS

A Visit To The Sets Of The Busy Players With—

S. R. Mook

"One Rainy Afternoon" is being produced by Pickford-Lasky for United Artists release.

Also being produced for the same release, but by Pioneer Pictures (which gave you "Becky Sharp"), is "Dancing Pirate." The time is the year 1820. Charles Collins (Fred Stone's son-in-law), is a dancing teacher.

Steffi Duna, daughter of the chief of police (Frank Morgan), is going to her wedding. The procession starts towards the mission with Victor Varconi leading, followed by Steffi and Morgan, two little girls holding up her wedding veil.

When the director yells "Cut!" Steffi is almost in front of me. "I feel so good today," she confides to me, "and pure! Almost like a bride—and I'm just a little embarrassed by it all." In mock modesty she hides her face in her veil.

And I'm just a wee bit embarrassed myself so I beat it out to—

Warner Brothers

PLENTY doing out here, let me tell you. First there's "Sons O' Guns," starring Joe E. Brown and Joan Blondell. This picture has a war background but don't ask for the plot. As Jane Withers and Jackie Searle say in "Gentle Julia," "when did one of Mr. Brown's pictures ever have a plot, pray?" The scene is one of those estaminets so popular in France during the late war. Joan looks gorgeous in a pale green skirt, a black basque with a figured yellow top, a little yellow ribbon in her hair and a chartreuse apron. And is she French! BUT French. Accent and all.

A bunch of the boys are whooping it up in the Malamute saloon. No. That's wrong. That's Service and this is Brown—Joe E. Brown. Anyhow, in the midst of the festivities somebody yells "Jiggers! Here comes the lieutenant."

So everyone dives for the cyclone cellar except Mr. Brown and he dives under the table. In walks the lieutenant who is really nobody but Craig Reynolds in an officer's uniform. And right away he starts getting fresh with Joan.

"How about a slug of Scotch, baby?" he puts it up to her.

"Sorry," Miss Joan regrets. "Street orders. No drinks to soldiers."

"I'm not a soldier," Craig informs her. "I'm an officer."

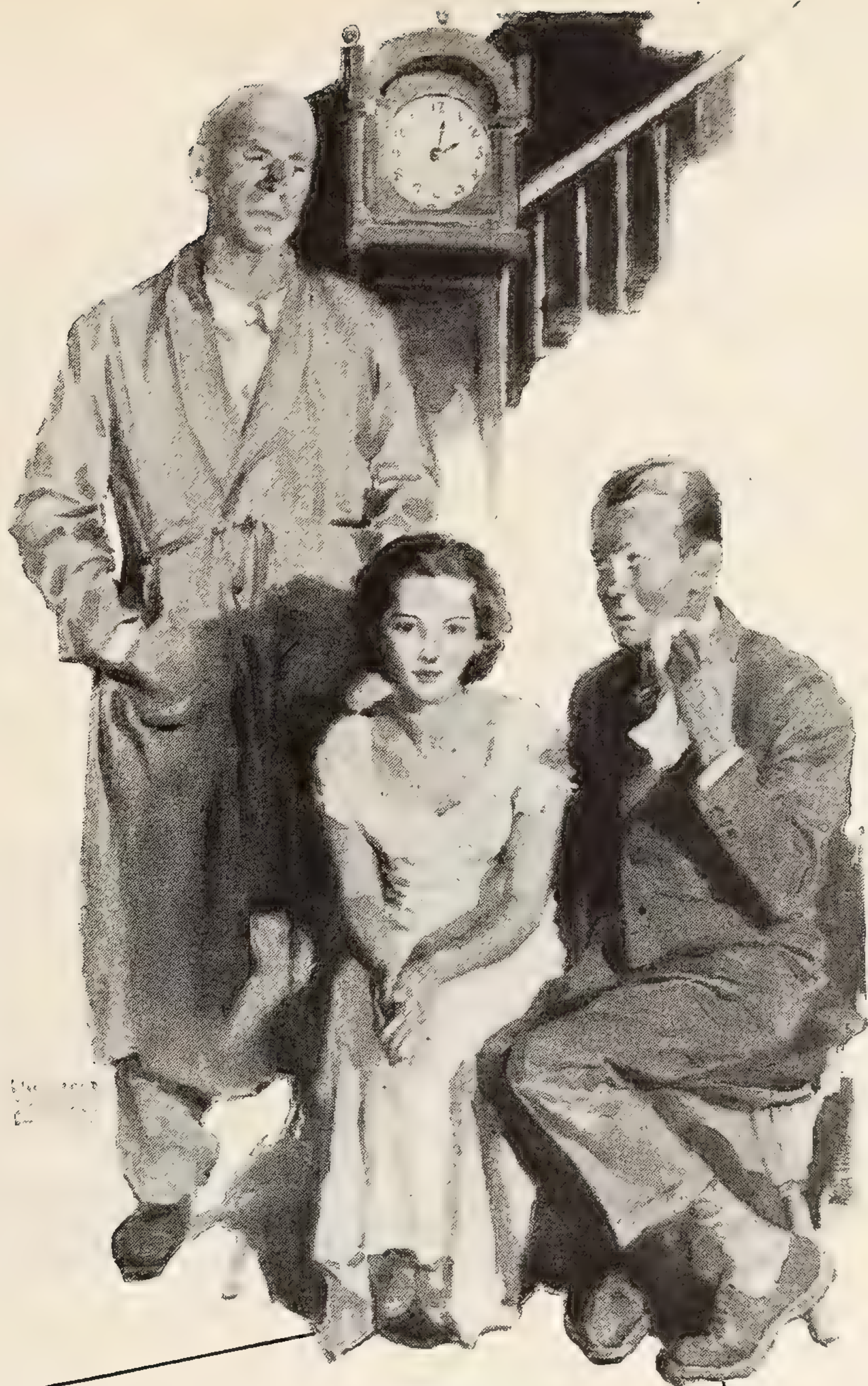
"No dreenks anyway," says Joan.

"Forget the liquor," Craig, who didn't want it anyhow, suggests. "There's a moon out. Suppose we look at it together."

"Suppose we don't," Joan retorts unromantically.

"How about a stroll around town with me? You really owe it to yourself," is Craig's next suggestion in his most modest manner, as he reaches across the bar for her hand.

"Pleasel!" Joan suggests. "Keep your mind on the war."



There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age...
When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
Are still absorbed in their young affairs...
There's always your friend in the yellow pack,
To restore the calmness you sometimes lack...
So taste the flavor that made the name,
And learn that to you the cost is the same.

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the QUALITY gum



PUT ROMANCE IN YOUR HAIR



Golden Glint

The sparkling freshness imparted to dull, drab hair by a Golden Glint is a glorious adventure in loveliness. So safe... so quick... so easy!

Send for Free Sample Golden Glint Co., Inc. Seattle, U. S. A. Offer Expires July 1st.

RINSE
Two tiny-tint rinses
PACKAGES 25 each

SHAMPOO
One shampoo & one tiny-tint rinse

BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR

BLACKHEADS! LARGE PORES! OILY SKIN!

"Oily Skin is a dangerous breeding ground for BLACKHEADS. Never Squeeze Blackheads! It causes Scars, Infection!" warns well-known scientist.

Use wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Amazing NEW scientific discovery. This medicated, pore-purifying liquid acts quickly, safely. Gently, thoroughly flushes pores. A marvelous aid in overcoming Blackheads, Large Pores, Oily Skin, embarrassing "Shine", Muddiness, Lightens! Beautifies your skin! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. No harmful chemicals! No staying home! Guaranteed pure! Thousands of grateful users—men and women. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary creams, cosmetics. Nothing like this Secret Formula. Prove it to yourself NOW! Get your 2 mos' supply of Kleeplex Wash TODAY! Just write your name and address on a piece of paper, enclose \$1. plus 10c for postage and mail direct to KLEERPLEX (Dept. 25) 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City—or pay postman \$1. plus COD charges. Outside U. S. \$1.25 and no CODs. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.



Different in every way. Positively Bathing, Dining and Caress-Proof. No more unsightly red smudges on table linens, handkerchiefs or cigarettes... We will mail to you a sample FREE upon request... if this were "just another Lip-Stick" we could not hope to impress you by having you try a sample. This free offer is good only until May 10th, 1936.

Shades: Raspberry and Vivid. Price 50c.

We are also the makers of Norma's Hair-Coloring Stick—a touch for first gray streaks and the new growth where it shows most between tinting applications. Write for literature.

THE NORMA COMPANY

922 Chapman Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

(41st Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Leo Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training (Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LANE, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

"One kiss, baby," is Craig's next offer, "and I'll win the war for you myself." And with that he pulls her around the end of the bar towards him.

"Stop, you peeg!" Joan screams as she struggles. "You cockroach!"

Now Joe E. Brown has been watching all this byplay from under the table and he doesn't care a whit for it. Not even a jot. So when Craig doesn't stop, Joe suddenly scrambles out from under the table, turns Mr. Reynolds around and delivers a sock on the button. All of which just goes to show you chivalry is not dead and the American doughboy still comes through—eighteen years after the war's over!

"Where've you been?" Joan demands when the scene is finished. "Your nephew, Norman Scott Barnes, won't know you pretty soon if you don't show up." So I make a note to buy Norman Scott Barnes a rattle and proceed to the next stage.

It is on this next stage one encounters Margaret Lindsay and Warren Hull in a scene from "The Law in Her Hands."

Miss Lindsay is the lawyer woman. The scene is her office and what an office. There is the usual impressive and depressing array of law books on some shelves but



Warren Hull calls upon Margaret Lindsay in her elaborate office, in "The Law in Her Hands."

after that the feminine influence enters in. Modernistic paintings that have nothing to do with law, a lovely modernistic desk, some modernistic chairs with modernistic end tables and modernistic ash trays and cigarette lighters.

Maggie is behind her desk when the door suddenly opens and in walks Mr. Hull.

"Well, Mr. Prosecutor," she greets him, coming around from behind the desk and holding out both hands, "Welcome to my lair. I've been wondering when you were going to call on me."

"You're looking grand, Mary," he answers, genuinely glad to see her.

"I feel grand," she replies airily. "The practice of law with its technicalities and tricks seems to agree with me. Have a chair. Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks," says Warren, taking one.

"Well," Margaret goes on with a nervous little gesture, "you haven't told me how you like our new layout."

"I don't like it," Warren answers bluntly.

"Meaning what?" Margaret bristles.

"Need I tell you?" Mr. Hull counters in flawless English.

Mr. Hull is supposed to have one of the really good male voices in pictures but they never let him use it. The reason, I'm told, is because Warner Brothers already have a singing star in Dick Powell, and I suppose that is a swell reason for not letting Hull sing even though he has a good voice.

Also shooting out here is "Hearts Divided," starring Marion Davies and Dick Powell. Marion isn't working today so the

set is open to visitors, including myself. The set is one of the few bedrooms I've seen in pictures that I'd like to have. It's livable, Soft wood paneling on the walls, a leather easy chair, a fireplace with a couple of brass candelabra on the mantel, a large centre table with another candelabra on it, an old mahogany shaving stand, a four poster bed, an old round leather trunk against the wall, etc., etc. It's a period picture—period of 1800.

Dick Powell, with sideburns reaching almost to his chin, is in bed asleep. Suddenly Etienne Girard and Walter Kingsley enter with a determined air.

"Captain Bonaparte!" Girard calls; shak-



In "Heart Divided," Walter Kingsley and Etienne Girard wake Dick Powell, who is giving a life-like performance of a man asleep.

ing him.

"He's not here," Dick answers sleepily.

"Captain Bonaparte!" Girard repeats.

"Captain Jerome Bonaparte! M'sieur Captain Jerome Bonaparte!"

"What am I late for now?" Dick grumbles.

"A race, m'sieu," Girard announces.

"Am I in it?" Dick asks.

"It's a horse race, monsieur," Kingsley puts in patiently.

"Then wake up the horses," Dick suggests burying his head in the pillow.

"Stick around for lunch," Dick calls over to me before the next take.

"You're a cinch," I promise. "See you later."

So I dash over to the next set which is "The Golden Arrow," starring Bette Davis and George Brent. There's no dialogue in this scene. It's a nickel dance hall and my guide grumbles because it's the only dingy set in the whole picture, which is about two girls each claiming to be the richest girl in the world. Bette and George drift in to the dance hall, fall into step and, though the orchestra is playing a hot number (vintage of 1925) they waltz dreamily, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." This idyllic scene is being directed by Al Green who is one of the most heartless practical jokers extant.

"Hi, Dick," Al observes at the finish of the scene. "Going to the races today?"

"Naw," I answer. "Gotta work."

"Too bad," says Al. "I paid a hundred dollars for a tip on a horse in the sixth. He's a cinch to come in and the longest shot on the board. It wouldn't pay you to play him in town because the bookies only pay fifteen for one and he'll pay more than that."

"I'll go," I decide suddenly, "if I have to break a leg getting there."

"It's Pompey's Squaw in the sixth," Al whispers.

"I'll be there," I assure him and, in a perfect frenzy to get through with my work, I drive hell bent for election to—



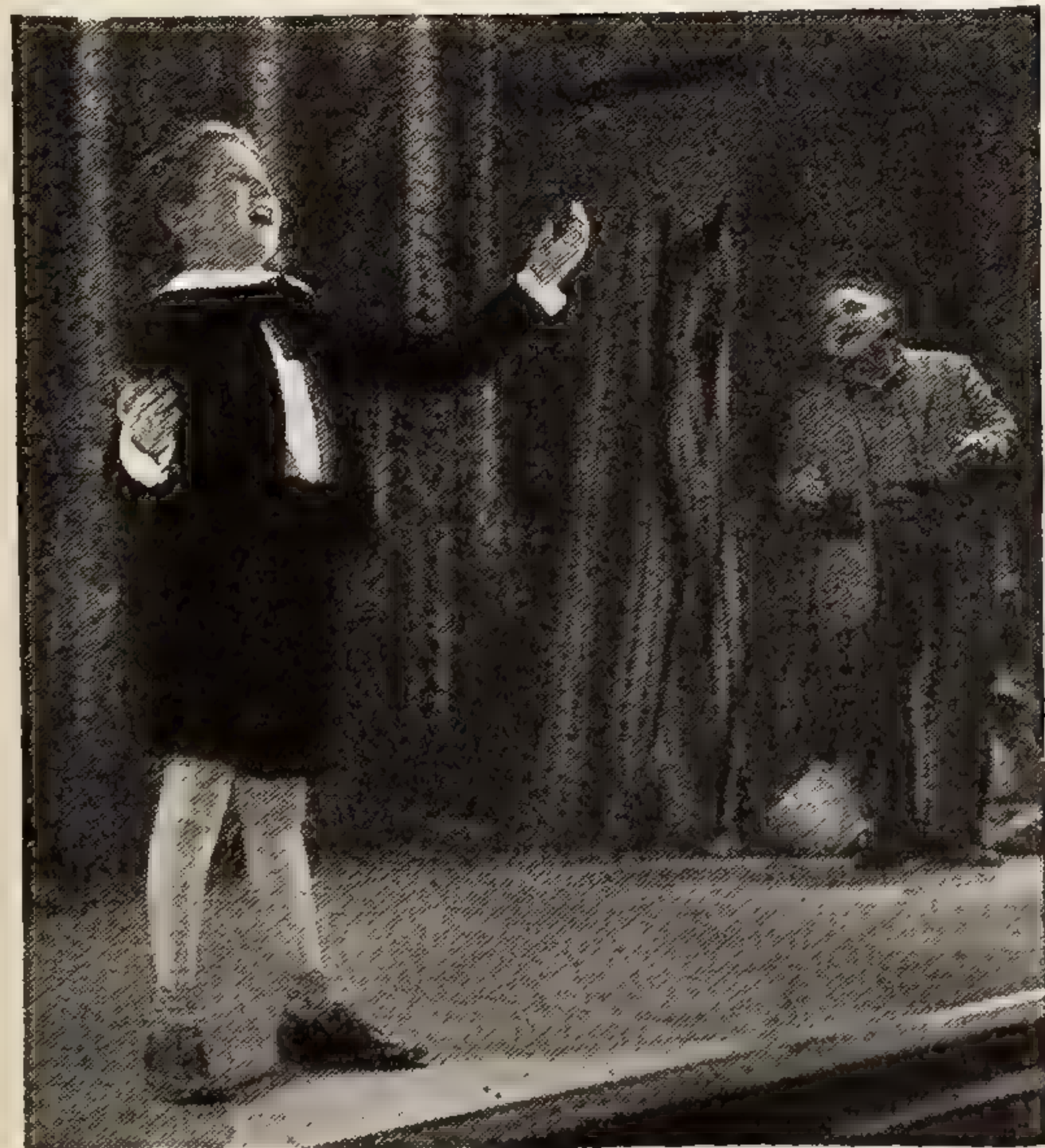
Bette Davis and George Brent in "The Golden Arrow." The scene shows a nickel dance hall where you would hardly expect to find the richest girl in the world.

Pathe

OUT here we find Prof. Sol Lesser making two pictures. One of them is called "Let's Sing Again" and it boasts quite an imposing cast: Henry Armetta, Grant Withers, George Huston, Vivienne Osborne, Inez Courtney and Bobbie Breen. Bobbie is the eight-year-old singing marvel, and he really is a marvel.

This is all about a little boy whose father leaves him to go to France to study music. He's a great tenor. The boy's mother runs away and leaves him, so he is put in an orphan asylum. He runs away from that and joins a circus. When the star of the circus gets temperamental, Armetta suggests to the owner that he put in Bobbie. I come on the set as Bobbie is singing "Donna é Mobile" from "Rigoletto." And *how* he sings it.

The other picture is "O'Malley of the Mounted," starring George O'Brien. Besides George, we have James Bush (whom you saw as the radio operator in "Ceiling Zero"), Stanley Fields and Irene Ware (one



Bobby Breen is a marvelous singer. You will hear him in "Let's Sing Again." Henry Armetta is co-starred.

of the "Miss America's").

This is from an original by your old favorite of the silent days, William S. Hart. I don't know all the story but Bush is Irene's weakling brother. Mr. Fields starts to beat him up, Irene rushes in to save him, so he gives Irene a smack or two for good measure and then in rushes George and saves the day. And what a fight it is! I sit there with my eyes bulging out of my

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole



THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm *dry*, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono.

WOMEN who want to be sure their dresses are free from "armhole odor" gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

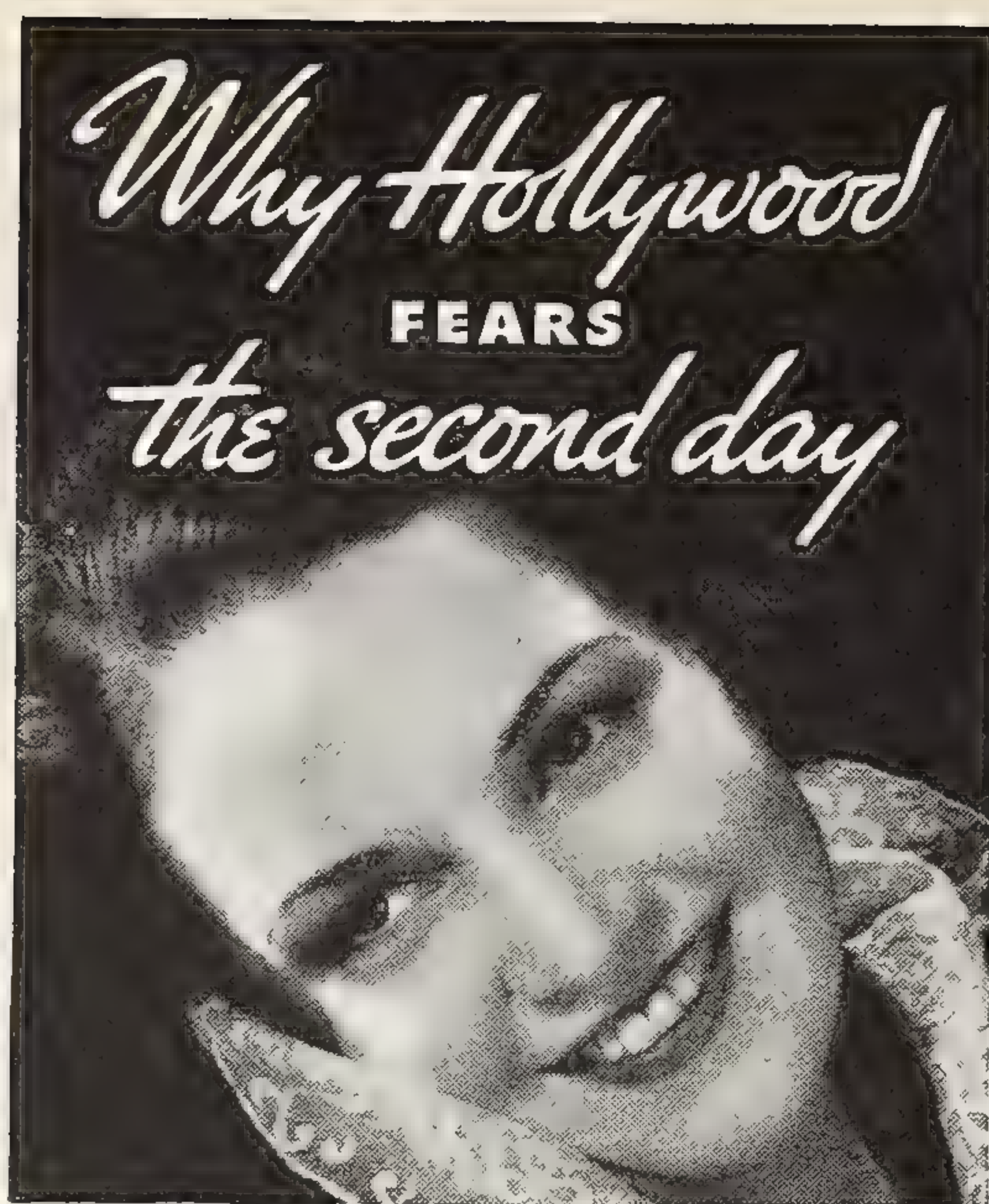
Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 5-S-6, 191 Hudson St., New York City.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

Name _____
Address _____



Why Hollywood FEARS the second day

IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

Movie directors simply can't stand for lack of pep, dull eyes, pimples, sick headaches caused by constipation.

That's why you should follow Hollywood's example and *not let a second day pass* without coming to nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are popular in Los Angeles, and everywhere else, because they are dependable, mild and non-habit-forming. And because they gently help Nature restore normal action in the intestines.

Keep a box handy on the bathroom shelf. Three sizes—15¢, 30¢, 60¢. At all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE *Beauty* LAXATIVE

"IT'S FUN TO
LOOK YOUNGER,
AGAIN!"

..and so easy
to Safely Tint

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNTONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNTONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

**YOU CAN PLAY
THE PIANO**

Why envy others? Play all the late popular songs in 30 days. It's easy! Be the "life" of every party. Send \$1.00 with order or pay postman \$1.00 plus postage for this complete proven course. Endorsed by thousands. Your money returned in 10 days if not satisfied.

**Adkins
Simplified
PIANO METHOD**

NO TEACHER NEEDED

\$1.00 for COMPLETE COURSE

4400 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

head as they make eight or ten takes of the scene. I guess it's the tomboy in me.

When the scene is over George tells me about the trip he and his wife, Marguerite Churchill, took to Russia and he tells me about the race he's trying to have put on out at Santa Anita between all the cowboy stars, each to ride his own mount. But the pay-off comes when I learn that the company was on location at Idlewild in the San Jacinto mountains. Although there was no snow it turned very cold and Missy Ware hadn't brought her red flannels



Stanley Fields and George O'Brien in a stirring bit of action from "O'Malley of the Mounted."

along. So good old George, who aids ladies in distress off-screen as well as on, loaned her a suit of his! But suppose (horrible thought!) George had been a *real* cowboy and hadn't taken a change along!

Brooding over this dire possibility and the calamity so narrowly averted, I shake hands and set sail for—

M-G-M

JUST when everything is going swell and I think maybe I'll get to the races after all, in spite of the devil and the weather, I run into a whole mess of pictures shooting out here. "Romeo and Juliet" is on location, "The Great Ziegfeld" I've told you about, and likewise "Small Town Girl," and none of the principals have started work yet in "Absolute Quiet" so that'll keep until next month. But, despite all

this, there are still three to report.

The first of these is "Petticoat Fever" with Myrna Loy, Robert Montgomery, Reginald Owen and the Eskimo servant, Otto Yamaoka. Well, this is one of those delightfully nonsensical things both Myrna and Bob do so well, not forgetting Mr. Owen's flair for the nutty.

Bob is a wireless operator in Labrador, ninety miles from the nearest settlement, and ninety miles in ice-bound Labrador is a goodish step, I'd have you to know. Myrna and her fiancé, Mr. Owen, crash in a plane and Bob is delighted to have them as his guests. So delighted, in fact, he virtually keeps them prisoners, sending out phony messages instead of the ones they give him. Then, while figuratively holding off Owen with one hand, he makes desperate love to Myrna with the other—free-feeling Bob they call him up in Labrador. He's doing swell, too, and his coup is a dinner he gives for his two guests. He and Myrna appear in full evening regalia but the unimaginative Owen only comes to the table in some brown Harris tweeds. From here on out I have no sympathy for him.

There's a lot of by-play between Bob and Reggie before Myrna comes in, but never mind that. We'll skip to where we have Myrna at the table, all seated. Suddenly the door opens and Yamaoka enters bearing a tray of cocktails. His hair is quite, quite uncombed, he has on Eskimo reindeer pants and a woolen coat, but over this is a badly fitting full-dress coat. There is already a stain on the side where some food has trickled down across it. Myrna and Reggie are quite fascinated by the sight of Yamaoka and I may add that I, too, am under his spell.

"Most idiotic thing I've ever seen," Reggie barks. "Where'd he dig it up? I didn't know there were ash cans up here."

"There aren't," Bob says blandly. "It happens to be yours. We thought you wouldn't mind."

Reggie chokes. Yamaoka has now finished serving the cocktails but he has spilled a little on his hand. As he starts to the kitchen he dries his hand on the coat tail. Reggie sputters but realizes the futility of it and lapses into snorts.

"To—our lady," Bob proposes raising his glass.

Reggie, the old boor, slaps his glass down



Eric Blore and William Powell in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford." Bill is being very nonchalant with the champagne.

on the table without drinking.

"Better," Myrna suggests hastily, "to speedy rescue."

"Oh, I can't drink to that," Bob objects.

"Why not to the three of us, then?" Myrna asks quickly. "Long health and happiness to the three of us."

"The three of us," Bob smiles, raising his glass.

"Beastly shame there isn't one less of us," Reggie opines sourly.

"I'll drink to that, too," Bob agrees pleasantly, quickly.

And then Yamaoka comes in again to serve. The way Yammy serves has to be seen to be appreciated. I shan't spoil his performance by attempting to describe it. But about the time he finishes, Reggie explodes. "This," he announces furiously, "has gone far enough. Remove that coat immediately." Yammy pays no attention. "Do you hear me?" Reggie shouts but the Eskimo goes right on. Reggie turns to Bob, quite beside himself. "This must be one of those periods when he doesn't understand English," he yells.

"I wouldn't irritate him if I were you," Bob whispers confidentially to Reggie. "At least, not till after dinner."

Myrna looks lovely, as usual, in a pale pink crepe, but the one who really steals the scene is Yamaoka, who never opens his trap but just goes about his business with a pan as dead as dead.

Next is "The Unguarded Hour." This is Loretta Young's first picture in months and months and, boy! is she an eyeful in a dress of white tulle over bows of pink lamé.

This picture, too, is just starting. Loretta and Franchot Tone are married. They're giving a big ball preparatory to going to Biarritz for another honeymoon.

At the moment Loretta and Roland Young, an old friend of the family, are chatting.

"Off to Biarritz, eh?" Roland muses, shaking his head sadly. "Doesn't it get awfully dull with the same chap every time?"

"You'll turn up," Loretta smiles. "You always do."

"Darling!" Roland protests. "I'm an old friend but *don't* make me feel like a hang-nail."

"Please come," Loretta urges.

"Not Biarritz," Young protests.

"Romantic spot," she assures him.

"That's the trouble," he mutters.

"You haven't anything against romance, have you, Bunny?" she asks in mock horror.

"No-o," he admits, "only romance has something against me."

"No!" she breathes.

"Yes," sadly, "romance sort of whisks by me. But, of course," lightly, "that gives me a chance to suffer."

"And how you enjoy that!" Loretta teases.

And then the general comes up. And when a general appears it's time for me to go.

So presently I find myself on the set of "Moonlight Murder." It's a dull month, I always say, that doesn't uncover at least a couple of murders in the making. This one takes place in the Hollywood Bowl where, along with our murders, we have symphonies under the stars.

A crazed musician has threatened the life of the leading tenor. The district attorney has assigned Chester Morris to guard the tenor and as Chester is in love with the D. A.'s niece, Madge Evans, who will be at the Bowl, he takes the assignment.

We find Chester and Madge seated opposite each other on a couple of rocks.

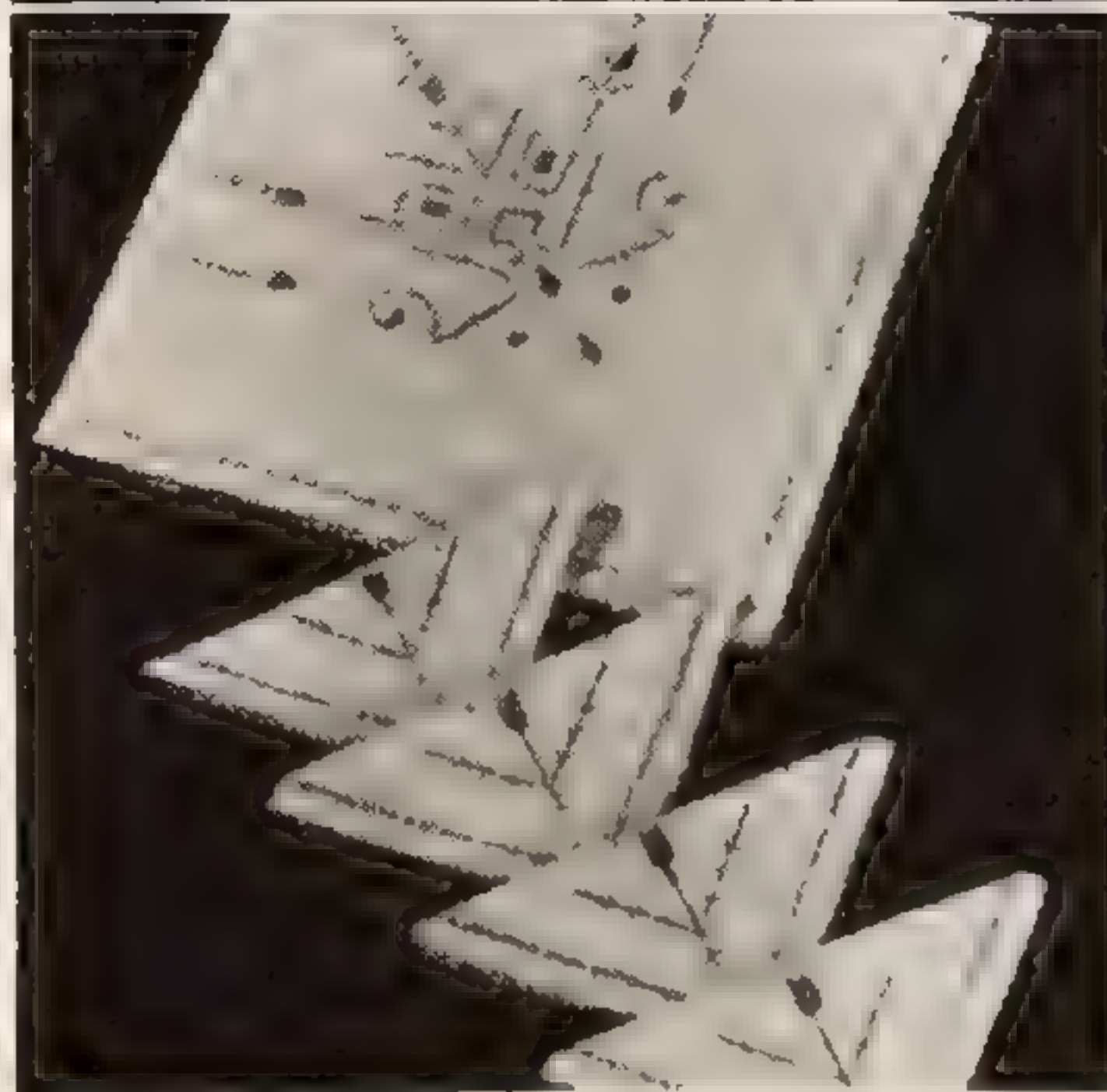
[Continued on page 83]



ROLL UP TO A PACK OF KOOLS and see how much more you get for your money! A blend of tobaccos to win your tongue, mildly mentholated to cool your throat, cork tips to save your lips. And a valuable B & W coupon to save for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Let's go! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Luncheon Set—Pure linen; hand embroidered. 3 colors . . . 225 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet No. 11



Penthouse Table—Beautifully finished walnut and mahogany . . . 375 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Born under a Lucky Star



Yet **ROCHELLE HUDSON**

won't trust to luck
when it comes to
lovely washables—
she insists on LUX

Between scenes, Rochelle rests in her dressing room on the set. Its furnishings have the same crisp freshness she insists upon for her personal things.



An all-star cast relaxing! The chows are blue-ribbon winners. Rochelle is the star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Everybody's Old Man."

"WHILE I'm usually lucky, I don't count on 'luck' to save me from stocking runs or faded colors," declares Rochelle Hudson. "Lux is my secret of keeping things like new for ages!"

Why risk spoiling *your* smart washables this summer? It's so easy—and economical—to keep lovely prints and pastels, sheer cottons and fine linens, always superlatively fresh with Lux.

Rubbing with cake soap, or using ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, is apt to fade colors, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!



"I love the clothes in my new picture," Rochelle says. "So many of them are Luxable. They're terribly smart looking."

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios...

"Washing failures, by holding up production, would cost us thousands of times what they would an individual," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe su-

pervisor. "That's why at Twentieth Century-Fox studios it's a rule that only Lux be used for stockings and washable costumes—we know it's safe!"



HOLLYWOOD HAS A NEW WORD FOR "WASH"—IT'S

WORTH OF BACHELORS"

They Are Attractive, Rich And Willing. Can It Be That The Hollywood Girls Are Slipping?

By Ed Sullivan



Roger Pryor is foot-loose and fancy free—footloose anyway.

marry Ruth Moffett, daughter of the former Federal Housing Administrator and Standard Oil tycoon, but blond Warren Johnson wooed and won her in a whirlwind courtship. He went with "Timmie" Lansing, another eastern girl, for some time, but she married Peter Arno. Just why Hughes doesn't stay in his native habitat and hold hands with the Coast eyefuls is difficult to determine. He knows them all and was thrown into direct contact with a lot of them when he produced "Hell's Angels." The ravishing film femmes should consider him the leading target in the Leap Year cannonading, for he'd be distinctly worth while.

Rudy Vallee, another youthful millionaire, has passed unscathed through Hollywood's Rue de Beauty since his separation from Fay Webb. His attachment for Alice Faye has been one of those off-again, on-again affairs, but Rudy has steered clear of a definite entanglement. The best bet is that when he marries again, and if he weds a celluloid siren, she'll be brunette and exotic. That's his type and he rarely deviates from that coloring—Alice Faye probably is the only blonde who ever excited the Megaphone Man. Buddy Rogers, probably the handsomest guy who ever walked into camera focus, is another who has made love to famous Hollywood ladies on the screen, but left them cold when the director dismissed the company for the day. Outside of a platonic relationship with Mary Pickford, Rogers has had no truck with the peaches of Beverly Hills. He furnishes few lines for the Broadway columnist.

However, some of Hollywood's bachelors are forever in a frenzy of romance. Public Sentimental No. 1, in any Broadway column list-



Henry Fonda and his ex-wife, Margaret Sullivan, are working together. Will they remarry?

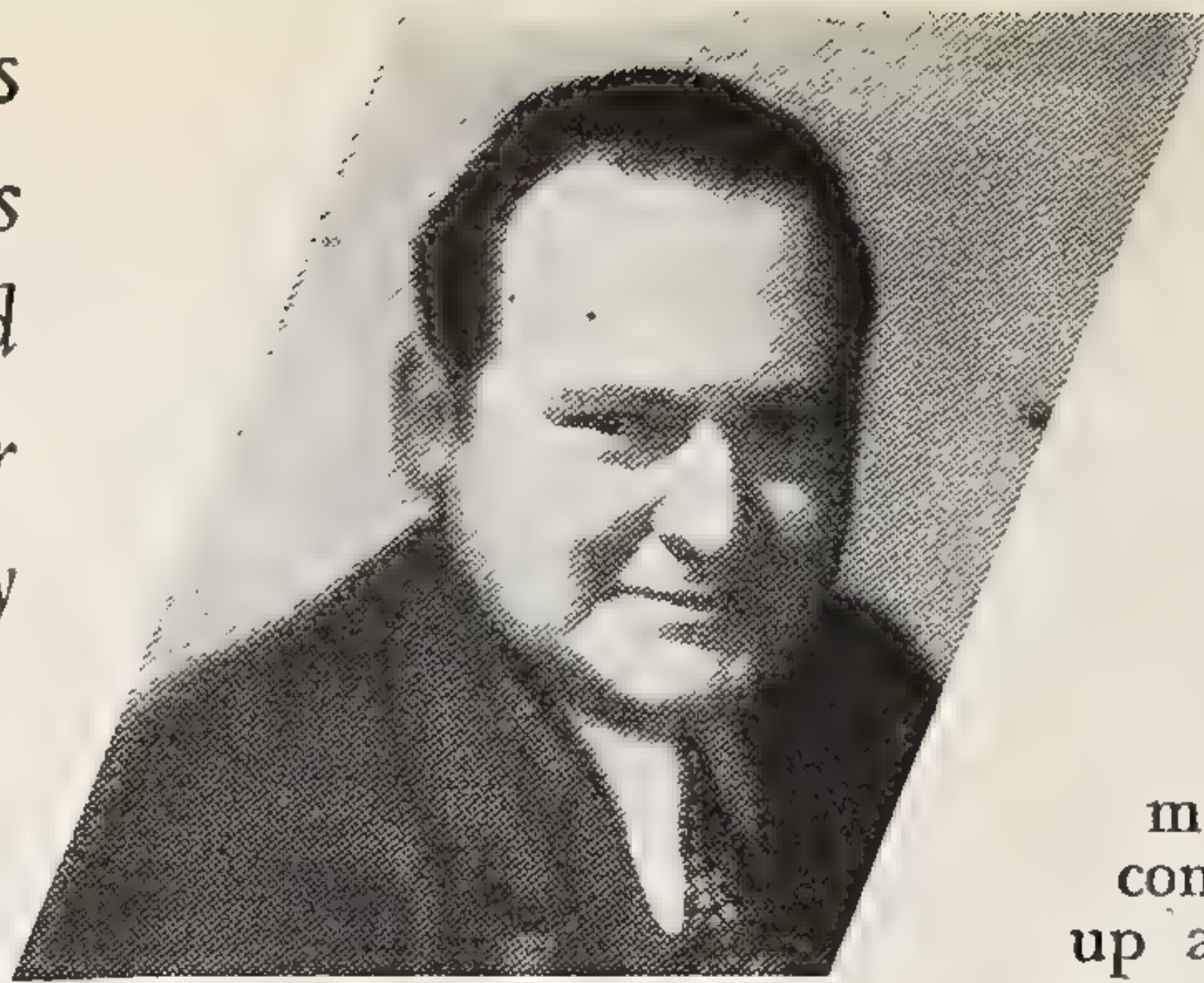
ing, would be Carl Laemmle, Jr. He is the busiest Romeo on the Coast, and his affections have encompassed the entire feminine half of the industry. Count that week lost that does not find me reporting

Junior with a new girl-friend in my Monday gossip column. Occasionally he is so swayed by his own love-making that he hurries to a jewelry shop, and slips an engagement ring on the gal's finger. How he's escaped marriage I'll never know. He is the Houdini of Hollywood, and if he writes his own dialogue for love-making, his output would equal the literary product of Gene Fowler. Leap Year may bring him to earth.

Probable Leap Year casualties, in addition to Junior Laemmle, will be Directors Eddie Buzzell, Al Rogell, Alan Crosland, Dudley Murphy and Harry D'Arrast. Delmar Daves, a Warner contract writer, is a fairly safe bet to lead Kay Francis to the preacher's and John Mahin and Leon Gordon may capitulate before 1937 rolls around. Edmund Lowe is still another. He recently popped the question to Rita Kaufman. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have made several hesitant elopement gestures and may choose Leap Year as the time and Yuma as the place. Ditto oft-married Eddie Sutherland, who has been concentrating all of his affections on lovely Loretta Young, at least in the absence [Continued on page 76]

Edmund Lowe and his wire-haired terrier, "Daisy." Leap year will probably be too much for Eddie.

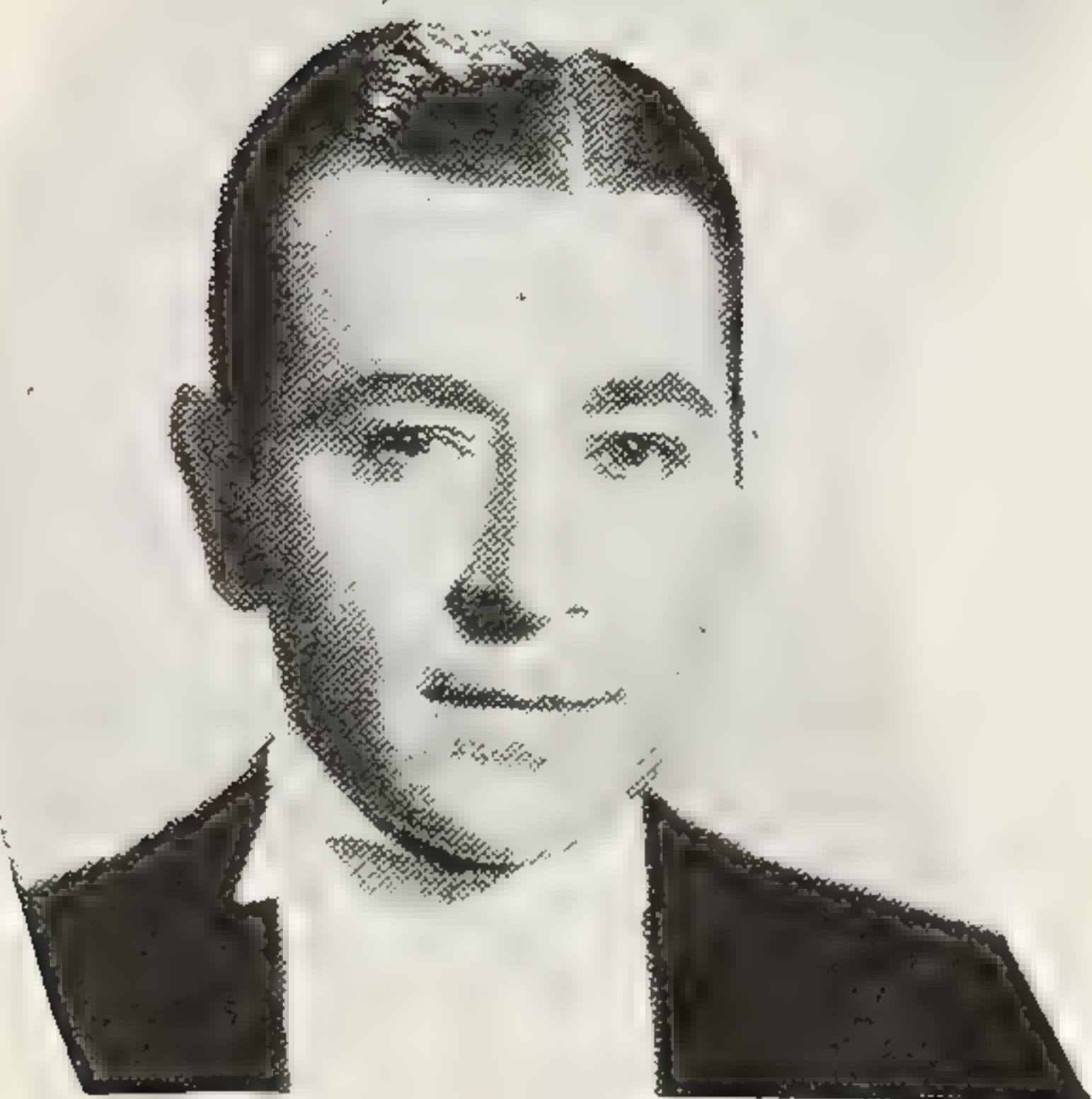
When The Picture Is Over And The Stars Want To Forget And Rest, There Is No Other Place In Which They Can Have Peace.



Edward Arnold was worn out by the fuss made in Honolulu.



When Ann Dvorak rests she goes to her ranch, near Hollywood.

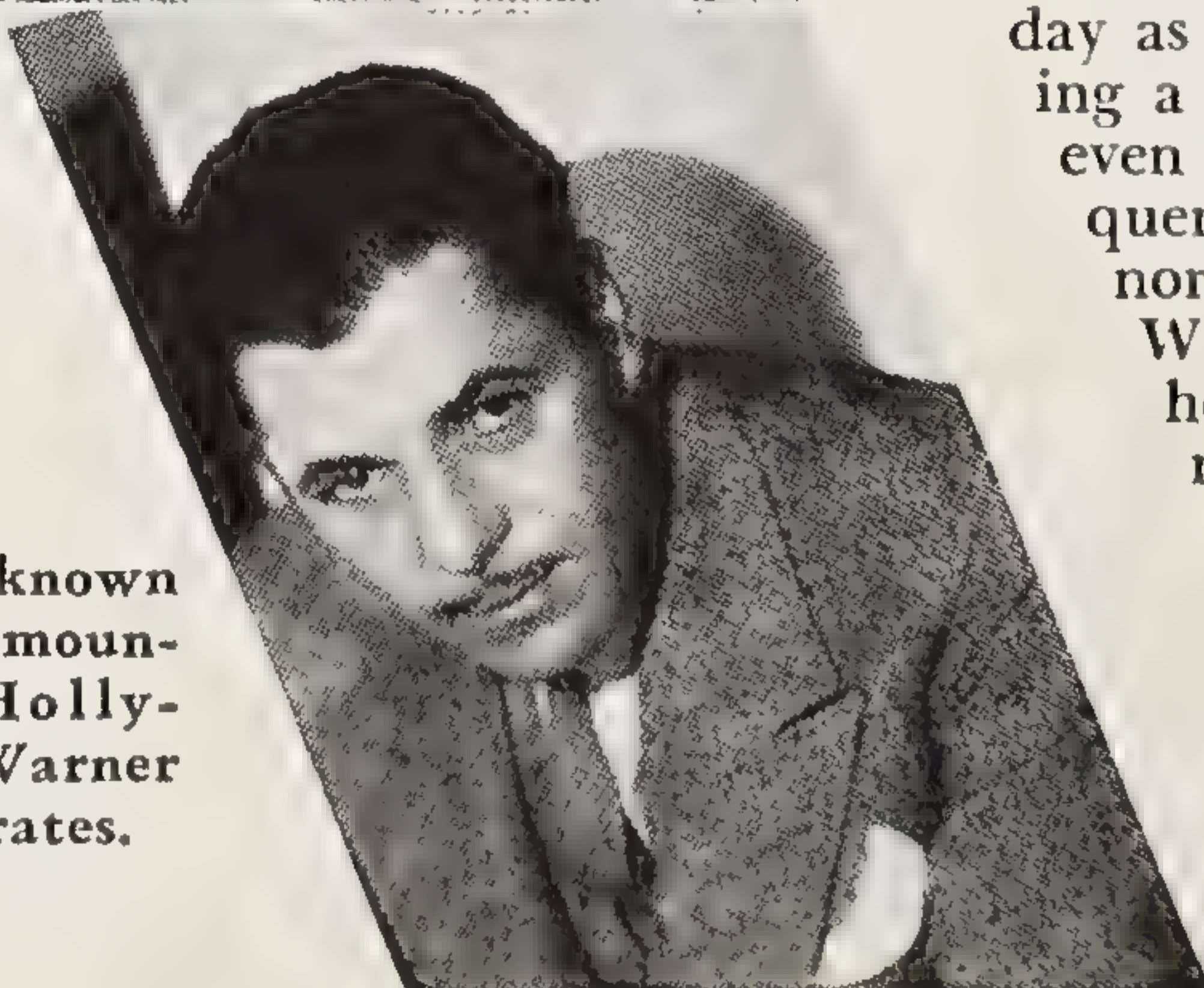


George Raft, always an exception, has Broadway in his bones.



There was a snug hideaway on a tropic isle where Janet Gaynor used to find peace—but, alas, the secret's out.

There is a little known retreat in the mountains, above Hollywood, where Warner Baxter recuperates.



THE STARS

NOT so long ago, the minute a motion picture was completed, the stars set up a plaintive dirge, "I want to get away from it all." Then they'd drag out the swanky new traveling bags and away they'd speed to dear old Broadway, board a steamer for Europe, or check in at a popular resort. Now, the tune has changed and they're chorusing, "Let me stay in Hollywood where I'm safe!"

With the increasing popularity of the screen, film players discovered that just as soon as they poked their famous noses outside of the old home movie town they were mobbed by friends and admirers. While all this is flattering and tremendously gratifying, it is also, too often, a wrecking experience.

Clark Gable's South American tour was as exciting as a Revolution; Wally Beery and Fredric March also found their European trips turned into a series of riots; New York proved pretty hectic to Joan Crawford and her Franchot during their honeymoon visit last autumn.

Even the tropical Paradise, the Hawaiian Islands, have become celebrity-conscious. When Shirley Temple's parents took her to Honolulu, to play on the poetic beach of Waikiki, she never even had a chance to find out if it was all it was cracked up to be because she had to remain in her hotel room and play with her dolls. Every time Shirley stepped into sight she was literally mobbed by thousands who waited for hours just to glimpse this Wonder-child!

Little Janet Gaynor, who has been quietly vacationing at her secluded home, thirty-six miles down the beach from Honolulu, for a number of years, was astonished and a bit dismayed to see crowds welcoming her at the dock on her recent visit.

Then there's the case of Edward Arnold. After months of strenuous picture making, he and his pretty wife blithely sailed for Honolulu, dreaming of a perfect relaxation under the tropical skies.

Poor Eddie, he found out just what it means to be a screen idol. The Arnolds were quickly swept into the island's gaiety; they were wine and dined and danced, and the visit turned into a mad social whirl that was a lot of fun but completely wore Arnold to a wreck. He had to come home to rest up for his next picture, "Sutter's Gold."

He told me about it one day as he lay in bed nursing a sprained ankle, and even the pain couldn't quench his jovial spirits nor his hearty laugh. With utmost sincerity he said, "Why, I never dreamed anyone would recognize me and the amazing thing was that everybody over there actually seemed familiar with all my roles."

They were very polite, there was no rude jostling and few autograph seekers. When I'd drop into the native shops, the older men would give me a friendly grin and tip their hats, the younger ones sidled up with a cheery, "Hello!"

"Naturally, I appreciated this applause but nothing ever looked so good to me as familiar Hollywood and I've definitely decided that it is the safest hideout for screen players."

Claudette Colbert used to hurry right back to Broadway between each film, homesick to see the old friends and anxious to see the new plays. Later, when her popularity invited crowds at every turn, she began seeking recreation near at home and she hasn't been out of California for a long time.

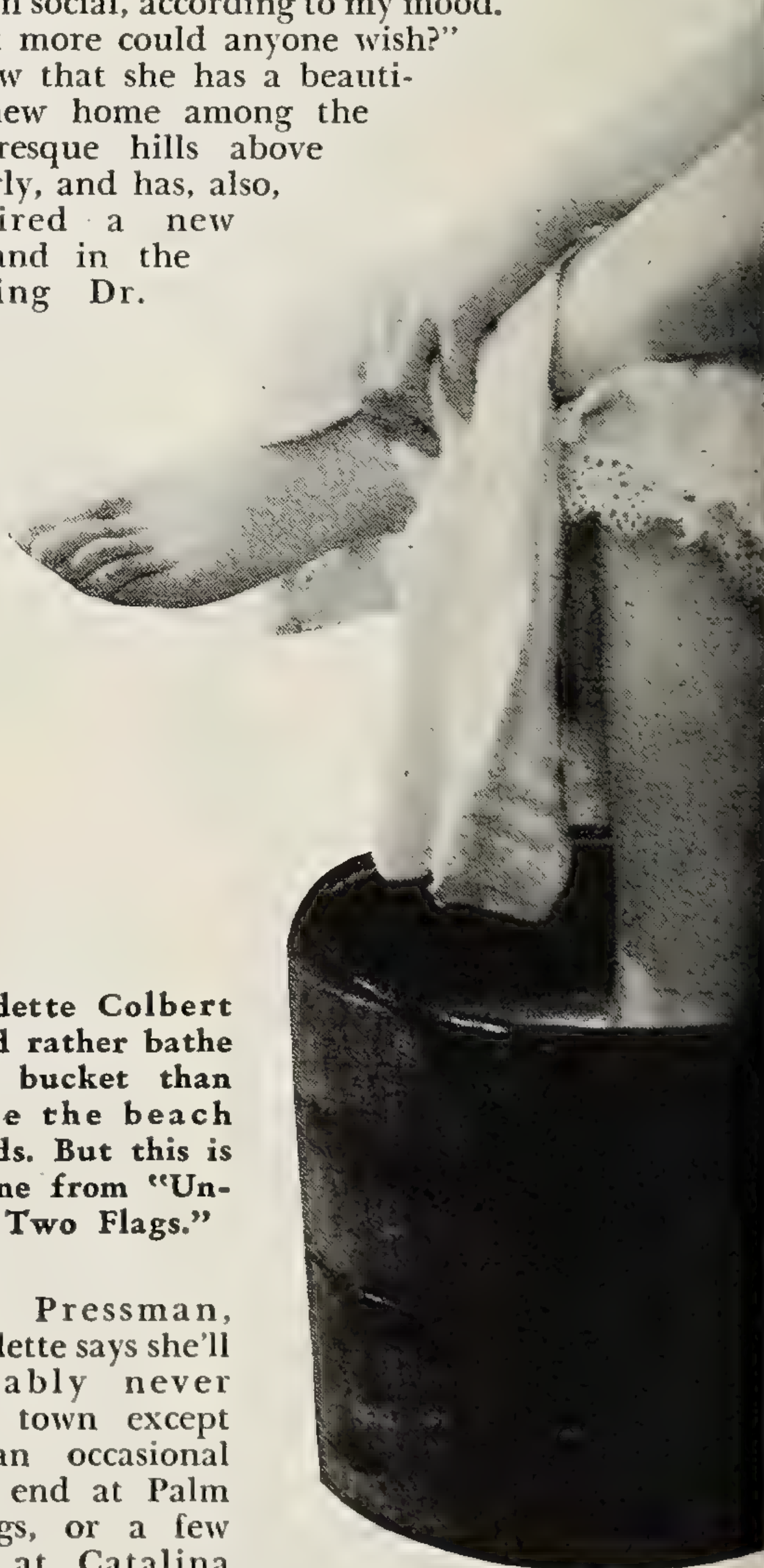
Claudette asked, "Why should I go away? I can find every locale for rest and the enjoyment of sports within a couple of hours' drive from home and do not have to sacrifice my privacy. There's the magic of the desert, there are many charming dude and guest ranches scattered among the nearby mountains, there are the private swimming pools. I can go back to nature, or turn social, according to my mood. What more could anyone wish?"

Now that she has a beautiful new home among the picturesque hills above Beverly, and has, also, acquired a new husband in the dashing Dr.

Claudette Colbert would rather bathe in a bucket than brave the beach crowds. But this is a scene from "Under Two Flags."

Joel Pressman, Claudette says she'll probably never leave town except for an occasional week end at Palm Springs, or a few days at Catalina Island.

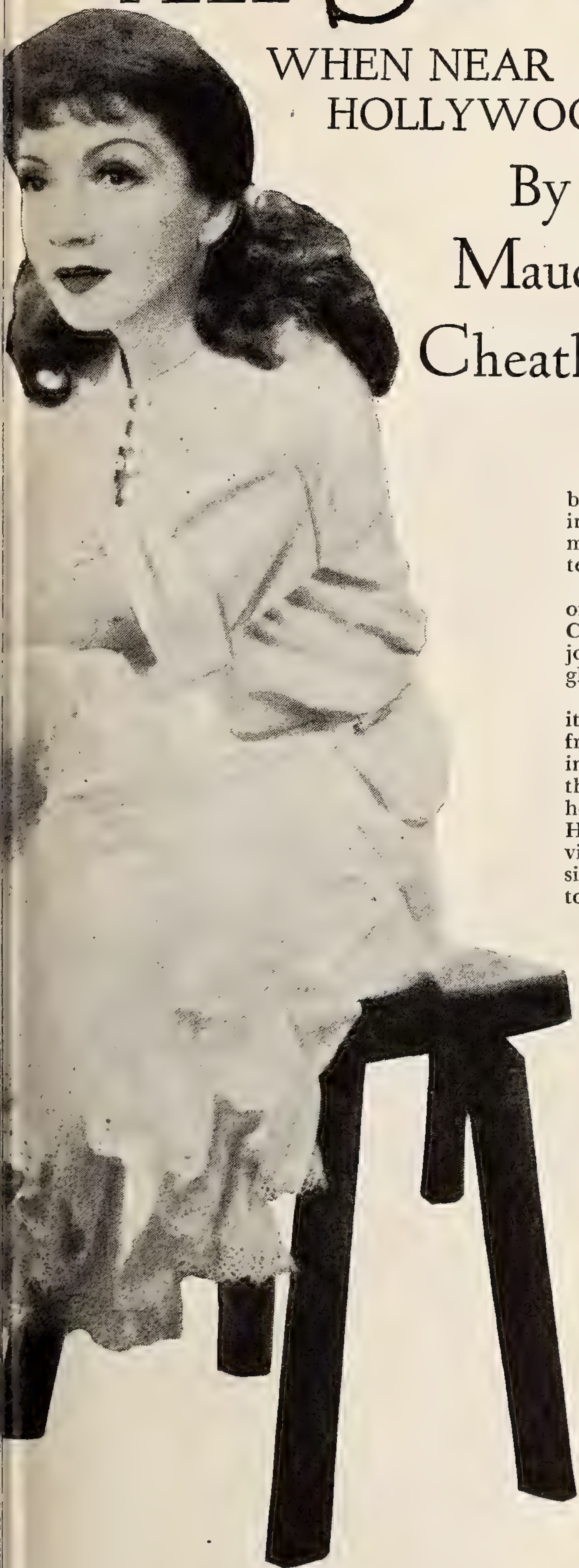
Before Gary Cooper married the lovely, cosmopolitan Sandra Shaw, he shied from crowds and bright lights, invariably seeking his pleasures in hunting and fishing, and he knew every mountain trail for miles around. Now, however, he dutifully accompanies his wife to New York, where he patiently accepts the plaudits of the crowd, goes to theatres and parties.



ONLY FEEL SAFE

WHEN NEAR
HOLLYWOOD

By
Maude
Cheatham



The eager fans wait and watch. Pity the star who finds herself unprotected! Sometimes the souvenir hunters actually take buttons, fur tails and anything they can grab. A scene from "The Moon's Our Home."

but he got the building bug and kept adding this and that, until it emerged an ideal mountain *chalet* which put him back some ten thousand dollars.

Here, on top of the world, either alone or with one of his pals, Bill Powell, Ronald Colman or Herbert Marshall, Warner enjoys a hermit-like existence among the glorious pine woods and singing streams.

Ronald Colman is the male Garbo when it comes to seeking solitude. His visits away from home are very scarce. His typical stunt in "getting away from it all," is to engage the special hillside bungalow at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, some ninety miles from Hollywood, where he has an undisturbed view of towering mountains from every side. Even his meals are sent from the hotel to be served from his own kitchenette. He

sees no one; no one sees him, and he calls this the successful vacation. George Brent often takes over this same cottage and he dittos Colman, their ideas on this subject being identical.

Jean Harlow likes this secluded nook, too, and she and her mother frequently spend a week there. Jean enjoys the famous steam baths and always counts on losing a few pounds of excess weight on these visits. She also has a favorite guest ranch, just beyond Santa Barbara, where she slips from view and rests between pictures.

Before Clark Gable developed a yen for exploring far away lands, via airplane, his idea of a real vacation was to go hunting or fishing, and some of his best friends are trappers, prospectors and dyed-in-the-wool mountaineers, who know nothing of the screen and care less. They only know that Clark is a swell guy, and he used to spend most of his free days in high top boots and cords sleeping out under the stars and cooking over a camp fire. Some day he'll come back to his woods and streams; they are too much

a part of him to be forgotten.

There's a rustic little cabin hidden away among the San Bernardino mountains that belongs to Myrna Loy, and, loaded with books and a few simple clothes, she makes a bee line for it whenever she can get away. In the winter a nearby hill offers ski jumping and she's an expert at the art.

[Continued on page 60]

While the handsome, lanky Gary can wear tails and a top hat with the best of them, and knows all the company manners, he will always be a cowboy at heart, preferring starlight to Neons, and loving the "visible" silence of plains and mountains.

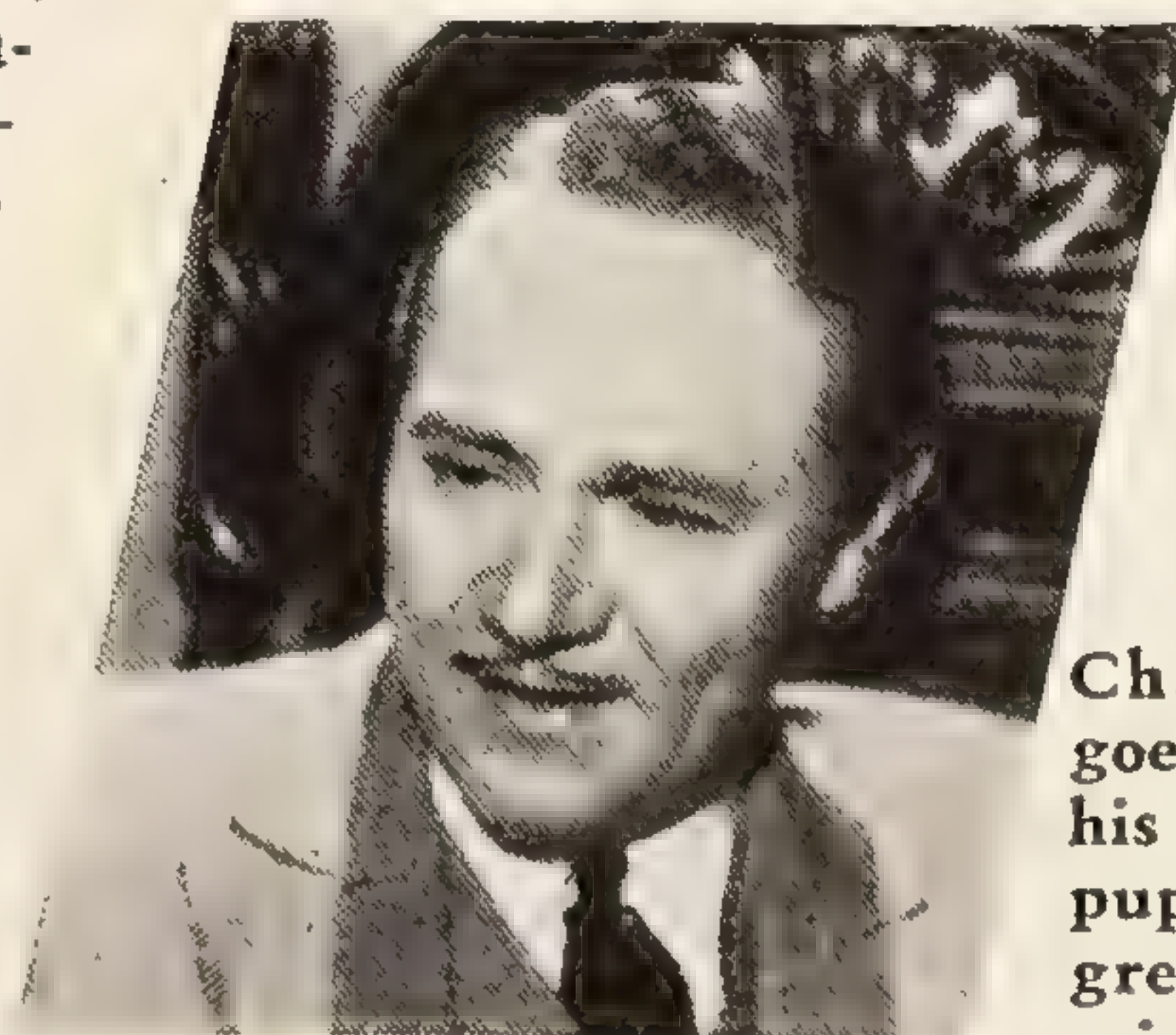
Warner Baxter's palatial home, with its spacious gardens, its tennis court and swimming pool, is all very fine. But his chief delight is a secret retreat, away up among the mountain peaks twenty miles beyond San Bernardino. This started out to be nothing more than an unpretentious cabin,



A quiet trip to Europe turned into a riot for Freddie March.



Shirely Temple went to Honolulu, but found no rest.



Charlie Ruggles goes to the dogs on his vacations. The pups are all pedigreed blue ribbon winners, and they're kept near his home.



Louise Fazenda owns a ranch so near to Hollywood that a movie star is not a curiosity.

"I PROTEST!"

In Hollywood The Stars Are
Always Registering
Complaints.

By Liza



Sometimes the star is right. Wallace Beery did not want to play in "Ah, Wilderness."

fun to be made to talk and act like a sap in one picture after another, particularly when the movie-going public is so apt to believe that you are like that in real life, too. (Any time Mr. Franchot Tone wants to go berserk and do away with a couple of Metro executives who stick him in one silly quickie after another I'll be right there to re-load the gun.) But, at the same time most of the actors, and this means actresses too, become such chronic complainers that even when a good part is tossed them they are too busy protesting to recognize it.

Just a minute now, and I'll give you some awfully cute examples of that. Like little ewe lambs the actors come to Hollywood, from the New York stage and points east, only too glad to eat out of the big producer man's hand and bleat prettily for the fan magazines—but one success, but one—and Mr. Movie Star promptly decides that he must write and direct all his pictures as well as act in them.

Of course, the studio assumes the Mother Knows Best attitude and pats Mr. Movie Star on the head, or else gives him a kick in the pants, depending upon the mood they're in that day, and reminds him that at terrific expense they have cornered all the best writers and the best directors in the country, and that, after all, he's only a screwball nitwit anyway and awfully



Sylvia Sidney protested and the public backed her up.

WHAT'S your idea of Hollywood? I just bet that you think that Hollywood is a quaint little village, sort of a Petite Trianon, with lovely blue waves from the Pacific ("and the Pacific isn't so terrific") daintily lapping the shores while the cinema great lie in the sun toasting their beautiful bodies and thanking their lucky stars for moving pictures, Louis B. Mayer, Harry Cohn, Jack Warner, the Paramount studio, and fan magazines. But that's where you're wrong—so, so wrong. This hurts me more than it does you, but Liza-the-illusion-chaser is now about to break down and make you face the facts of life.

Hollywood, Mrs. Worthington, is not the city of dreams-come-true and dancing on the greensward. Hollywood, Mrs. Worthington, is the city of protests and wailing in the "front office." Every actor kicks at every part *always*, and no actress is ever

Luise Rainer walked in when Myrna Loy walked out—a break for her.

satisfied. It's the professional touch. You really haven't "arrived" in movie circles until you have "halted production," "walked-out," or gone "off salary."

The louder you protest your parts, the more important you are. And if you can just keep that yapping up, and don't wear out, you'll be a Dietrich or a Garbo in time. Yes, when it comes right down to the final analysis, class distinctions in Hollywood are all a matter of protests. Last year you could hear Connie Bennett protesting as far as Catalina on a clear day.

Now I, the greatest fence straddler of my day, am not going to take sides in this little affair of the pot calling the kettle black. Sometimes the actors have every right in the world for protesting the asinine parts they are given to play. It's no

lucky not to be washing dishes at Childs. No producer ever thinks an actor has an ounce of sense, and every actor knows darned well that no producer has an ounce of sense. And sometimes I think they're both right.

What with Garbo in Sweden and Connie Bennett in Twickenham and George Arliss being chillily aloof, I suppose our best, and certainly our most expensive protester, is Marlene Dietrich. Marlene protests prac-

tically everything in sight. Several years ago she refused to do "Song of Songs" and went home in a pout, and Paramount took her off salary and got ready to sue, when suddenly Marlene returned to the studio all ready to work. Just the other day she went home in a pout again (the old "I tank I go home" racket) but this time, ladies and gentlemen, our little Marlene was clever enough to have the law on her side.

Marlene didn't like the story of her newest picture "I Loved a Soldier" though, it seems to me that the flower of Hollywood writerdom has been running up a script since last "green-up." When she signed her new contract not so long ago Marlene had it written into the contract that Ernst Lubitsch would supervise her pictures in the future (and if you saw "Desire" you saw the famous "Lubitsch touch"), and so, with the maestro supervising, Marlene started to work on the picture though the script was just about one hour ahead of the production.

At the end of three weeks of this Paramount went into an upheaval, Lubitsch was "out," and Marlene waved her contract with the Lubitsch clause—and went home.

She has issued her ultimatum: which is that she will not continue on the picture until she has seen a finished script and approved it. And she is within the law. Whether



Myrna Loy has been in pictures for years and knows when a part does not fit her personality.

Clark Gable was furious because Metro "sold him down the river" to Columbia, and he didn't think much of the part and was annoyed about the whole thing. The girl's rôle was offered to Miriam Hopkins but she turned it down cold. So

did several other actresses. Then Claudette Colbert finished a picture at Paramount and was contemplating a vacation in New York when Columbia called. She didn't think much of the script or her part but she had always wanted to be directed by Frank Capra and co-star with Gable, so she decided quite reluctantly to take a chance on it.

I remember the night of the preview of "It Happened One Night" in Pasadena. I was having dinner with the Colberts, and it was raining cats and dogs, and Claudette nonchalantly remarked that it really wasn't worth driving all the way to Pasadena to see *that* picture—but we finally persuaded her and, as she sat there in the theatre, she

discovered to her amazement that she had a smash hit on her hands. Of course you know that last year all the Academy Awards practically went to the picture and to Claudette and Gable—and if you think Mr. Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures didn't say "I told you so" you've got another think coming to you.

Almost every star of note turned down John Stahl's Universal picture "Only Yesterday," which, as you recall, was finally done with Margaret Sullavan, an "unknown" from the New York stage, and was one of the big box-office pictures of the year and established Miss Maggie as a star without further ado. This same thing happened when Myrna Loy walked out on "Escapade." Luise Rainer, who had been sitting around the studio for a long time, with nothing more to do than bite her nails, was shoved into the vacancy left by Loy and at the preview was enthusiastically "discovered." In her second picture, "The Great Ziegfeld," Luise Rainer co-stars with William Powell and Myrna Loy. Myrna's famous "walk-out" also gave Rosalind Russell a chance. Rosalind had been at the studio for some time playing nothing more nor less than bits, but when Myrna failed to show

[Continued on page 70]



James Cagney is a scrappy young man but big box-office.

she will approve the new story treatment, or whether she will leave for London to do a picture there, nobody knows. Anyway this is the second halt on the picture (she and Mr. Glazer came to words not long ago and he resigned) and to date it has cost a mere \$500,000—if Marlene refuses to return it will all have to be scrapped. That's an expensive protest in any language.

Of course the studios gloat like fat buddhas when a star protests a part and the picture turns out to be the smash hit of the year, with the star receiving unmitigated praise for her or his performance. This was the case of "It Happened One Night," originally called "Night Bus."



GIVING GARBO

AWAY

By Jerry Asher

*The Author Worked At Garbo's
Studio Once Upon A Time
And Now It Can Be Sold!*

IF THIS be treason, may Garbo and Metro forgive me. Not that Greta is aware of my existence—even if I have seen her, talked to her and what's more—actually touched her! Yes, my gentle readers, she's real flesh and blood. She's all the glowing adjectives that have been used for and against her. Name your own simile and embellish it with your most poetic phrase. She's that, too. I could go on and on, just as others have gone on and on. But to be perfectly truthful, I'm just a little annoyed with myself.

For years I've worshipped Garbo. For years I've gone around carrying her secrets locked safely in my heart. I've known intimate and humorous stories, but I've guarded them carefully from the world. I've respected Garbo's love for silence. In my inimitable little way, I've protected her from harm. At times it's been so tempting to repeat innocent but unusual anecdotes. But I've held my lips tight.

Did my self-inflicted nobility matter to Garbo? Not one tiny little bit. Did she know of my great admiration and secret devotion? No, a thousand times no. While I worshipped and protected in silence, Greta went about her business taking trips to Sweden and walking in the rain. As far as she was concerned, I just didn't exist. Even had she guessed, it would have been just another good reason for her getting tired and going home.

In my time, I have read hundreds of stories on Garbo. To my knowledge, only one or two were written by people who actually had contacted her. Greta has been quoted [Continued on page 66]

Helen Broderick, Gene Raymond and Wendy Barrie. Gene was just a kid when doughboys were in demand. Scene from "Love On A Bet."



GENE TAKES A "TERMER"

"A Free-Lance Actor Is A Lone Wolf," Says Gene Raymond.

By Lenore Samuels

IN *VARIETY*, that most outspoken of film journals, which does not hesitate to place the exalted picture players in their proper places—in its own somewhat blunt, but always understandable, idiom—I found an announcement that Gene Raymond had recently arrived in the East from Hollywood. It also went on to say that he had already made personal appearances at theatres in punctilious Boston and in staid Philadelphia, finishing up with the remark that Gene was "not just another guy from Hollywood; this filmster is undeniably hot stuff where the femmes are concerned; and regular enough, all around, to satisfy the men."

Neat praise, that, coming as it does from a journal that would have expressed its disfavor just as cogently. The writer of those lines had placed his subject in a picture frame, so far as I was concerned, and arranged him as nicely as any superior photographer might have done.

And so, when I called up for an interview during his brief sojourn in New York, during the following week, I was not surprised when he immediately invited me to come to the Lombardy and "break bread with him," an expression of hospitality that fitted in perfectly with the portrait drawn of him from the above.

During the ordering of luncheon I had a moment or two to quietly observe for myself just why "this filmster is undeniably hot stuff with the femmes." Could it be that shock of russet hair that waved so smoothly off a high forehead? Could it be those penetrating blue eyes that looked straight into yours when he talked? Or was it that tremendously virile physique of his that he displays to such definite advantage even when swinging into an almost empty hotel dining-room—it being early enough to avoid the crowds—with no other eyes but the waiters' and a very polite interviewer's (that's me taking the bows now) upon him.

No. Definitely, no. These outward attractions, outstanding as they undoubtedly are, did not furnish the answer. There was something else about him—ah, there! I had it! The spirit of everlasting youth. In spite of his twenty-eight years, this very successful screen actor apparently had not quite grown up yet, and I suddenly felt very low, for, while Peter Pan was being eulogized all over the land while I was a little girl, I was mouthing the pre-war equivalent to the rather unlovely but very emphatic "nerfs" between my still unrouged lips.

[Continued on page 77]



GALLANTRIES

The Leading Men Send Roses
To Their Leading Ladies—
Some Stars Shower Presents—
Others Give Parties.



Warner Baxter expresses his thanks and regrets, at the end of a picture, with a chilé con carne party.

WELL, the day I received an assignment for a story on the courtesies of Hollywood, you could have knocked me for a whole row of tenpins.

Only that morning, through the well-known Hollywood grapevine, I had heard rumors of a feud, the likes of which would make a Tennessee mountaineer turn pale with envy, among the Rogers and the Astaires, and the MacDonalds and the Eddys; only that morning I had heard, oh so confidentially, that all was not sweetness and light among the three stars of "These Three"—Hopkins, Oberon and McCrea; only that morning I had read in the newspaper how George Raft had walked out on Carole Lombard the first day of production of "Concertina" because he didn't like her selection of a cameraman; only that morning I had read in the gossip column of the *Hollywood Reporter* "—What star eats fragrant cheese all day on the set when she is doing love scenes with her leading man?" (I don't know who it is, do you? But she probably got the idea from Dick Arlen, who used to eat onions before he had to kiss Nancy Carroll for the camera.) Courtesies, I sniffed, courtesies—phooey. It was just one of those days.

But came the dawn of another day and I decided that perhaps there were a few quaint old courtesies and customs in Hollywood that I had overlooked. That perhaps I was going with the Wrong People. That perhaps I didn't appreciate the finer things of life. That perhaps those rumors of feuding stars were figments of a busybody's imagination and that the star who ate cheese on the set just naturally loved cheese without malice or aforethought. I decided, in short, to give courtesies a break. And maybe you'll be interested in my findings. You'd rather hear about the discourtesies? Come, come, now—don't be difficult.

Of course we haven't got a Mayflower heritage in Hollywood, and we haven't seen a Puritan or a First Family in years, and we don't celebrate Founders Day, or Flag Day, or Paul Revere, and we've completely forgotten the *Maine*, but you'd be surprised (I was) at the number of courtesies and customs of the cinema village we have acquired in our scant twenty-five years—as far as antiquity is concerned we're just a brat, but aren't we all.

One of our prettiest gestures I think is *ye olde courteseye* of the leading man sending gifts to his fair leading lady the first day of production of a picture. Of course all the male stars don't go in for this. Sometimes they have objecting (and objectionable if



Joan Bennett and Fred MacMurray. Joan is a present giver—a charming custom to mark the completion of a picture.

Sometimes the courteous attitude leads to romance, particularly when Ann Sothern is the girl.

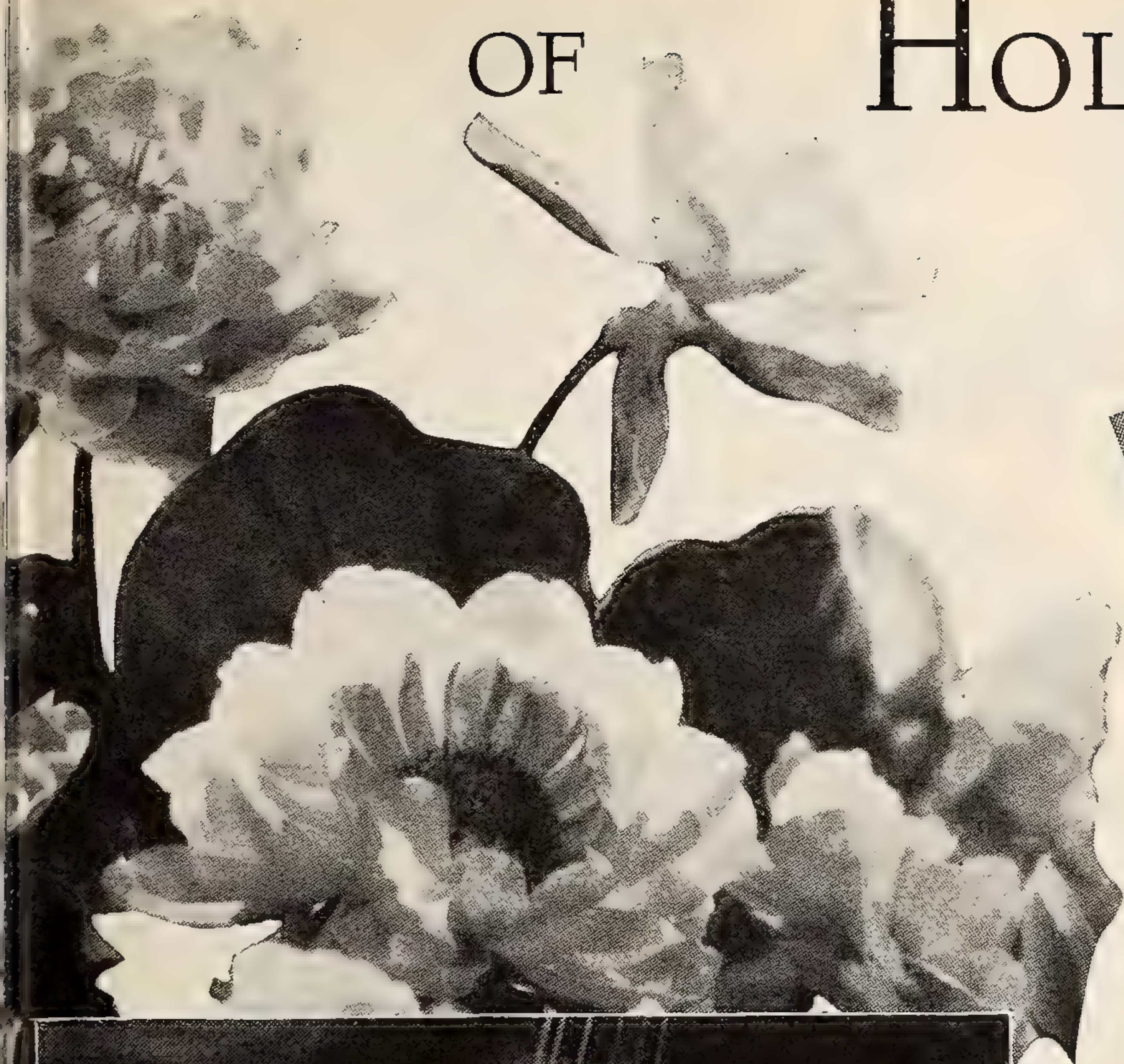


you ask me) wives and sometimes they are just too darned stingy. But it is a pretty custom, especially when the two stars have never played together before. A lovely gesture, and a marvelous ice-breaker.

The first day of production of "Small Town Girl" handsome Robert Taylor sent Janet Gaynor a box of chocolates, and Janet was most pleased though she doesn't like candy, particularly chocolates. Janet thanked Bob in her prettiest manner and that brought on more talk, and the next thing Bob had invited Janet to have dinner with him at the Beverly Brown Derby. I was sitting in the next booth and of course I wouldn't stoop to listening in on a conversation not meant for me, but can I help it if I have extraordinary hearing? Anyway, from what I could gather (the fool I was with kept eating celery) it sounded like the foundation stone of a tender romance was being laid. And my ears didn't deceive me, for two nights later I saw them dancing

OF HOLLYWOOD

By
Elizabeth
Wilson



Mae West entertains her company at a party when the last curve has been photographed.

like mad at the Trocadero, and since then they've been more or less every place together.

Naturally this doesn't please Irene Hervey any too much. But that little Janet, she certainly has captivating ways. Nearly all her leading men fall in love with her and when she was making "Servants Entrance" with Gene Raymond, that young man was so smitten he sent orchids and gardenias nearly every day. I hear that on the "Small Town Girl" set Janet stops production every morning and every afternoon while she and Bob sit in a corner and have tea and cookies. Afternoon tea is rather a common

The party Bill Powell gave to the entire cast and crew, after finishing "The Great Ziegfeld," was very special because the picture is, too.



custom since the advent of Mr. Leslie Howard, but who ever heard of morning tea before? Janet is probably starting a new custom for us. Now, how long do romances started on sets last? Well, custom decrees that they have to last only up to the preview of the picture. Bob will most likely escort Janet to the preview, they will pose for the photographers, they will tell each other how marvelous they are in their respective parts, they will dance all night at the Troc—and then Bob will return to Irene Hervey. Don't worry about Janet—there are plenty of fish left in the sea.

The first day she worked in "Under Two Flags" Claudette Colbert was most surprised and delighted to receive a box of exquisite roses from Ronald Colman. A pretty gesture that, without a follow-up, for as you well know Claudette is quite happily married to Dr. Joel Pressman, and as far as she is concerned the gallant Ronnie is not a heart-throb but just another actor. Yes, it makes better reading when the stars aren't married.

Paul Cavanagh, the "tall, dark and handsome" of the nonce, sent Mae West flowers the first day they worked together in "I'm No Lady" and Mae responded by inviting Mr. Cavanagh to her dressing room for afternoon tea (Mae is one of our best tea drinkers), and one invitation followed another until when the studio wanted Mr. Cavanagh they could always be certain of finding him in Mae's dressing room. It was quite a romance for a while there, especially as Mae, the recluse, actually dined out with him several times, and my, my, how the gossips were buzzing, but as soon as the picture was previewed Mr. Cavanagh disappeared from the Paramount lot and Mae's dressing room completely, and when last heard from was head man in Mrs. Rhea Gable's social life. Just another courtesy romance.

When Gene Raymond and Ann Sothorn were working together in "Hurray for Love," Gene started sending Ann flowers. They went to several parties together and it looked like a pretty good romance. Then Gene took Ann to the swanky premiere of "Tobacco Road" and there was a flash of temperament, and Miss Sothorn and Mr. Raymond finished the picture in icy silence. As far as Gene was concerned Annie didn't live there any more.

Just the other day when [Continued on page 68]



Twice a year Glenda Farrell throws a party at her home, to celebrate when a picture is done.

A GAY ROMANCE OF LOVE IN THE RAIN

CONSIDER the blonde, the most stared at, thought about, talked about and generally publicized variety of the female of the species. Other women, black or mousey, may scheme for romance, fight and die for love, but not the blonde. Where there is a blonde there *is* romance. Where there is a pretty blonde there are sure to be complications and where there is a blonde like Monique Pelerin . . .

She was *chic*. From the top of her golden crown to the toes of her smart little boots she was all youth and allure. Her young eyes had the crystal purity of the Swiss Alps at dawning, but her dimpled smile hinted things like the breath of the sirocco languishing over tropic shores. Ice and fire, that was Monique; Innocence singing a torch song!

It was springtime in Paris. Chestnuts bloomed in the Champs Elysee and taxis cheeped to their mates as they pursued one another madly. Yes, springtime . . . and the rain, half sleet, dripped down the necks of blondes and brunettes alike. It was a good day to go to the cinema and that was where Monique went.

The film was about love, strangely enough. Monique had heard a lot about love from Alfredo, her fiance. Count Alfredo Donstelli de Pignacelli di Rostigassi and-a-lot-more-of-it talked about love whenever they met. Sometimes, in the midst of his discourses, Monique's pretty lips couldn't help making a round, pink yawn right in Alfredo's face. He called her his innocent dove and his lily in the field at moments when Monique longed to be called Toots, like the girls in the so-amusing films from America. She had a sneaking idea that Alfredo wasn't quite like Clark Gable or even Eddie Cantor and she settled back in her loge seat in the warm dusk of the cinema to study the technique of the film lover who was planting a ladder against a lady's balcony. She began to compare him with Alfredo, a mental process which caused her a doubting frown.

An usherette came down the aisle, flashing her torch like a benevolent firefly. Behind her a young man stumbled over knees and stepped on toes, groping his way toward the seat her torchlight indicated. He sank into the chair next to Monique's. She saw him only as a vague bulk in the dimness and turned her eyes back to the film lover with the ladder.

Like Monique, Philippe Martin had come to the cinema to do some research work in love. He had come at the pressing invitation of a lady named Yvonne, a fellow student.

Yvonne was of a discreetness most amazing. She had a husband and a position high in society and she wasn't taking any chances on losing either, not even for the love of a good looking young actor like Philippe. She had insisted that Philippe buy the tickets for loge seats, slip one of them to her, then wait outside while she found her seat. Then Philippe was to follow after, incognito in the friendly darkness of the house, and find his seat. Thus, reunited, they might take up the day's lesson. For a lady already married discretion was, no doubt, an admirable trait, but Philippe had begun to think her caution just a little boring. He found it rather difficult to be reckless with a lady who kept reminding him, "We must be discreet, darling . . . We must be discreet!"

On the silver screen a beautiful blonde had strolled onto the balcony while, below, her lover was planting the ladder that was to lead him to paradise. Monique was getting deeply interested. Alfredo had never showed up at her house with a ladder and she doubted if he could climb one without falling off.

The man in the seat next hers spoke of the actress on the screen. "Ugh," he said. "A blonde! I hate blondes!" Monique drew away, startled.

The film lover reached the balcony. He clasped his sweetheart's hands and burst into song. Monique wished that Alfredo could sing like that!

The man beside her leaned closer. "You know this might turn out all right, after all," he said more cordially. "In America they always make love on balconies . . . out of doors, too!" He shivered at the thought.

Monique shivered, too, but not at that thought. She was wondering if she could change her seat without attracting undue attention. She had come to the cinema to learn about love, but not from this unknown.

The Story Of
"One Rainy
Afternoon," The
First Pickford
(Mary)-Lasky
Production.



Fictionized by Jack Bechdolt

The Picture, Directed By Rowland V. Lee, is From The Stephen Morehouse Avery Adaptation Of A French Comedy.

raised, quite obviously, to sock him again.
"Who is it?"
"What's going on?"
"It's a pickpocket!"
"Call the police!"
"Mademoiselle!" Philippe cried in shocked horror.

"Don't you dare to speak to me—"
"But I assure you you're only making matters worse—"
"Well, really! You'd think it was I who kissed you!"

"Did you?" he said hopefully. When he smiled like this, and that little gleam came in his eyes he was really a most presentable young man. A young man to melt the heart of any girl. But his behavior . . . !

She turned to the staring questioners. "This creature kissed me!"

The announcement aroused mingled emotions.

A lady said, "Oh, is *that* all!" Somebody else called, "Bravo . . . encore!" A humorist asked to know if the culprit had brought his ladder and somebody else said it must all be the fault of the government.

"Of course it is," agreed a horse-faced lady who sat in the same row, surrounded by a bevy of scrawny females, all of them out for the express purpose of spoiling anybody's budding romance. The lady made an imposing gesture.

He tried to stammer his thanks to her, but terror seized Monique. "Do you think I did it for you?" she gasped.

"Messieurs et Mesdames, in this emergency our Society for the Protection of Public Morals, of which I have the honor to be president, will show its power—"

"What are you, the censors?"

"Monsieur," said Madame the President, her manner impressive, "we censor the censors." She spoke to the scraggly feminine weed beside her. "Sidonie, our banners!" The gallant girls unfurled banners and began a parade of the aisles. One flag bore the cartoon of a gentleman with a wolf's head leering at a frightened girl and, below, the inscription, "It Might Be Your Sister"; another screamed, "Make the Streets of Paris Safe for Working Girls."

"Our society will take charge of this, you monster," said Madame President, distributing pamphlets as she threatened.

The police came. Philippe had to give his name. Monique had to give her name. Madame President gave hers without being asked.

In the midst of the confusion Yvonne, the lady who had come to the cinema to be kissed by Philippe, drew her furs close about her face and discreetly vanished.

Philippe was in distress. The newspapers of Paris talked of nothing but the Love Monster. The chorus girls at the Savoy Theater where he was rehearsing for a new piece did nothing but read the newspapers and giggle when he went by. Monsieur Maillot who managed the theater, declared, "You couldn't act in my theater—even if you could act. There'll be no monsters in my theater!" So he lost his job, not much of a job to be sure, but something in a world filled with creditors who harassed a handsome young actor.

And not only creditors. He walked sadly out of the stage door, an actor at liberty to starve to death, and was served a summons to answer trial at the Court of Correction upon complaint of Madame President of the Society to Protect Public Morals.

[Continued on page 72]

The screen lovers finished their duet. The man drew the girl into his arms, their lips joined in a long kiss. Monique could easily imagine herself in the girl's place. The ardent pressure of a strong

man's lips to hers . . . the thrill of yielding to that hungry embrace . . .

"At last!" sighed the voice beside her. Then real arms encircled her, real lips pressed her own. A young man she didn't know from Adam began to behave exactly like Adam in the Garden.

His arms released her at last.

Monique, more fire and ice than ever before in her life, leaped to her feet. He sprang up, too.


"You . . . you! Why this is . . . How dare you?"

Her small hand slapped his face and the slap echoed like a pistol shot in the dusky quiet of the theater.

He stared at her, his mouth open, his eyes bulging with astonishment. He looked so funny in his surprise she almost smiled. Really, he was a very presentable young man . . . and what drollness!

Now the theater was in an uproar. The film stopped suddenly. Lights flashed up. The audience was on its feet, staring at Philippe Martin whose hand was pressed against a red, stinging cheek and at Monique Pelerin whose hand was

In the Cast:
Francis Lederer as
Philippe Martin
Ida Lupino as
Monique Pelerin



Ruby Keeler Has Danced All Her Life, And Loves It.

Her heart sings from the
tree-tops and her happiness
shines out from the screen.

DANCING THRU

By Dell Hogarth

THIS is an Irish fairy tale . . . unbelievable but true. For in no other way can certain events be explained. If we followed logic, it would be impossible for the beguiling blue-eyed pixy born twenty odd years ago to be the Ruby Keeler of today.

Now she surveys the world from the silver screen, in thousands of theatres, in hundreds of different countries, as the irrepressible Colleen. And those amazing blue eyes; as they look out over the audience, will be able to discover no stranger story than her own remarkable romance.

There is wisdom in folklore. An old Gaelic legend maintains that no person can experience a fairy-story life unless he possesses certain attributes. Ruby had them all. She didn't defy fate. She didn't want too much. She accepted each blessing with humble grace.

So her life seemed to be in hands other than her own.

When her parents emigrated from County Antrim they didn't go to New York—the usual destination of the restless Irish—but to Nova Scotia. There, in Halifax, Ruby was born. But Fate soon showed its hand. Poverty drove the Keelers to New York when their first child was but three years old.

And hardship pursued them as four other children were born. Ruby was the shepherdess of this small flock. She'd dress them, wash them, and keep them from under her mother's heels. Many times she led them up to the roof of the tenement and danced for their diversion. She was always improvising ways to keep them amused. They were her first audience.

When misfortune again came to the Keeler clan Ruby was thirteen. Her father was ill. She had to go out and support the family.

In the meantime, unknown to herself, her way had been prepared. Ruby was enrolled in St. Catherine of Sienna's School less than a year when the mother-superior sent for Mrs. Keeler. "Your girl," she told the nervous parent, "has a fine spirit. And she dances like an elf."

Due to her persuasion Ruby was transferred to the Professional Children's School, where she met a little boy by the name of Gene Raymond, and a girl by the name of Lillian Roth. But all this was in the spirit of childish play; she never dreamed of putting her twinkling feet to work.

So the sudden responsibility of supporting her household should have embittered her little heart. If it had, her luck would have ended, not begun. But Ruby didn't defy fate, neither did she want much, and each blessing was accepted with humble grace.

"We will go first to the theatres," her mother said, as hand in hand they went out in search of a job. The first manager they saw shooed them away, the second was charmed but thought Ruby too young, the freckled face of the third cracked wide in a grin. "In the chorus," he said. "Come tomorrow at nine o'clock."

So the little girl who had never even dreamed of the stage found herself behind the footlights in "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." Ruby was enchanted. This was fun.

Unfortunately, seven people can't live on a chorus girl's salary. Especially when a doctor must be paid. But this didn't dismay the dauntless spirit of the bright-eyed pixy. The superstitious mind of the child was already beginning to understand the secret of Fate—whomever it would raise up, it first knocks down.

So hard luck drove her to leave the stage for more lucrative work in a night club. Here she danced by herself and not in a chorus. In a short while she was dancing in three different clubs; from eleven to twelve in one, from one to two in another, and from three to four in the last. For months she didn't see daylight.

A hard life? If you pity the petite fourteen-year-old adolescent you miss the point of the story. For Ruby never pitied herself. It was too much fun. She was content to hand over her earnings to her mother and receive, in return, an allowance no greater than her sisters and brother.

Remember, we have a person here to whom things can happen—and when misfortune is so gayly accepted the result is never in doubt.

Things happened. Ruby became the protégé of the famous Texas Guinan. All of her time was devoted now to that dazzling garden of femininity—the El Fey Club.

And New York discovered that here was somebody entirely different—a girl who went about her work in the spirit of elfin play.

When she spun out on the smoke laden floor in the flame of the spotlight, masculine eyes narrowly observed her blossoming figure and quickly changed their expression when they raised to her face. A demure face, with a half-frightened smile. She appeared so defenseless. Like some woodland sprite who had become entangled in the maze of the city. All the men wanted to protect her. And when that famous line boomed out, "Give this little girl a great big hand," applause thundered in enthusiastic answer.

By all odds Ruby should be somebody else. For years the lure of easy wealth was dangled before her eyes; she observed all the bejeweled darlings who gained such a [Continued on page 64]

THE INSIDE "LOW DOWN"

Will "Romeo and Juliet" Be Popular?—

Margo Is Coming Strong—

Jean Harlow, Great Actress—

Myrna Loy, Good—



Clarence Brown,
Ace Director.

ABOUT a year and a half ago Director Clarence Brown made certain predictions in this magazine, all of which have proven surprisingly accurate. One of them concerned the then almost unknown dancer, Margo. Mr. Brown had seen her only once before—dancing in a club in Los Angeles. He had been so impressed that he had tried to interest several people in her.

Margo's first picture, "Crime Without Passion," was still unfinished, but when it was released she jumped overnight into the theatrical spotlight.

The other day in the office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer I ran into him again and commented on how right his judgment had been regarding this girl.

"Wait," he said, "until you see her with Warner Baxter in 'Robin Hood of El Dorado.' I saw it before I left the Coast and she is excellent. I still think she is one of the best bets in pictures. I hope I can work with her some day."

Mr. Brown was in New York to attend the opening of his latest picture at the Capitol, "Wife vs. Secretary," and to shop for antiques for his ranch. This place, which was formerly the old Gillette ranch, is about 35 minutes from his studio, absolutely isolated, yet boasting of every modern convenience. Aside from an adobe style house, with four master bedrooms, there are six completely equipped five-room guest cottages around the place. Each room in the Brown ranch is to be furnished in a different period to avoid monotony. Later, Mr. Brown plans to breed horses on the ranch.

Brown enjoyed making "Wife vs. Secretary." He enjoyed working with three of his favorite stars in one picture. Myrna Loy is a particular favorite of his. He thinks she has progressed more in recent years than any other actress in pictures.

"Myrna is a great little actress and a joy to work with," he said. "I think, as she appears on the screen, she is the wife every man would like to have."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that Myrna is destined to play that type of part from now on?"

"No. I don't mean that. She is entirely too capable to be typed. I mean that she symbolizes in such parts the ideal most men have of the women they want to marry."

Over Jean Harlow, he was also enthusiastic. I recalled that, previously, he had not predicted much of an advance for her, but had said she would be able to hold her own with the best of them. This time he spoke of the complete reversal, in her latest picture, to the type which had made her famous. How it would affect her future he could not say.

"But this I do know," he explained. "I have stood in the lobby and watched the people coming out and they are all talking about Harlow. And that isn't because she gave the best performance in the world or even in the picture. It is because she makes the sacrifice—she is the heroine—which means the public is for her."

"I like to work with Jean," he smiled, "because she makes me feel I am important. She is so intensely ambitious and conscientious she will play a scene a hundred different ways if you ask her to. You can't keep a person like that down. She is an exceptionally clever comedienne and we haven't too many of them. Producers should never lose track of this fact, for in that field she is a natural."

Ever so often he would return to the subject of his ranch, and after one of these excursions I asked him what he thought of television and color with relation to pictures. He does not think pictures have anything to fear from television, at least not in our lifetime. It is too undeveloped at the present time to even consider. Mainly, however, television will fail to affect pictures because the public will never be able to get the same reaction over

Director Clarence Brown Discusses The Latest Exciting Happenings In Hollywood.

By Julia Gwin



The main ranch house
on Clarence Brown's
360-acre estate.



One of the guest houses.



Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery.
Both have brilliant futures.

a television receiver that they will in a theatre. It is the rule of mob psychology.

"It is like seeing a picture," he said, "in a studio preview room. It may look terrible. But in a packed house the same picture will be a riot. And the larger the crowd the more definite the results."

"As far as color is concerned—it will never be popular or successful until they learn to photograph our Norma Shearers and Joan Crawford's more beautiful than they are now being photographed in black and white. Eighty per cent of pictures is from the waist up and the other twenty per cent is background. With background, particularly exteriors, where old man nature has had a chance to get busy with his paint brush, they do very well, but some of the effects on our stars are utterly ghastly. Color must undergo some drastic changes before the

public will accept it. Producers know this and are going slowly."

Costume pictures are going to continue popular, according to Mr. Brown. The performances of such stars as Leslie Howard, George Arliss, Charles Laughton, etc., have done much to break down the fear with which such rôles were formerly approached.

"Actors," he explained, "have learned to accept these characters as human beings and are now able to forget about the period or the clothes they wear."


Then I asked him about the much talked of "Romeo and Juliet."

"What about 'Romeo and Juliet?' That's hard to say, though I hear John Barrymore's running away with the picture. But, of course, Shakespeare's right up his alley."

"I don't know that the picture public wants Shakespeare. I have thought about this a lot. Often I have [Continued on page 74]

UNITED IN DANGER LAUGHTER and LOVE!

Three great stars together . . . in a
glorious and courageous venture that
decided the fate of three nations!



"Wally" (Viva Villa!)
Beery's lovable villainy
was never so uproarious!

Wallace
BEERY • *Barbara*
STANWYCK

John **BOLES**

in

A MESSAGE to GARCIA

with

ALAN HALE • HERBERT MUNDIN • MONA BARRIE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

**Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay
and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan**

Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith • Directed by George Marshall



THE CAMERA PERSONALITY OF JACK OAKIE

He has the gift
of making us feel
better about our
own dull wits.



Sorrow's Crown
of Sorrow.



He has solved the
problem of eternal
youth—Oakie is the
Screen All-American
for Always.



With Frances
Langford in the
toils of love.

Many A Star Gets The
Billing But Oakie
Gets The
Show To
Put Over.



With Arline Judge
in a "straight" part.

IF A film-goer cons his memory for great performances, he will come across Oakie's great part in "Touchdown," and the peak of that picture when Oakie hung one on Arlen's chin. If you will recall "Call of the Wild," you will find one of the most convincing bits of character playing. Oakie actually looked half Esquimau. But he is really a song and dance man, and happiest when in a light comedy rôle. Everyone knows him, likes him and respects him. He is a clever actor, who understands how to give the "human" touch. A veteran on the screen and a bachelor. Jack Oakie is one son who is good to his mother.

W

That Certain
Something That
Is More Than
Beauty.

HOMELY women have it some times. It is manifest in a glint of understanding in the eye, in a generous, wise smile and a provocative way of moving. The camera is able to catch it for the screen, but it would be difficult indeed to say where in the magic lies. Some girls are most alluring when they appear in the rough and tumble clothing of a shipwrecked heroine, whereas others will develop this charming trait only when they are glorified with the freshest of frocks and presented with a background of luxury, flowers and glitter.

Ann Harding goes on, the loveliest of blondes, even to the eyes. Does a blonde have to possess greater refinement of features?

Margot Grahame is an English actress without the fog.

Determination written on Joan Crawford's face but not at expense of charm. Lighting her eyes, brows makes Joan a beauty.

INSIST UPON ALLURE!



Jean Harlow is platinum no more. Perhaps she remembered her success as "The Red-Headed Woman" and yearned for the lucky combination.



Carole Lombard, with her perfect proportions, is very much what every woman would like to be, but Carole, more than most girls, fascinates by the brilliancy of her mind.



The dignified Rochelle Hudson, with the straight-looking gray eyes, has the irresistible allure of youth.

ONLY



This picture of Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor was made in the studio, but the tossing, tumbling breakers were miles away. How? Hollywood knows.



Cameraman Ray June shows Jean Harlow a clipping from the picture they are making. Photographers are kings in Hollywood.



Fred Stone goes quail shooting. Only in Hollywood do they have a camera along.



Lucille Ball, brilliant young actress, on stilts for a publicity shot.

IN HOLLYWOOD

It Is A Unique City
Of Curious Contrasts.

THERE is a craziness about Hollywood that would bear study. They do extraordinary things but their minds are not muscle bound. There is an atmosphere of belief in almost anything, no matter how wild the idea. This willingness to grasp the unusual and the novel propositions results in their attempting many very difficult stunts, and getting away with them, too.

They have shivered for years because someone once said that television was going to put them out of business. They never doubt the truth of any imaginative statement. Every bull market finds all Hollywood perfectly convinced that the stocks will go up forever.

Marc Connelly, author of "The Green Pastures," and a couple of pickaninnies who appear in the picture. Anything for a laugh.



Only in Pictureville could you find a millionaire in blackface. Al Jolson is making "The Singing Kid."



Marlene Dietrich stops work on "I Loved a Soldier." \$500,000 thrown away—that's Hollywood.

THAT FIRST TIME TOGETHER

IT HAPPENS every day, and yet there is nothing more dramatic—no one event that may have such far-reaching consequences—as the meeting of two people, a man and a woman. They may fall in love and bring happiness to one another, or their meeting may upset many lives other than their own and bring unhappiness instead of joy. For these are no casual meetings. Sometimes these strangers have to go through the motions of love making when they are in emotional and tempestuous moods, and when so very little more will become for them the very truth. No one has more vanity than a successful star, and when an utterly desirable girl, in her part, looks upon him worshipfully, it is not to be wondered at that he takes it for a personal triumph and finds himself answering love with love.



Gary Cooper, who has kissed them all, with Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," the new Frank Capra picture.



Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael in "Till We Meet Again." Can he help falling in love with such a pretty girl?



Robert Young went all the way to England to be exposed to the charms of Madeleine Carroll in "Secret Agent."

(At right) Frances Langford and Smith Ballou in "Palm Springs." They were together on a radio program.

When Two Strangers Meet, The
Fates Weave Furiously On The
Pattern Of Their Lives.



In "These Three," Joel McCrea
embraces Merle Oberon. Can
life ever be the same?



Charles Butter-
worth gets a
break with Mar-
garet Sullavan
in "The Moon's
Our Home."



"Frankie and
Johnny," folk-lore on
the screen, with
Helen Morgan and
Chester Morris.



Robert Kent and Ro-
chelle Hudson in "The
Country Beyond." It
may be the land of
romance.

HOLLYWOOD IS A WORKTOWN TO

From Rin-Tin-Tin To Donald Duck, The Animals Have Fared Well In Cine-City.

THE first animal to conquer the screen with an undeniable popularity was the saddle horse of the "Westerns." Tom Mix rode on Tony—and Tony became famous, better known, in fact, than thoroughbreds like Twenty Grand and Top Row. Their fame usually lasts but a year, or until a faster horse comes along.

There was good reason for the popularity of these hell-for-leather pictures. In the first place they had motion and rhythm and speed, or, as we say nowadays, tempo. Every picture, in the beginning, had a chase in it, probably near the climax, and what better for a chase than into the saddle and thudding away, over bridle paths—or, more frequently, over broken,

rocky trails, up hills and down, as those sheriffs' possés used to ride.

Every animal screens well, and that's the secret of Hollywood's animal love. We love people who love animals, and that's another reason for Hollywood to have turned itself into the land of pets. The naturalness of the animal in the picture helps the actor to make the scene seem real. These pets are all carefully trained, and people who train them live on the earnings of their pupils. They are very valuable, and when they are an essential part of a picture they are insured for large sums until the picture is finished. "Buck," the dog of the "Call of the Wild," is in a picture now and is insured for one million dollars.



John Carroll and the pet of the Carroll corral.



Marguerite Churchill and "Jerry," an aire-dale of distinction.

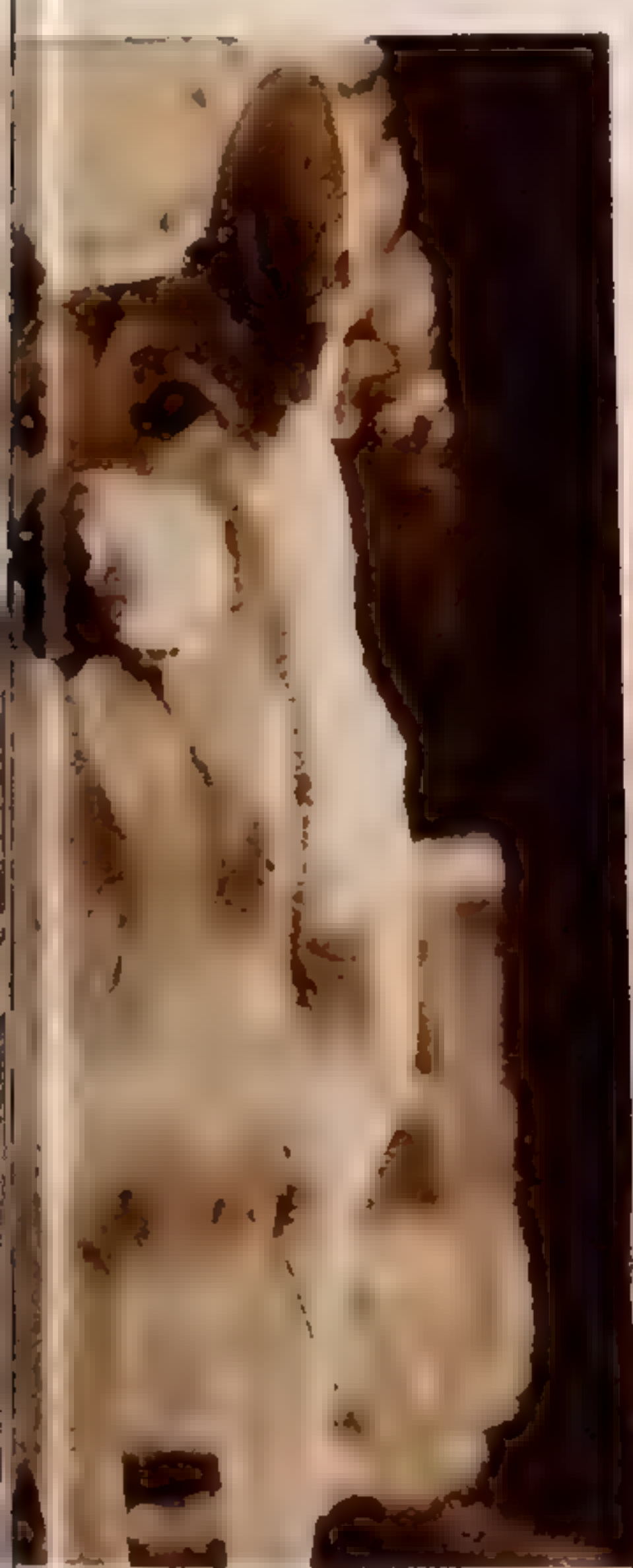


ACTORS BUT HEAVEN TO ANIMALS



In "Under Two Flags," the cavalry pictures are inspiring.

John Arledge and "Lightning." Both are acting in "Two In Revolt."



The way movie actresses are wearing ostrich feathers causes one to put up a squawk to Anne Shirley.



Charlie Chan has a strange bedfellow.



Grace Moore and the property-man's idea of a donkey.



This is a trained hen. Warren William, trainer.



Joan Blondell in "Sons O' Guns."

The Future Looks Very

And It All Depends Upon Your Approval And Ours. We Can Make Them Rich and Famous—Shall We?

THE most comfortable state for a person to be in, is, according to the philosophers—"With a lively appreciation of favors yet to come." Many of the players find themselves, after good work done and accepted, with a rosy tinted future breaking upon them. A future that will provide great parts, plenty of reward and many electric lights. And, not too dimly in the distance, should be heard the cheers of the populace. These are the days when life seems good, and a warm, deep feeling of gratitude keeps them humble and happy. The swelled head comes later.



When Basil Rathbone goes to the best film shows he is likely to find himself on the screen—and giving a very good account of his shadow self.

Bing Crosby and his eldest child. Bing discovered that radio singing, and not acting, puts you over in pictures.



What is an actor, anyway? Victor McLaglen, soldier and scrapper, turns out to be a very great one.



Now and then a intense bit comes along and they give it to Isabel Jewell, knowing that it will be taken care of. O.K.

Lovely To Some Of The Players



In "Dancing Pirate," which is another Robert Edmund Jones' full-color film, Charles Collins dances on the scaffold to save his neck. The idea has possibilities.



The smiling Joseph Calleia is one of our best on-coming menaces.



Dick Powell is in the big money and his popularity is still gaining. Dick refused \$7,500 a week for personal appearances because the tax would be \$5,500. He must be a Republican.



Beautiful Dolores Costello Barrymore has had beauty, fame, love and children, a home, a divorce—and now she brings all these experiences of life back to the screen.



The future of Freddie Bartholomew will have to be as brilliantly spectacular as a fire in a skyrocket shop, to match the unparalleled successes of his boyhood.

A Change Of GET-UP Makes a NEW PLAYER

*An Actor Really FEELS A New
Personality In Every Make-Up.*

Winifred Shaw in
blackface for her
"Save Me Sister"
number in "The
Singing Kid."



In "Secret Agent,"
Peter Lorre, the
maniac of "M," is
quite a different per-
son.



Claude Rains as Don
Luis in "Anthony Ad-
verse," a totally differ-
ent character from his
previous rôles.

In the same picture,
George E. Stone plays
Sancho, the Cat Man,
a marvellous characteri-
zation.



“IT PAYS TO BE CERTAIN
ABOUT HANDBAG SECURITY”

warns

Helen Vinson

*Glamorous Screen Star always
checks to be sure her hand-
bags feature the security and
constant dependability of the*

Talon fastener
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



*The Talon fastener
creates a continuous,
trim closure—keeps
handbag contents safe
and secure. When you
buy, be sure to see that
it is the dependable
Talon fastener that op-
erates perfectly always.*



There's *method* in the way Hollywood Stars choose their handbags. They refuse to gamble with careless, slipshod handbags that spill out contents, cause the loss of valuables. They look before they buy—check to be sure the handbags they choose are Talon-fastened.

Hollywood's way is your way to be sure that your handbag closes securely—stays fast until you open it. The Talon fastener featured on this year's models is easier than ever to identify. New decorative pull tabs are easy to recognize. And they lead you to models with the Talon fastener that closes a bag swiftly and easily, and guards contents securely.

Moreover, when you buy handbags completed with the Talon fastener, you are certain to get a model that is smart in design, fine in quality, too.

Walter Connolly, Grace Moore and Franchot Tone in "The King Steps Out." Grace was the first to give us famous arias from the great operas as an interesting touch in a modern picture.



HOLLYWOOD ACHIEVES ART



CHARLES LINDBERGH had flown the mail for seven years before he accomplished his great ambition. Shirley Temple had been in many short subject comedies before she played "Little Miss Marker." Art is rarely a result of beginner's luck. But after an artist has tried, failed, learned, thought and come to believe, then he may do something that is blessed with the magical touch of genius. We do not understand how Cab Calloway could possibly know that the curious noises which he makes are weird and strange, with the exotic beauty of primitive naturalness, but he does and he can even express this beauty in his grouping. He is an artist.

There is modernistic art in this shot of Cab Calloway doing the "Hi-De-Ho" number for "The Singing Kid."



John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver and Leslie Howard in "Romeo and Juliet." This production is said to be one in which the cast wags the star.

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

Drawing Room "A"



ANTHONY AMBERTON
 "So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

Drawing Room "B"



CHERRY CHESTER
 "H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."



ANTHONY AMBERTON
 "Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless. Blah...!"



CHERRY CHESTER
 "Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"



ANTHONY AMBERTON
 "I would like to see her just once... perhaps... no, I must be moon-struck."

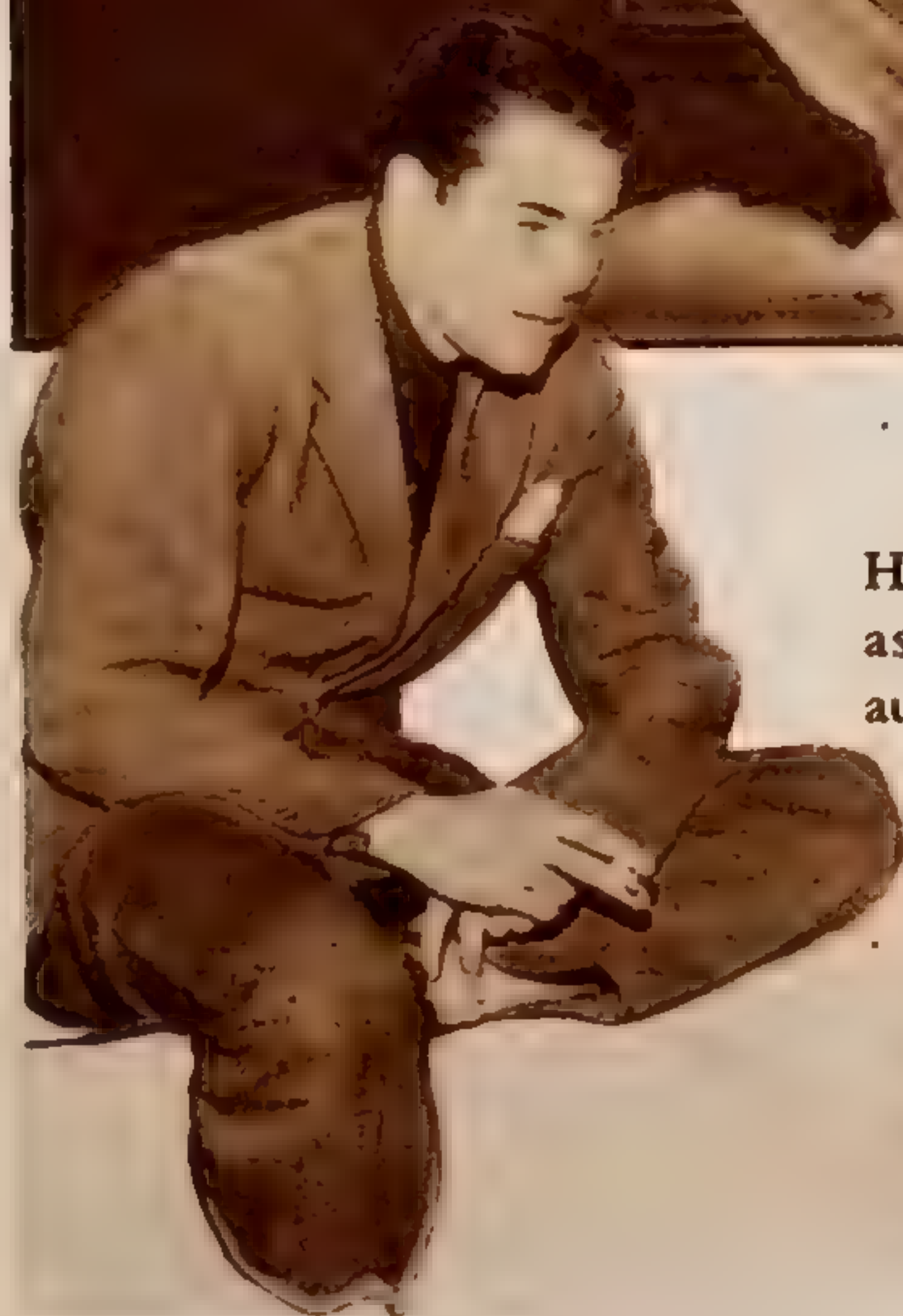


CHERRY CHESTER
 "I wonder what he really does look like... maybe... but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

HENRY FONDA
 as Anthony Amberton... explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
 as Cherry Chester... sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in Paramount's **"THE MOON'S OUR HOME"** starring **MARGARET SULLAVAN**, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman... Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial... A Walter Wanger Production... Directed by William A. Seiter





In the Beverly Hills home of Gloria Stuart the Spanish fireplace in the living room shows an attractive grouping of furniture. Walls and beamed ceiling are white, the moss-green rug has off-white fringe, and warm shades of beige are used in the upholstery of sofa and chairs.



This view of the living room shows a period Steinway grand piano and a glimpse of the reception hall.



The cool simplicity of this dining room bespeaks good taste and hospitality.



The LOVELY HOME OF Gloria Stuart

GLORIA STUART'S home reflects in its controlled and intelligent taste the very popular little girl who has made a success in wholesome characterizations. Her home is like Gloria herself—a place where you would like to be, a girl you would like to know.

The reception hall is circular in shape and Spanish in architecture. The graceful lines of the wrought-iron stairway are shown in this view. The ceiling is beamed, and there is an attractive side balcony, which serves as a hall.



Bette From BOSTON

By Virginia Wood

*Bette Davis Wins The
Academy Award for the
Best Performance of
1935*



Warren William
and Bette Davis
working out the
theme of "Men on
Her Mind."

SHE'S not the ordinary blue-eyed blonde, this Davis girl. She's ambitious, courageous, uncomplaining, with a distinct mind of her own. When Bette walks on the set, you get a definite reaction from the people with whom she works. There's a little sparkle of welcome for the girl who makes things just a bit easier for them all, and her winning of the coveted trophy has not changed her.

"Bette Davis?" they'll tell you, "she's swell! A darned good little trouper."

Off the screen, as Bette herself puts it, she and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., are "simple people." They play no part in the Hollywood social life, and spend as much of their time together as possible. This hasn't been any too easy a matter, however, what with Bette working pretty consistently at her job, and with his career as a musician and orchestra leader to consider. For a long time, he was stationed in San Francisco, some five hundred miles away. Every minute she could possibly find, Bette would dash up to pay him a visit. They'd manage to duck away for a few days at a time to some nearby resort, where he could play golf, and they really had fun. It was somewhat of an ordeal, though, as the studio would invariably find something for Bette to do before they'd finished their visit.

"Thank goodness that's over," Bette said, gratefully. "I hope Ham won't ever have to go that far away again."

"Do you play golf together?" I asked her.

"No, not very often. I'm afraid I'm not very much good at that sort of thing. There are very few women who are really good golfers, and I think their husbands must get awfully sick



of having to hold up their games for them."

"Spuds," as he calls Bette, and "Ham" live in a little cottage in a very nice, untheatrical section of Hollywood. It has a small white fence around it. There's a garden, too, where Bette loves to read during much of her spare time. They have two servants, a woman cook and a chauffeur.

"I'm not very domestic," Bette confided, smilingly. "I guess I've been fortunate in having people do that sort of thing for me, to a great extent. I do like to superintend the running of the house, though. That's about the extent of my domesticity."

Then there's the cottage down at the beach, where Bette's mother lives. When she's not working, she loves to run down for the day and get in a little sun-bathing and swimming.

"I think you simply have to get away from Hollywood and pictures occasionally," she said, firmly. "You get into such a terrific rut if you don't. People in this business live it twenty-four hours a day. It's practically impossible to keep your perspective unless you take a vacation whenever you possibly can."

"And it's always been a constant source of amazement to me," she added, wonderingly, "why most people here seek out the same places to go. I can't understand it. After all, the reason you want a vacation is to get away from the same things you've been doing for weeks on end."

"I used to go to Palm Springs all the time, until it got to be so fashionable. Why, you might just as well stay in Hollywood as go down there, nowadays. I love the desert. There's something so utterly peaceful about it. I've just heard of a grand place way out on the Mojave that I'm going to try, just as soon as I have an opportunity—you know, when I get that six weeks' vacation I've been after for so long!"

There's one thing I admire tremendously about Bette Davis—the biggest asset most anyone can have—and that is her remarkable patience—her ability to wait for things. Most of us become so utterly discouraged if success isn't handed us on a big silver platter—and instantly. But Bette has discovered the surer way and the safest. She has found that hard work is bound to bring its reward.

Bette was born in Boston and attended high school and the Cushing [Continued on page 68]



NICKNAMES

The Stars Were Not
Always Quite So Glamorous.

Ginger Rogers. Her
nickname
stuck.

or twelve, she was far from the beauty that you see today. To be truthful, she was a funny-looking little French girl who was terrified of the other cocksure little American girls and boys of the Lexington Avenue School, and who suffered real torture from hearing herself designated cruelly as Shoestrings—a contraction of the name Chauchoin. So deeply did this name cut into her that as soon as she was old enough to go to art school, she went to her parents and told them from now on she would have an American name. She would also drop the name Lily, she told them, and would be henceforth known as—Claudette Colbert.

One of our best two-fisted heroes of the screen had the childhood nickname of "Sissy," because his mother, who adored her sturdy, self-reliant little cherub-like son, insisted upon dressing him up in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. On fine Sunday mornings, after stalling about the house as long as he could find excuse, he would go out on the pavements of New York dressed fit to kill in ruffled

her husband doesn't call her by this name—bequeathed upon her by a sentimental mother in Kansas City long ago—but one of our most loved singers is known as "Glad-Eyes." Her sister and one of her best friends, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, call her this even today. It is, as you may have guessed, worked out of the name Gladys, and the young singer's name is Gladys Swarthout. The more I think of this nickname, the more I like it and think it a fitting and proper name, for there is a sparkle in Miss Swarthout's eyes which gives you a feeling of gladness and belief in the goodness of the world.

I won't make you guess on this one. Jean Harlow's nickname is "Baby." Our sirenish platinum blonde, our ermined lady who swishes her hips through the glittering scenes in our more rough and ready dramas of the lower class, is still Baby to her mother and even to a couple of old family retainers. The nurse in Kansas City who brought her through the measles, the mumps, and whooping cough, still begins her letters to Miss Harlow in the words, "Dear Baby." You may remember that Jean's real name is Harlean, a combination of her mother's first and her father's last names. But she was never called Harlean. Oh no, it was always Baby. It seems for four years before Jean was born she lived in her mother's and father's imaginations, and they talked and dreamed of what they would do when "Baby" was born. They never had a doubt but what they would have a girl, and when Jean did come into the world it was natural enough that she was their long awaited "Baby." And Baby she is today.

There is a tall lanky young male star who still stops and answers when he hears the name, "Buck," so firmly is this childhood nickname implanted upon his subconscious mind, al-

They used to call Jeanette MacDonald "Carrots," but now she's 18 carats.

I ONCE told the editor of this magazine that the bugaboo of my youth had been a name fastened on me by my baby brother, who, unable to do justice to "Muriel," had achieved a series of gurgles that sounded like Mu-Mu. And "Mu-Mu," to my horror and annoyance, I was from that time on.

Whereupon, the editorial glint came into his eye and he said, pensively, "I wonder what the stars were nicknamed in their youth. I wonder if they had atrocities tacked onto them by fond relatives or friends. Why don't you find out when you go back to Hollywood?"

Well, Mr. Editor, I have been sleuthing a bit in Hollywood, and I have, after considerable research, unearthed some nicknames that beat mine all to pieces.

One of our most glamorous and lovely stars was known as "Shoestrings" in her youth. No, I won't tell you her name until I tell you more of the story and how she suffered ignominiously until not only was she driven to change her whole name, but she found herself driven on by such a burning ambition to be SOMEONE that she studied and worked until today she is an actress of distinction and one of Hollywood's best loved stars.

The little girl's real name was Lily Chauchoin, and when she was about eleven

Bing Crosby's nickname must have had the right number of letters to be lucky.

shirts, big buttons, and short knee pants, only to hear his pals of the weekdays start up a chorus of "Here comes Sissy Cagney!" It was defending himself in these moments of stress and injured pride that Mr. Cagney, who has since become famous for his fistic prowess on the screen, first learned to wield a tough uppercut.

Very few people know this, and certainly

Some people still call Ann Harding by her affectionate nickname of "Do-Do."

THEY GREW UP WITH

By Muriel
Babcock

Perhaps a nickname is responsible for James Cagney's short temper.

though nobody, not even his father and mother, think of calling him that today. As a small boy on a Western ranch, he learned to sit a saddle almost before he was out of baby dresses. When he was four, he was given, at his urgent request, a pinto pony all his own. The gift pleased his boyish heart, but it did not quite fulfill his ambitions. He had wanted an honest to goodness critter that would buck, such as the cowhands rode and bragged about.

Dissatisfied, therefore, but always hopeful that from this pinto he might extract some skittish caperings, he would ride along, admonishing it, not with giddaps and whoas, but always with "C'mon, buck, buck, buck." So often and so loudly did he call to this pinto to buck that when the cowhands saw him approaching, they would yell, "Here comes Buck!" And as Buck he became known. The lad, quite a good rider to this day, but NOT a western hero, is better known to us as Gary Cooper.

Did I tell you that I had a most awful time living down the name given me by my brother—the name of Mu-Mu? My heart

[Continued on page 79]

His boyhood friends called Gary Cooper "Buck." They still do.

Katharine Hepburn's arrogance grows weak when she hears her childhood nickname.





Richard Arlen is good.
His record is 67.



Irene Dunne once
made a hole in one!

I HAVE been trailing our very good friends the movie stars, as usual, and they want to ditch their duties and escape to the outdoors, too. On these balmy days in Hollywood nearly all the sweeties of screendom have Spring fever. They're fed up with mooding around in modernistic interiors and they're even bored with what Tessie Tellsall columned this morning. It seems, pals, that they've re-discovered golf! This weather has 'em liting it up on the links about town and "Fore!" is their new password for fun. There's no foolin' when they're on the fairways, either. (Except between Jean Harlow and Bill Powell.)

Most everybody has the urge to make two hundred yard drives and romances are in full bloom as twosomes jauntily sally forth for this month's fashionable sport. I can assure you that many a clever actress is winning an eligible male by beseeching him to teach her to swing her sticks correctly, and you've no idea how chummy you can become while learning the minor intricacy of the proper grip.

I've encountered all kinds of golfers among the stars. Some are indeed snappy. We have our cheerful dubs, also. The trouble, they've all moaned to me, is that they haven't time to attack it religiously. Of course, practice is the true secret of improving your score.

After looking over all their cards I'd say Richard Arlen and his little woman, Mrs. Arlen (Jobyna Ralston), are the tops. Dick's

best record is a 67 and hers is a 75. When you shoot eighteen holes in that number of strokes you're some *punkins*. The Arlens thoughtfully settled only three blocks from the Lakeside club, and maybe Joby remembers what happened to the Fairbanks, Mrs. Mary Pickford was the colony's first golf widow. Mrs. A. has become athletically apt and her husband's as proud as a kid that she can give him a run for his money any afternoon. He scoots about the country, participating in tournaments, and he plays exhibition matches with renowned professionals like Walter Hagen. Whenever Lawson Little, who holds the American and British amateur championships, is in Hollywood he parks at the Arlens'.

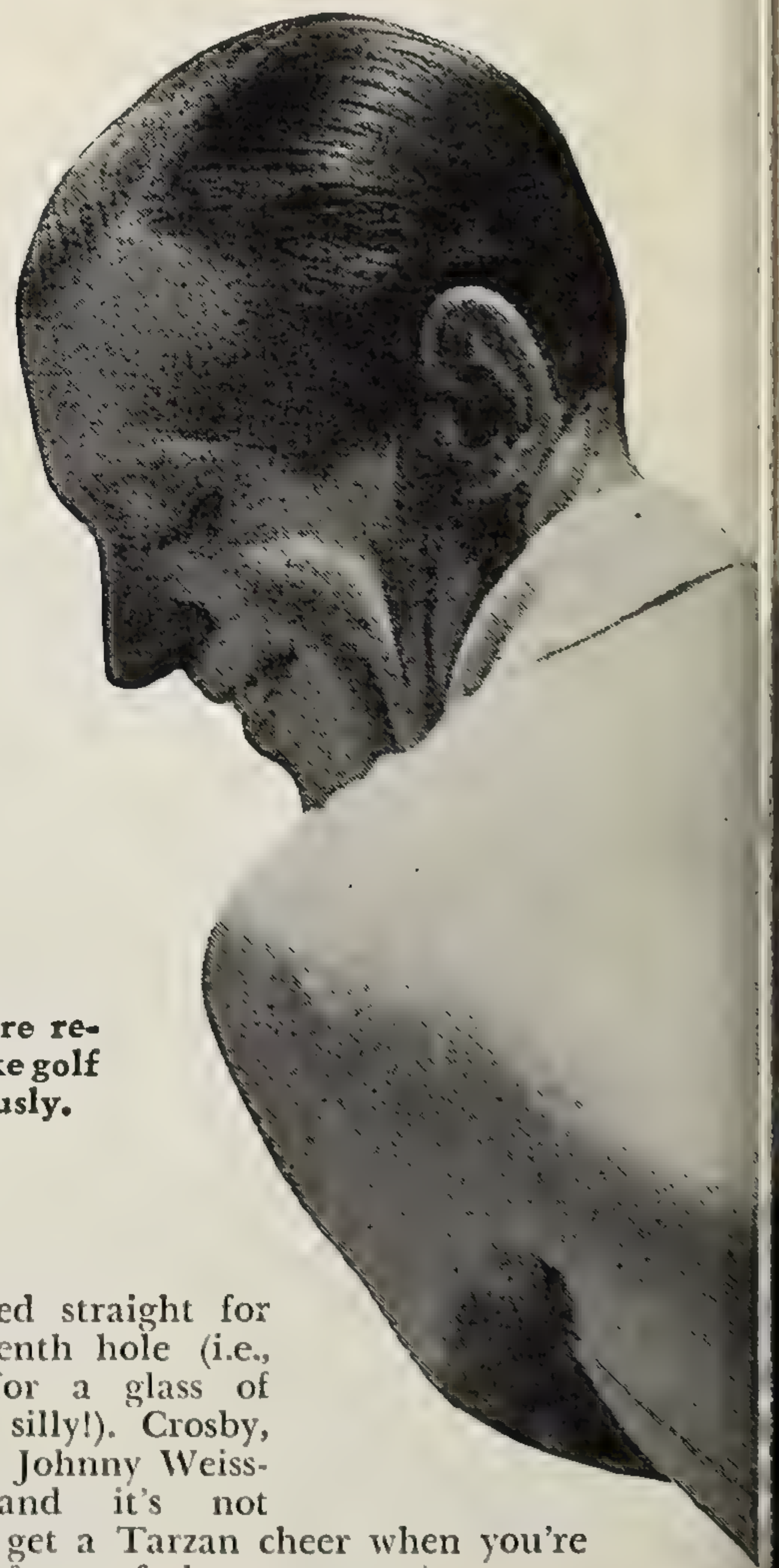
To prove what an ardent devotee Dick is, I'll tell you of an extraordinary clause in the contract for his current picture. He's in London for it, and he insisted upon the privilege of quitting acting during this year's main amateur meet in England. The lad's entering!

But while the Arlens are away who do you imagine are kinging and queening it? Crooner Crosby and high-kicker Keeler! I'll bet you never expected those placid stars would work up much golf zeal, but they have—enough to beat all comers.



Among the regulars at
Lakeside is Jimmy Dunn.

Bing keeps fit as a hero and ready to sing by popping around the first nine holes at Lakeside early every morning when he's on a picture. When he isn't, he tarries until noon. Nothing snooty about Bing—he generally selects a couple of caddies for his partners, because they both play and talk an excellent game and offer him subtle pointers. The last I heard of him, though, he was practically having kittens. He'd been out with a Mr. Hennau and Bing had blithely shot two birdies and four pars on their first six holes. (A birdie is one under par, which is what you do if you're swell and don't slice.) But the other man made six consecutive birdies! Crosby decided it was a day and



Fred Astaire re-
fuses to take golf
too seriously.

they headed straight for the nineteenth hole (i.e., the bar—for a glass of soda pop, silly!). Crosby, Arlen, and Johnny Weissmuller (and it's not strange to get a Tarzan cheer when you're poking in front of the runner-up) average about a 73.

Ruby Keeler seldom golfs with Al Jolson. Perhaps she has *her* happy marriage rules! She participated in the Southern California

GOLF SET

By Ben Maddox

They Are Good Players And
Their Perfect Physical Con-
dition Helps
Them To Make
Brilliant Scores.

mixed foursomes last year and is entering them again next month. George Levee will repeat as her partner. Al, who's our heaviest better, received his elegant set of clubs by broadcasting for Ben Bernie. They were a gift for his appearing as a guest artist.

A dozen fine golf courses spangle the hills around Hollywood and the stars only have a short ride to their favorite. The particular California attraction is the marvelous greenness that's maintained. Automatic sprinkler systems cost a fortune, but they scare away would-be brown patches. You don't have to develop an air game, for none of the links are soggy, and you don't have to shoot into winds.

Most of the movie execs belong to Hillcrest. A few stars can be found there, and at the Riviera, Bel-Air, Los Angeles, Brentwood, Hollywood, Rancho, and Westwood Hills clubs. But Lakeside boasts by far the majority of the stellar names. It's not a pretentious place, but a friendly, informal hang-out in the Toluca Lake district.

The clubhouse itself is pseudo-Spanish, of stone, and with red tile roofs. The big lounge has

Little Jane Withers is as precocious at golf as she is at everything else.



Harold Lloyd has his own private links.



Marian Marsh putting under the expert eye of George Murphy.



a high beamed ceiling and when the members throw a party the free talent is something to recollect. The course dips alongside the small lake and whenever you take your eyes off the ball you glimpse the Universal and Warner sets on the nearby hills. And if you don't plop your ball into the water you may shoot it over Dick Powell's Early American wall.

Lovely homes line the north border and Dick's is to the right of the middle of the third fairway. He built there on purpose, so he could vault over his gate and be

[Continued on page 60]

REVIEWS

OF
PICTURES
SEEN

"These Three" →
 "Little Lord Fauntleroy" →
 "The Country Doctor" →
 "Love Before Breakfast" →
 "A Message To Garcia" →
 "Wife Versus Secretary" →
 "Give Us This Night" →
 "Gentle Julia" →

"The Three Godfathers" →
 "F-Man" →

Silver Screen's
 Picture
 Thermometer



(Copyright, 1936, NEA Service, Inc.)

The new picture stars who toddle about
 in "The Country Doctor."

THESE THREE

Rating: 94°—EXCELLENT IN EVERY WAY—
 Goldwyn-United Artists

A SENSITIVE and deeply moving production done in the best Sam Goldwyn manner. Adapted from Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour."

The plot concerns two college girl graduates, Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon, who remodel an old New England farmhouse as an exclusive school for young girls. A young doctor in the village, Joel McCrea, helps the girls rebuild the house, and a close friendship grows between them.

The two child actresses, Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones, give magnificent performances, and never have you seen a "menace" so effective as Bonita's. Of course the two girls simply walk away with the picture. But that's not belittling the three stars. Miriam, Merle and Joel are excellent.

GIVE US THIS NIGHT

Rating: 83°—MUSIC LOVERS, POUR VOUS—
 Paramount

INTRODUCING Jan Kiepura in his first Hollywood picture, and Gladys Swarthout in her second. It's a highly romantic operetta, done in exquisite taste, and couldn't possibly offend a music lover even though it does come out of Hollywood.

When operatic arias and romantic ballads come in as large quantities as they do in this picture you can expect a simple but pleasing plot. Jan Kiepura (he who sings so enthusiastically) is a fisherman of Sorrento who goes to Naples to appear in a new opera, but dress rehearsals seem to take the starch out of the new singer. The opening night finds the opera on the verge of not existing, but of course Jan rushes in and saves the day, or the opera to be more exact.

THE 'COUNTRY DOCTOR

Rating: 89°—THOSE DIONNE QUINTS
 Twentieth Century-Fox

HERE'S the picture you've been waiting for all these months and it doesn't disappoint. They're there in person, our five favorite movie stars—Yvonne, Cecile, Emilie, Annette and Marie—and what more can you ask? At the preview in Hollywood Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Janet Gaynor and practically all the big stars simply fought their way into the theatre and "ohed" and "ahed" in utter sincerity over those precious babies. And so will you.

The picture begins with a diphtheria epidemic in the Canadian northwoods, with a country doctor and his valiant nurse doing all they can. Jean Hersholt plays the now famous Dr. Dafoe, and Dorothy Peterson is the nurse. Finally we come to the scene where Slim Summerville, as the constable, and John Qualen, as the bewildered father, react as the doctor brings out one quint after another. This is one of the funniest scenes ever to be screened. And then, thank goodness, a whole reel of the Quints, as they are today, playing around in their nursery.



Chester Morris, Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan in "The Three Godfathers," a good old-fashioned picture.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Rating: 86°—MR. ELBERT HUBBARD'S
MESSAGE—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

AN EXCITING adventure picture, with enough real American history in it to make it doubly thrilling. The time is the Spanish-American war, which was fought for Cuban independence, and the picture deals with that episode of the war which was immortalized by Elbert Hubbard in his famous "Message to Garcia."

John Boles plays Lieutenant Rowan, who is entrusted by President McKinley with a message to General Garcia, which message if delivered will bring about a coup that will end the war. But General Garcia and his Cuban army are far in the interior of Cuba, and there seems to be small chance of the brave lieutenant ever reaching him alive.

In Havana he meets Sergeant Dory, a renegade ex-marine, and thanks to him and to a highborn Cuban girl patriot the lieutenant finally makes it, but not until he has been shot at by practically every Spaniard on the island.

Wallie Beery plays the ex-marine, who has double-crossed both the Spaniards and the Cubans and has the unenviable reputation of being a liar and a cheat, and Beery gives one of his great portrayals, surpassed only by his Villa. His death is the dramatic high spot of the picture.

Barbara Stanwyck plays the Cuban girl patriot who accompanies John Boles on his adventurous trek through the swamps, and, of course, there among the flies and alligators love is born. Alan Hale is the Spanish spy, who goes in for a little of the Spanish Inquisition torture in his effort to extract the message meant for Garcia, and makes a first class "heavy." It's great adventure stuff.

GENTLE JULIA

Rating: 80°—GOOD COMEDY—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

NOW that Booth Tarkington's favorite juvenile character has been brought to the screen by Jane Withers the whole family from Junior to Grandma can sit back and rest assured that they are going to see a wholesome, American, fast-moving, and thoroughly delightful comedy. Mr. Tarkington's precocious little smarty who goes in for running her family's affairs, eating banana royals, and blackmailing for decided gains fits little Miss Withers to a T, and she proves again what a grand little trouser she is.

The picture belongs to Jane from the time she determines to marry off her Aunt Julia until the final scene when she holds down the villain while the ceremony goes on. Along with her triumphs in the matrimonial world, she has some decisive victories with Jackie Searle and Jackie Hughes. Marsha Hunt is Jane's charming Aunt Julia, who is pursued by many suitors; George Meeker is the city-slicker in need of money; Maurice Murphy the cow-eyed boy who recites Wordsworth, and Tom Brown, the bashful scatterbrain who suddenly and fearlessly asserts himself under the uncanny influence of Jane. The setting is a small town during the long-black-stock era. The picture is grand entertainment for young and old.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

Rating: 92°—ART AND EMOTIONS—*Selznick International*

THE newly organized Selznick International Pictures (releasing through United Artists) gets off to a fine start with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which is one of the most artistic, beautifully written and exquisitely acted productions it will ever be your good fortune to see. You're a



Preston Foster and Carole Lombard in a merry farce, "Love Before Breakfast."

modern and I'm a modern and you probably thought just as I did that Frances Hodgson Burnett's book of a past generation would be just too sentimental and sugary mawkish for words. But oh, how wrong we moderns are!

There's sentiment to be sure, but you'll love it because it's intelligent sentiment, and if you don't shed a tear occasionally over the manly little American boy who had to become an English lord, well, you're just too hard-boiled for your own good. Freddie Bartholomew, as Lord Fauntleroy, is perfect. Freddie is without a doubt the greatest juvenile actor on the screen today and his performance equals, if not surpasses, his David Copperfield.

Dolores Costello returns to the screen in this production as Dearest and was accorded one of the greatest ovations I have ever heard from a preview audience. But, second to Freddie, all praise and laurels must go to C. Aubrey Smith, who plays the ferocious, gouty old Earl of Dorincourt, and who is completely won over by his little American grandson.

Guy Kibbee is excellent as Mr. Hobbs who keeps the corner grocery store in Brooklyn, and who hates aristocrats in the first reel and decides to live in England near Ceddie in the last. Helen Flint plays the adventuress who tries to get the title for her own son, an objectionable brat, admirably played by Jackie Searle. Henry Stephenson is the English lawyer who brings Ceddie to England, Jessie Ralph is the apple-woman who suffers from rheumatism, and Micky Rooney is the boot-black who comes to the rescue. Hugh Walpole wrote the screen play and John Cromwell directed. A must see.

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

Rating: 87°—A LAUGHING JAG—*Universal*

TREAT yourself to a swell laughing jag and see Carole Lombard's latest picture—what fun, what mad, riotous fun. The story's about a handsome young millionaire who leaves no stone unturned in his pursuit of a lady fair, his lady fair being a very spoiled brat of a society girl with a mind of her own. Preston Foster is the guy and Carole is the flighty dame who leads him a merry chase, with one trick after another including a speakeasy brawl, a bridal path sprawl, and a date with a dizzy southern belle.

Suddenly Preston abandons the chase, does the noble thing by Carole's fiancé in China, and retires into the silences. Then the tables are turned—Carole becomes the pursuer, anything but indifferent now. Cesar Romero plays the romantic young man whom Carole fancies herself in love with until Preston Foster spurns her, and then is but a pawn in the great argument of the century. Both Cesar and Preston give excellent performances in their first farce roles.

Carole proves again that she is one of the leading comedienettes of the screen, and, whether exquisitely gowned by Travis Banton in something really breath-taking, or nursing a black eye or flopping around in an old crash bathrobe she gives everything there is to the part. There are many sequences in the picture that stand out as high spots in comedy, especially a telephone sequence that makes me laugh every time I think of it.

Walter Lang directed for tempo, and tempo he's got nothing else but in one of the grandest farces you're ever likely to see. Janet Beecher is splendid as Carole's mother, and Richard Carle is simply elegant as a talkative bachelor who thinks himself an authority on women. The cute Peke who makes his screen debut in this picture is in private life "Pushface the Killer" and personal property of Miss Lombard.

THE THREE GODFATHERS

Rating: 70°—FAMILY FARE—*M-G-M*

THIS is the old Western story by Peter B. Kyne about the trio of bad men who become devoted godfathers of a baby—so devoted in fact that they cross miles and miles of desert on foot carrying the baby in relays, each relay ending in death. The greater part of the action shows their endless plodding across the alkaline waste with a shortage of water, lack of food, and a burden of stolen money.

Although it's an old story—this regeneration of a bad man by a baby—it never fails to bring a tear to the eye and a sob to the throat, and this time is no exception. The performances of the three godfathers are outstanding, and director Richard Boleslawski's direction of the baby, Jean Kirchner, is really something.

Chester Morris is the young self-centered
[Continued on page 82]

The Stars Only Feel Safe When Near Hollywood

[Continued from page 25]

Ann Harding is always elusive. She has a hideaway in the Mojave desert, near Victorville, at a rambling ranch house where she is completely lost to the film world. She also likes to slip away to various army posts where she has many friends, made in the days when her father was a high ranking officer in the service.

A desert haven, "Deep Well Ranch," not far from Palm Springs, gets Robert Taylor's free days. Why? Because Bob loves to ride horseback and this ranch specializes on fine horses. One suspects that Janet Gaynor will develop a sudden appreciation for desert scenery because, at the moment, an ardent romance between the handsome Bob and little Gaynor is keeping Hollywood on its toes.

Rural settings and pastoral views do not intrigue the city-born George Raft. The only time he leaves Hollywood is to make his annual trip to New York, where he roots for the World Series—he never misses this sports event, and likes to visit the old gang, pals he knew before fame came to him. He courteously accepts the mobbing crowds that follow him about as part of the game.

Carole Lombard is one who doesn't mind the crush of fans in the least. In fact, she likes it. With her unquenchable energy she never seeks rest but prefers to remain in Hollywood for her vacations so she can play tennis, swim and go to parties—the days can't be too dated up to suit her.

The back-to-the-soil movement that has ensnared many film stars into buying country homes and ranches has caused the resorts to lose some good customers. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee find that raising cattle on their 1450-acre ranch is the most exciting game in the whole world. Edward Everett Horton's 10 acres keep him happily amused. Charlie Ruggles' 10-acre ranch, just beyond Horton's, with his bumper crops of oranges and prize winning dogs, keeps him busy. Louise Fazenda, Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, the Al Jolson, Hugh Herbert, Spencer Tracy, Richard Dix, Warren William and W. C. Fields are as proud of the title of *rancher* as they are of their screen rating. They may spend an occasional weekend at Palm Springs or the beach, but otherwise they prefer their own home garden.

The desert is the favorite playground for the screen players during the winter months, with Palm Springs, only a 135-



"Do you believe in love at first sight?" Charlie Ruggles asked a girl on the set.

"Well," considered the lady. "I think it saves a lot of time."

mile drive from Hollywood, being the particular Mecca. This tropical oasis in the midst of sun-swept sands, provides every kind of recreation, as well as a blessed informality, so appreciated by celebrities.

In the summer the stars flock to the beaches, where many own their own homes. Here they enjoy seclusion and many sports. Some are lucky enough to own their own yachts, among them being Charlie Chaplin, John Barrymore, Jimmy Cagney, Preston Foster, Stan Laurel, Lewis Stone and Ralph Morgan, and they cruise all along the Pacific Coast, in happy abandon, forgetting all about their dear public.

Then there's Ruth Chatterton, Wallace

Beery, Ken Maynard and George Brent who own airplanes, and have special rendezvous with the clouds. They agree that nothing so soothes frayed nerves or banishes troubles—troubles, which viewed from the stars, become petty and unimportant.

So—it is everybody to his own taste. The one thing these stars all hold in common is the hope to find a moment when they can be themselves, just boys and girls, and escape from the spotlight that ever hovers over them. But, mind you, only for a moment, for deep in their hearts they live and thrive on the adoration showered upon them.

After all, who can blame them?

The Golf Set

[Continued from page 57]

under steam instantly. But the irony is that he's too busy to play much! Randy Scott, Jimmy Dunn, Warner Oland, George Murphy, Guy Kibbee, Oliver Hardy, and Wheeler and Woolsey are regulars at Lakeside, however. (Bert is a trifle better than Bob; each stays in the middle 80's.) Virginia Bruce and Sally Eilers favor this course, too.

Harold Lloyd is our swankiest golfer. He owns his own nine holes and they're very handy there on his Beverly Hills estate. The splendid touch is his unique locker arrangement—one dresses and afterwards showers in a picturesque old mill beside a beautiful stream. This wide brook furnishes a natural hazard. Every champion who visits Los Angeles is invited to Harold's and he presents every guest with a score-

book that has a map of his course printed on the back.

We have our authentic hole-in-one golfers. Both are women! Irene Dunne and Grace Moore have accomplished this rarest of feats. Hugh Herbert thought he was a wonder. Spencer Tracy took him to a private course and for three days in succession the comic amazingly made the first hole in one stroke. He was too thrilled to speak about it—luckily. For eventually he caught onto the gag. The hole is expressly designed so everyone can easily do the same!

Nobody's more pepped up than the fresh converts I bump into. Hitting a white pill may seem foolish—but try it and you'll succumb. Walter Abel's the most rabid new recruit. He'd never held a club in his hands until seven months ago, and he dubbed for

a few months before he got down to lessons. Today he shoots a 96 on a tough course. He discusses golf with no provocation at all and displays a choice collection of blisters if you allow him the opportunity. His wife, two babies, and presumably his pup are offering nightly prayers that no rain will disturb this sunshine. Because when it rained last, Walter stuck indoors and life wasn't safe in the Abel living-room. He wore the nap off the oriental rugs and brought death and destruction to the bric-a-brac. (Not to mention the terse phrases the kiddies started mouthing!) Mrs. Abel tried to run him out to the garage and he responded by taking another ideal swing with his mashie. Crash went grandma's historic tea pot. He's off his game at

[Continued on page 63]

The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

Natural Digestive Action Notably Increased by Smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness . . . the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. *of Wilmington, Delaware*

is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens—one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."



Mrs. du Pont, photographed recently in the luxurious Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, 65 stories above the streets of New York

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, Richmond

Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, Chicago
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York

Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...Turkish and Domestic...
than any other popular brand.



For Digestion's sake smoke Camels



HERE'S TO *Irresistible* YOU!



Here's to Irresistible YOU . . . a toast and a challenge! There IS an Irresistible YOU whether you have discovered it or not. To be irresistible, is the art of being a woman. To help you to be irresistible, is the art of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

You'll discover your own allure through the thrilling emotional lift of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It is lasting and as exciting as champagne, gay as cocktails for two. There is further allure in the tender texture of Irresistible Face Powder and in the provocative challenge of Irresistible Lip Lure, the new lipstick. Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.



BUY
Irresistible
PERFUME *and* BEAUTY AIDS

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC

the moment—his wife bought him a new and expensive set of clubs and they're too fancy.

The one accident among the Hollywoodians can be checked to John McGuire. He was playing at Catalina when a woman drove a ball squarely between his shoulder blades. He was knocked on his face and arose with a nose-bleed. Having been a Santa Clara quarterback without a scratch to his record, Johnny was embarrassed at this.

Just one of the stars has a gorgeous silver cup. Helen Broderick only played on four occasions and she wound up with first prize. It was when she was touring with Elsie Janis's "Puzzles of 1925." She tried to avoid the competition indulged in by the troupe, but they made her enter. Her "qualifying" score for nine holes was 193! They had a band playing gayly when they awarded her the cup in Boston—the rest turned out even worse than she was! She has her memento well shined, and in her library where callers are invariably awed. Ambitious souls want to take her on and so claim they beat a champ. To these propositions Helen has a stock reply. She gravely remarks, "I've rather lost my taste for the game." I suppose I'll be cut hereafter for revealing this inside story, so I may as well add the clincher. She even rented the clubs for her famous victory.

Age is no handicap when it comes to golf. Here's a game that's exceptionally healthy and yet not too strenuous. Fred Stone has been concentrating on it only for a year, since coming West, and he already shoots a 95. He usually plays alone, because he's out so often it's hard for him to round up a match. Leave it to those up-to-date oldsters to innovate, too. Fred's introduced a new weight-reducing plan. You wear woollen underwear, then a rubber union suit, and then your golf outfit! You melt while you walk. W. C. Fields deserves every addict's sympathy, for since his recent illness his doctor has forbidden him to trot out with his trusty niblick. He was used to shooting in the upper 70's. I wasn't there, but he swore to me that it was true. I mean his pet tale. Fields was standing by a man who teed off half-a-dozen times, losing each ball by slicing into the rough. Whereupon the next fellow stepped up casually, drove, and laid his neatly on the green. Only no one could locate his club after he'd swung—it simply vanished! Do you think W. C. was ribbing?

Claire Trevor is purchasing her balls now that she's moved into Beverly. She lived next to the Hollywood Country Club and confesses that she collected the stray balls that zoomed into her garden! Incidentally, while Claire plays only a fair game, she's more than a fair vision in her Spring golf togs, especially schemed for her by William Lamber, 20th Century-Fox stylist. You'd admire her light-weight imported tweed skirt of turquoise blue, set on a pointed waist yoke, and accompanied by a jacket of vivid cherry-red suede. This top-piece has side slit pockets, a yoked bodice, a wide high-or-low collar, and painted turquoise wooden buttons. A swagger hat of the turquoise tweed is banded in cerise suede. I also see some of the gals wearing mesh gloves. As for the male modes? They demand a whole paragraph to themselves.

Most of the men stars still choose slacks. Nevertheless, knickers are definitely back. Instead of the old plus fours you don baggy plus eights tied around the legs with a cord to keep 'em up. Sports flannels and checked tweeds are the pet materials in our foremost shops. Hollywood males revel in silk polo shirts that may be blue, brown, green, white, or burgundy. If you want to be truly devastating, boys, get a gaucho shirt. There's a natty variety to be had in this toreador effect. They're being worn in knit and fabric styles, long or short

sleeved, striped or checked or solid in patterns. MacDonald and Glen Urquhart plaids are the vogue for golf socks, and moccasin seamless oxfords are fast replacing the standard golf shoe.

Every one of these mornings George O'Brien has wifey Marguerite Churchill out on a Beverly neighbor's private course for a quick tutoring on how to handle nine holes. June Lang's romancing with Michael Whalen, who acquired his skill caddying back home in Pennsylvania, is hitting new peaks when they steal away for an outdoor frolic. He's attempting to put a backspin on his mashie shot. Florence (daughter of Grantland) Rice usually does better than two hundred yards on her drives. That certainly provokes the boyfriend, Michael Bartlett, into stepping. Neither of them had gone at golf seriously until a year ago when they landed here for pictures. Now she breaks 100 consistently and he rates in the middle 80's.

That precocious Katy Hepburn may be married to her agent, but she is playing alone or merely with the professional these days at Bel-Air. She really smacks a ball and comes in in the low 80's. They remember her in Connecticut, where she was a pippin before she got the acting bug. Another of our Garboish golfers is George Brent. I'd never have known he liked the game if I hadn't seen him practically sink a perfect putt. Unfortunately, this strong silent hero's ball stopped dead on the lip of the cup! He holed out with a genuine Irish expression. Arthur Treacher has been a fanatic for twenty-eight years. He declares his most embarrassing episode occurred in San Francisco when a clergyman was his partner. Treacher's earnest caddy was so annoyed with the minister's poor playing that alarming cuss words flew out at every interval when Arthur was endeavoring to smile encouragingly. At the seventh hole Mr. Treacher's sense of propriety could stand it no longer. He dismissed his club toter and carried his own bag the rest of the way around.

I advised you that in addition to our steady golfers we have those who can take it or leave it. Richard Dix, who scores in the high 80's, dashes out to the Riviera every day for awhile, then he lays off for three months. Fred Astaire claims golf isn't intended as a business. He practices putting in his back yard and teams with Randy Scott when he has a chance. Paul Muni's wife is far more excited about it than he is. Jean Harlow explains that she enjoys golf because it's such a grand opportunity to *talk*! Dyed-in-the-wool veterans will snort at this heresy, but my feminine readers will understand when they're informed that it's Bill Powell she chatters with. This twosome actually giggles outrageously when stymied in the rough, too.

The Marx Brothers never venture forth together. They'd argue and with clubs in their grasp—well, some stuffy judge would brand it plain fratricide. In case you're a blonde and might sometime be pursued by Chico, at least he's the best of the nuts. We have our luke-warmists, besides. Janet Gaynor believes it's superb for her mother, and if Mama Gaynor is too lazy for too lengthy a spell Janet personally volunteers to play a bit. Jack Benny will finish if he's doing well. Bette Davis opines that women should never play. That it's a hubby's only release and a man ought to be able to get away once in a dog's age. Of course, Bette's never even tried it. Neither has Gracie Allen yet. If she does George Burns vows he will go crazy!

I hope you glue your eye on your ball and never break your sticks as I've been known to do. Thank heavens these stars can't tell on me. I guess I've got temper in lieu of artistic temperament. And I go 'round and 'round in—? A writer's private life is his own. Even to you, Katy Hepburn!



THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference,

ALL LAXATIVES ARE ALIKE!"

THE LADY above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet, lots of people make it.

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weariness . . . Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective, don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not! You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset or nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the relief you enjoy.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real joy to take—not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

— TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE! —

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

S-56

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)



CHINESE RED

LIPSTICK AND ROUGE by helena rubinstein

Again Helena Rubinstein, the great cosmetic artist, triumphs. Her newest make-up inspiration, Chinese Red lipstick and rouge, is the brightest spot in a season of brilliant colors! It is young and vivid—with lots of red to flatter you and just a hint of gold to give you a touch of the exotic. To pallid skin it lends a lovely glow. To dusky skin, it adds a vibrant accent. It lifts every skin to new heights of enchantment.

The appeal of Chinese Red Lipstick goes even deeper than color. Like all the famed lipsticks by Helena Rubinstein—Red Raspberry, Red Poppy, Red Geranium, Red Coral and warm Terra Cotta—this newest lipstick contains a precious element which fosters natural moisture. It gives your lips that ripe dewy gleam—the lustre of youth! Lipsticks .50, 1.00, 1.25. Rouges to harmonize, 1.00.

Helena Rubinstein Powders in smart flattering tones. Clinging textures for all skins—Dry, Normal, Oily. 1.00, 1.50 to 5.50.

Persian Mascara—Doesn't run, doesn't smart. Chic shades. 1.00.

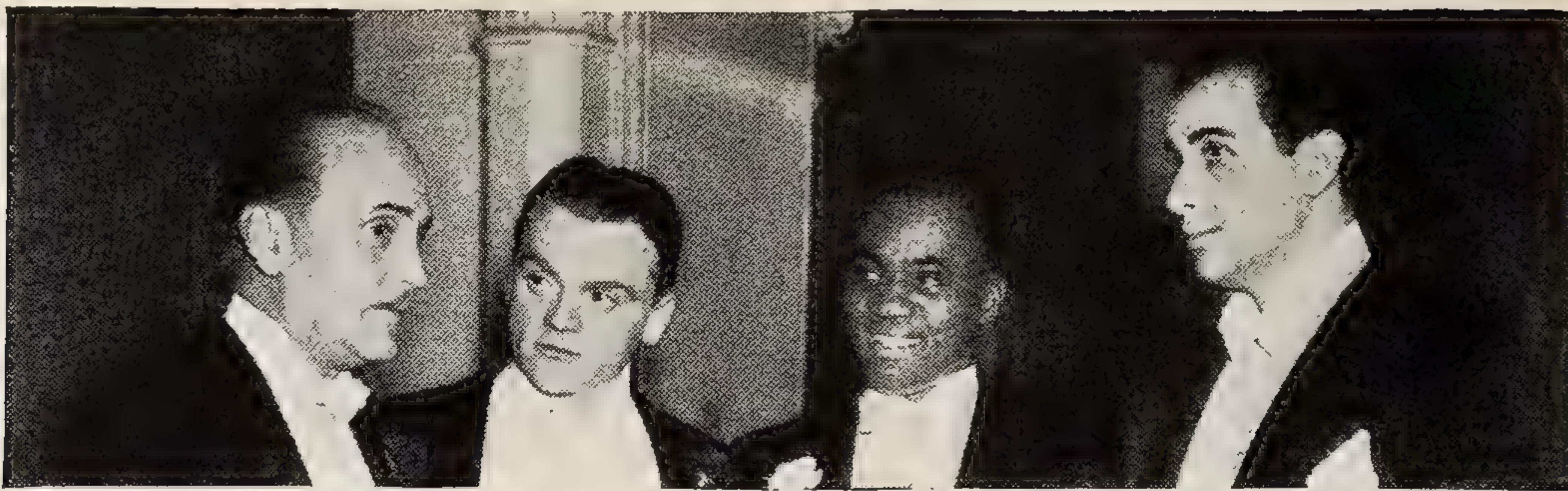
Eyelash Grower and Darkener. Grooms lashes, brows. 1.00.

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics are available at her Salons and at all smart stores.

helena rubinstein

8 East 57th Street, New York
LONDON PARIS

© 1936, H. R., Inc.



Ralph Morgan, James Cagney, Bill Robinson and Fred Keating at the Screen Actor's Guild Ball, where democracy is in flower and they are artists all.

Wide World

Dancing Thru

[Continued from page 34]

splendid living as gay companions; the intrigues she overheard; the sordid dramas at the tables; the feminine schemings in the dressing room—all the shabby tricks that transmute beauty into a commercial asset.

But her environment didn't seem to touch her. She remained detached. And so the fairy story could go on.

One incident must be recited to reveal more precisely her attitude at that time. One of the girls finally persuaded her to allow two prominent men to drive them home in their limousine. Ruby accepted on the condition that they stop two blocks away from her house. She didn't want anyone in the neighborhood to see her get out of that sumptuous limousine—they might think she had gone high hat! The other girl was Patsy Kelly.

The great Ziegfeld saw this Cinderella and put her immediately into his current "Whoopie." As *premiere danseuse*. And romance played its ace.

Al Jolson was the star of the show. But beneath his gruff, wholehearted manner he was really shy—and still is. When he saw this new recruit to the cast he lost his heart. But they were never introduced. He didn't even speak. He merely watched adoringly from the wings when she danced, and she watched him. Two shy natures that loved and were afraid to make each other understand.

Fate takes its time; humans don't guide it. Ruby went to California for the first vacation in her life and there, half-heartedly, she tried to get into pictures. But studios weren't interested in a girl who could only sing and dance. Liking the sunshine anyway, Ruby remained to dance in prologues on the stage.

One evening Ruby went to the station to meet a friend from New York. Al Jolson was there to meet Fanny Brice. Somebody introduced them. Their friends arrived unmet.

That night when Ruby danced in the prologue at the Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood the master of ceremonies recognized Al in the audience. It was a preview night, celebrities were there, so he asked the famous comedian if he wouldn't step up on the stage and favor the house with a song. It was then that Hollywood got an inkling of a fairy story romance—one that led to rumors that Al and Ruby had been engaged for a long while, that he had taken her away from Texas Guinan, put her in "Whoopie" and induced her to come to Hollywood. For without hesitation Al jumped to his feet. He didn't go up on the stage. He didn't sing to the audience. From where he stood at his seat he sang to that elfin girl on

the stage who answered him with a blushing smile.

Three months later Ruby retired from the stage to be a wife. As far as she was concerned her career was forever finished. But the pattern of her life, she knew, was not quite complete.

During those years in night clubs and on the stage she had always dreamed of a husband, a family, and a home in the country. But Heaven didn't send a child and Al, who had always lived in hotels and never had a home of his own, couldn't quite adapt himself to the idea of a country estate. His spirit was too restless. So, wisely, Ruby didn't force the issue.

But that didn't mean she was going to relinquish her real career for a shadowy life on the screen. When Joseph Schenck prevailed upon her to let him make a screen test she laughingly agreed. But when the test turned out so good that he pleaded with her to accept a rôle, she begged off, afraid. She was humbly content as Mrs. Jolson.

One Friday night when she and Al were watching the fights at the Hollywood Stadium, Jack Warner leaned over and whispered that he had seen her test. Throughout the main event he implored her to accept the ingenue lead in "42nd Street." Al chuckled. The diversion, he said, might do her good. Go ahead.

The rest is history.

The fairy story must continue. The little housewife who became the toast of Hollywood overnight was delighted, but scarcely thrilled. The fumes of worldwide renown didn't go to her head. She was humbly thankful—that was all.

It is indicative of this child of fortune that she didn't rant against Fate when she remained childless. Instead, she adopted a boy. And after years of quiet persuasion Al was ready to settle down in the country. They built a large, rambling place in Encino. And the day before Christmas Al was elected mayor of the town.

Warren William, Paul Muni, and Ann Dvorak are some of his fellow citizens who signed the petition which elected him. Next to their son, that is the thing of which Ruby is most proud. Her husband is a country squire. She is the mayor's wife. They are useful—in many ways—as well as divinely happy.

So this little girl who didn't defy Fate, who didn't ask too much of life, who accepted every blessing with humble grace, surveys the world as the smiling colleen and believes in her heart that she has received more good fortune than she rightly deserves.

Her attitude, you see, hasn't changed. So the fairy story is due to continue.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE will be seen next in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and the June issue of Silver Screen will have—EXCLUSIVELY—the fictionization of the story.



**BUT
NO HAT
LOOKS
WELL
ON TOP
OF A
PIMPLY
FACE!**

OH, DAD—YOU'RE **SUCH** A
DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A
CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE
PEGGY'S—JUST WAIT
TILL YOU SEE HOW
STYLISH I'LL BE!



I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT
CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE
HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW

CERTAINLY

SHE **WOULD**
WANT A SMALL
HAT—HEAVENS,
WHAT A
COMPLEXION



OH, DEAR—IT'S NOT
A BIT NICE ON ME!
IT SHOWS UP ALL
MY HORRID
PIMPLES!

MAY I MAKE A
SUGGESTION? MY
SISTER GOT RID OF
HER BAD SKIN WITH
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST.
WHY DON'T
YOU TRY
IT?



LATER—LOOK, MUMS—MY FACE
IS ALMOST ALL CLEARED
UP ALREADY. I'M GOING
TO RUN OUT AND GET
THAT LITTLE HAT!

IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY
THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN



**THE
NEXT
WEEK**

HI, THERE
JERRY

GOSH, CLAIRE—IT'S
SWELL TO SEE YOU—AND
DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY!
THAT'S ONE **HONEY** OF A
HAT, I'LL SAY!



Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!



—clears the skin
**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

More **CHIC**
for your Money



FASHION points to your finger tips and you answer with lustrous nails tinted by Chic. A deluxe polish in a large exquisite bottle that is a revelation in nail polish satisfaction. Chic is smooth, non-chipping and although instant-drying it refuses to thicken in the bottle. Chic applies so easily it makes changing your polish a pleasure. Chic wears, too, and with a variety of shades, either transparent or creme, you are ready to tone your finger tips to either a demure or dashing mood. There is a Chic Polish Remover and a Chic Cuticle Remover of equal value!

Chic Manicure Aids, at all
Five and Ten Cent Stores.

10¢

"Giving Garbo Away"

[Continued from page 28]

and misquoted more than any other female in Hollywood. I've had to sit back and hold my tongue, while total strangers gave out stories on what they *imagined* her to be. And I've actually known. I've been in her dressing room (when she wasn't there) I've seen her hide behind bushes, when visitors would appear as she was on her way to the sound stage. I've actually breathed the same air and sat in the same chair. Life has been full since I pledged loyalty to Greta, but alas, the price has been terrific. If only she might have known.

Recently, I read a prediction (from a close friend of Garbo's mother and brother) that Greta would retire, "probably within the passing of another twelve months." Sooner or later this has to be true. What if it is true now? What then? Garbo will take refuge on her desert island. Or Garbo will marry a king. Or a duke. Or a man. She'll spend the rest of her life wearing a crown or puttering around the kitchen over a pan of those tasty Swedish wafers. And where will I be? Alone. (And I don't want to be alone.) Life will be over. There will be nothing to live for. And what will I tell my grandchildren? That I sacrificed everything for Garbo's sake. For gosh sake—NO!

Today I've decided to turn over a new leaf. It still may not be too late. I shall free myself from this Garbo curse. She will have to get along without my loyalty. Of course nothing will ever actually change my true feeling. I shall worship Greta up to the bitter end. I may live to regret this day that I have decided to talk. But I have been driven to it by a power greater than mere man. Away with conscience. From this moment on, I shall tell all. May Greta forgive me. Garbo doesn't live here any more.

My first day on the MGM lot, I met Garbo. That is, in a way. Because they were fresh out of executive positions, I contented myself with a job in the office of the wardrobe. Little did I realize that this was to be the turning point in my career. (It turned me back.) Just at the time when everyone was out to lunch, came a hurried call from the sound stage. Garbo needed a pair of shoes. They must have them right away.

It was up to me to come to the rescue. I took the shoes to the sound stage, feeling a little nervous. The picture they were making was called "The Kiss." The first person I saw on the set, was the then unknown, Lew Ayres. I must confess he looked as scared as I felt. This gave me added courage. The shoes I held in my hand were a pair of low-heeled pink satin pumps. For the benefit of those curious ones and to dispute unkind rumors, the shoes were size seven and a half.

Garbo sat in a chair at the far end of the stage. I felt exactly as a man walking up the last thirteen steps. As her maid was out of sight, Garbo automatically slipped off the slippers she was wearing. If only Emily Post could have been there to help me out! Just as I was about to go down on bended knee, Garbo held out her hand. She did not look at me and without changing expression, she said, "Please, I will do it." It took me days to get over my brilliant conversation with Greta.

At the time MGM was producing "Grand Hotel," dozens of untrue stories were printed on the meeting between Garbo and Joan Crawford. When the actual meeting did take place, I was the only witness. For five years Joan and Greta had dressing rooms that were separated by a single wall. Joan admired Garbo tremendously and would stand by her window for hours, just

to watch her go by. During this entire time, they never once met. At noon time Joan would take her singing lessons. Naturally, Garbo, right next door, could hear every note. Her maid told me that Garbo would sit and eat her lunch, but, at the same time, sing right along with Joan. When Joan changed her tune, Garbo would change too.

Actually, Joan and Garbo did not appear together in a single scene. But there was one day when the entire cast was assembled and would work one hour at a time. Joan had been doing most of her scenes at night, so Garbo could be directed in the day time. At no time was there any dispute or argument over the arrangement. Joan was happy to make this concession out of respect for Garbo's great work.

On the set Joan used her usual portable dressing room, while Garbo dressed behind her usual makeshift enclosure, consisting of four crude flats. If she had wanted a dozen portable bungalows, Garbo could have had them on a moment's notice. She's always dressed behind an improvised enclosure, because she does not like to be bothered with too many possessions. So the stories that Joan was getting the most consideration were pretty far-fetched.

On the day the entire cast worked, Joan was called to the set. As she came out of her dressing room and started down the long balcony, Garbo came up the steps and headed in Joan's direction. Joan saw her coming but it was too late to turn back. Being shy and because she admired Garbo so much, Joan became embarrassed. Not knowing whether to speak or whether she would be spoken to, Joan lowered her eyes as she walked along. I was walking with Joan and being a cold-hearted soul, I looked. Suddenly Garbo stopped in front of Joan, held out her arms and blocked the passage way. Joan came to an abrupt halt and looked up with a startled expression.

"I am glad we are working in the same picture," said Garbo, kindly. "How are you getting along?"

Joan managed to reply and after a few more pleasantries (and comments on certain members of the company) Garbo said goodbye. This is actually what happened when Joan and Garbo met for the first time on "Grand Hotel." This has never been printed before but it is positively true, regardless of what others may have written.

Whenever Garbo visited the Wardrobe, she'd always call over to Adrian first to announce her arrival. Usually she'd enter the building with long, firm steps. She'd never speak but she'd always smile and nod her head. Her costume consisted of slacks, a long tweed coat and a beret. Once when she removed this beret, I noticed she had her fine hair pulled back to a tight knot and fastened with a plain rubber band. When she is on a picture, Garbo wears heavy woolen stockings, even under her trailing satin gowns. This is for protection from the heavy sound stage drafts.

One day Garbo came in to try on a costume. Milliners, fitters and tailors stood back in a respectful half-circle, waiting for her decision. Slowly Garbo walked up and down. She would stop, survey herself in the full length mirror and then start walking again. She did not utter a single sound. Her face didn't betray a single emotion. The tension became unbearable. The silence was almost deafening. Garbo continued her pacing. Suddenly she stopped, whirled around and faced herself in the mirror. Slowly but surely, she opened her

mouth, put out her tongue and gave herself—a huge razzberry!

Ever since she has been on the M-G-M lot, Garbo and Adrian have enjoyed a sincere friendship. One day Garbo came in for a fitting and found Adrian designing a costume that he was to wear to a party given by the Basil Rathbones. Almost pathetically, Garbo sighed and expressed the wish that she might brave the crowds and go along. Adrian pleaded with her, but the thought of meeting so many people was too terrifying.

The night of the party, Adrian promised Garbo he would stop by her house and show her his costume. Taking a long chance, Adrian had secretly designed a Hamlet costume on Garbo's figure, in the hopes that he might induce her to change her mind. After great persuasion, Garbo agreed to at least try the costume on. Next she put on the mask. Adrian was delighted and assured her that she would never be recognized. So Garbo went to her first Hollywood party.

Arriving at the Beverly Hills hotel, Garbo delightfully entered into the spirit of the occasion. Confident she would not be recognized, imagine Garbo's consternation when the late Lilyan Tashman walked up and patted her on the shoulder.

"Well, look who's here," said Lilyan innocently. "If it isn't Garbo in person." Hurt and disappointed, Garbo sought a far corner. Several minutes later she slipped out of the place.

Another time I had occasion to go down to the Clarence Bull gallery. Thinking it unoccupied, I walked right in and straight into a Garbo sitting. The bright lights used in taking portraits were full in her face, so fortunately she did not see me standing in the shadows. In a corner a radio suddenly burst into a hot jazz tune. Before my very eyes, Garbo—wearing the beautiful clothes Adrian had designed for her in "Mata Hari"—broke into a tap dance!

There are dozens more of such untold stories as these. But now that I've unburdened myself about Garbo, I'm not a bit relieved. I guess I still care after all. And what if she shouldn't go home? Why, oh why, didn't I start out in life being loyal to—Rin Tin Tin?



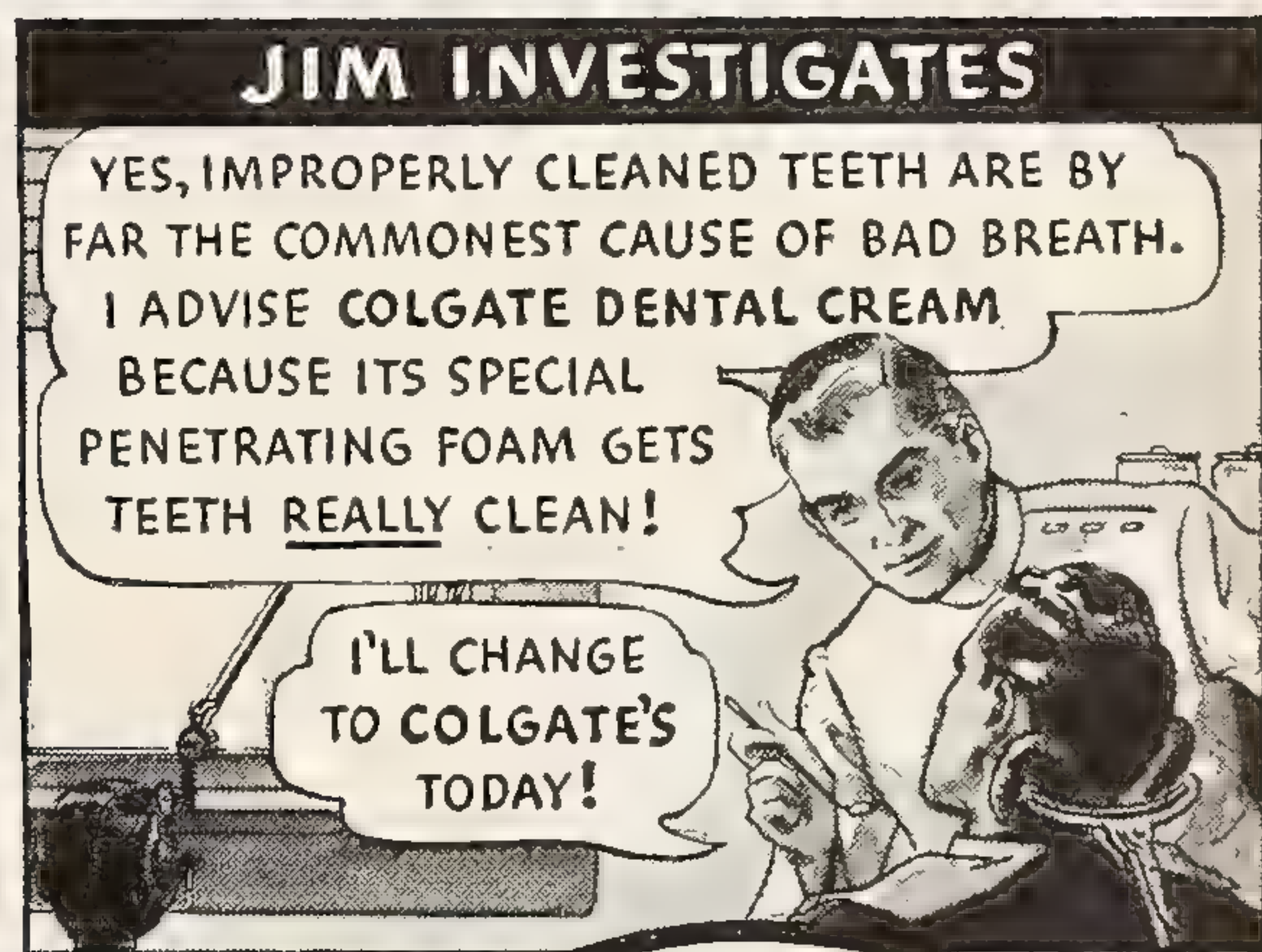
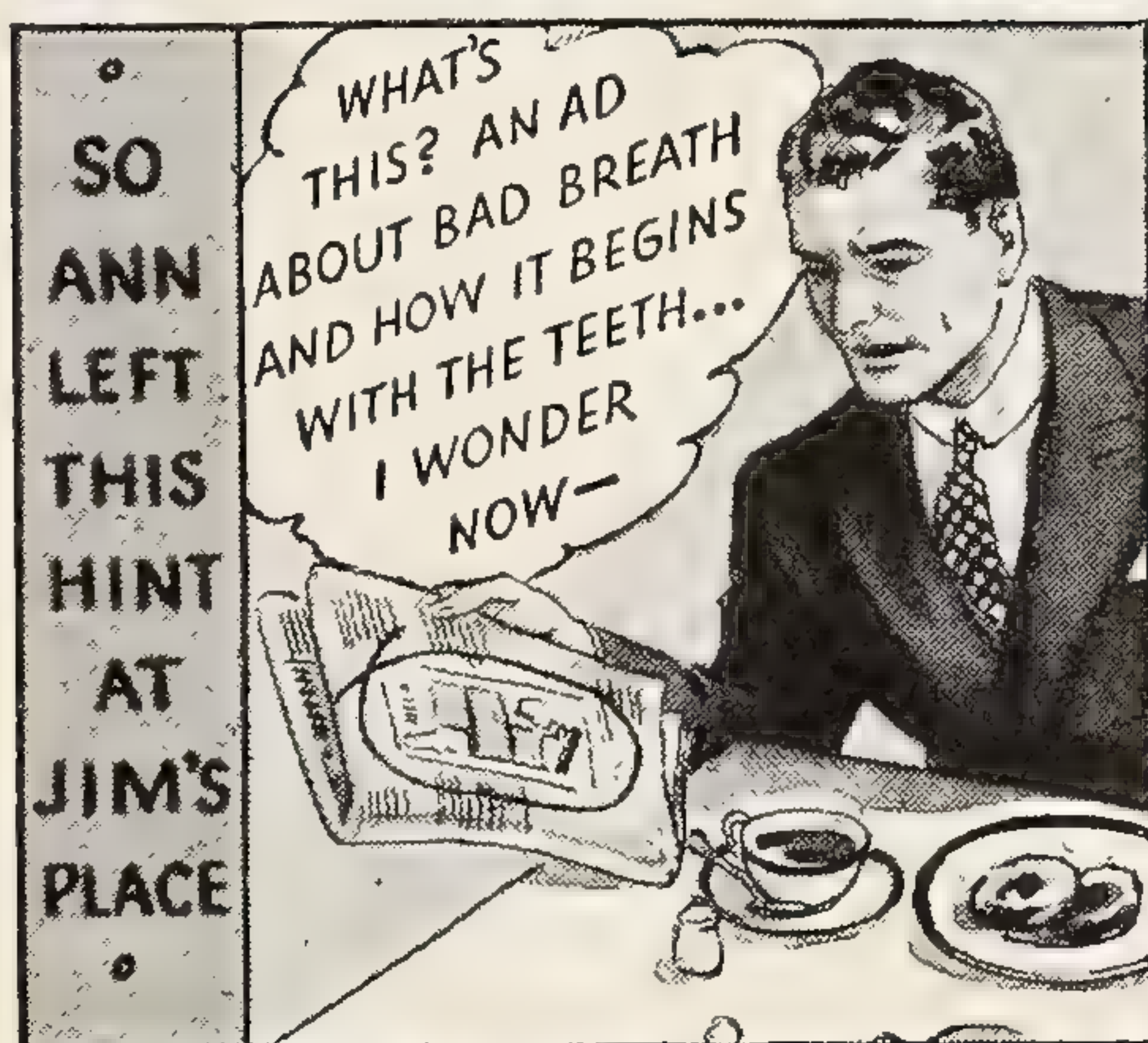
George Raft (above) and Edward Arnold (below) as they entered the Santa Anita Race Track for a day of relaxation and sport.



Wide World



COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund **TWICE** what you paid.

NO OTHER TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!



20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢



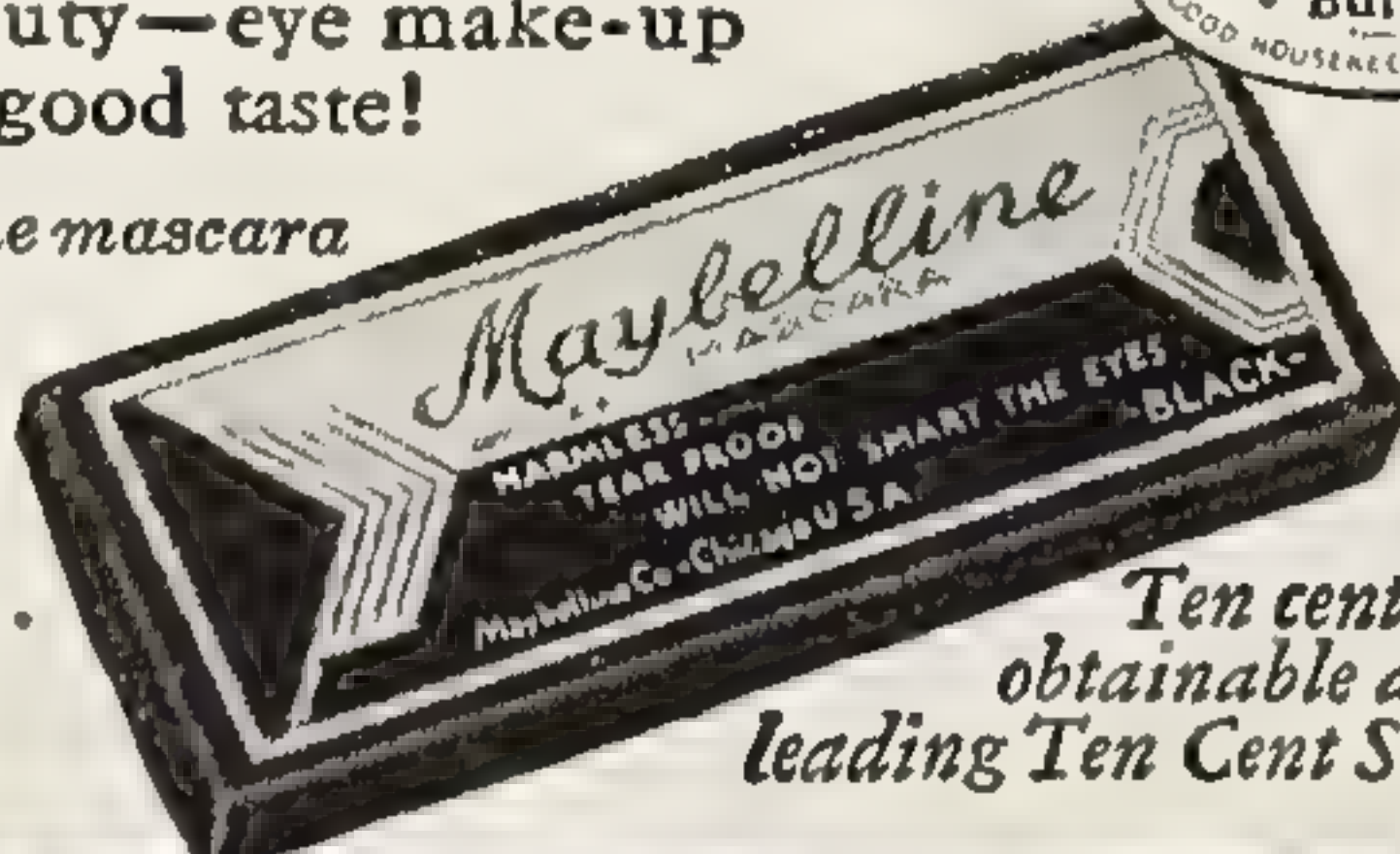
EYE MAKE-UP

*done in
good taste*



Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that is why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand Maybelline eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the natural appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

Maybelline mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, Vanity size, 75c... refills 35c



Ten cent sizes obtainable at all leading Ten Cent Stores.

Maybelline

MASCARA

EYE SHADOW... EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM... EYEBROW BRUSH

Bette From Boston

[Continued from page 53]

Academy there. During her years in school, it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to realize that there were to be no long stretches of idle time and fun. Because she was so ambitious and so anxious to learn, she had to figure out for herself some way of attaining her desires.

So Bette put her pride in her pocket and got herself a job. During the last year or so of her education, Bette waited on tables at the Academy to pay for part of her tuition. And not a word of complaint was ever heard about it, either.

And it certainly didn't make any difference to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., who sat right across the aisle from her in school. The minute he laid his two eyes on Bette, he'd made up his mind about certain things. Most of them had to do with a little cottage with a white fence around it and a girl with big blue eyes and the "swellest" disposition! And he kept right on thinking these thoughts until his dream came true.

As far as Bette was concerned, she'd made up her mind about a few things, too. One of them was Harmon, but the other was something quite remote. Bette had decided to be an actress. Every chance she got, she applied for a rôle in the school theatricals. It was a bit difficult, at times, to keep up with her studies and her part-time job, but she managed it all somehow.

It was as a result of this hard work and natural ability that Bette was finally given a scholarship by John Murray Anderson to his dramatic school in New York, where James Light, director of the school, began to sit up and take notice of this blue-eyed girl. She was finally given a rôle by Blanche Yurka in Ibsen's "Wild Duck," when it played in Boston. As a consequence, she then was cast in "Broken Dishes" and "Solid South."

Just about this time, thoughts of Hollywood and the movies began to bother Bette. So she packed her bag one fine day and landed in the town of opportunities. Because of her extremely youthful appearance, Bette was doomed to disappointment. No one could fancy her as anything but a little girl. For a whole year, Bette waited, until there seemed no possible chance for a screen career. She was ready to give up and go back to New York. And then came the "Big Opportunity." She was offered a rôle in "The Man Who Played God," with George Arliss. And what is more, Mr. Arliss himself had asked for her! She was thrilled beyond all words.

For this picture, Bette was obliged to bleach her hair. This, she feels, is the most fortunate thing that has ever happened to her, outside of meeting George

Arliss. The honey-colored hair set off perfectly her fair skin and blue eyes, to such an extent that the studio officials rushed around madly to prepare a long-term contract for her to sign. That was four years ago and she is still going strong.

Of course, Bette was delighted at the opportunity to play with Leslie Howard once again—in "The Petrified Forest"—because of their tremendous joint success in "Of Human Bondage." It seemed like a good omen to be associated again with someone who helped give her the biggest break of her career.

Directly after this rôle, Bette had to pull herself together and transform her personality from the simple, uneducated but overwhelmingly ambitious "Gaby" of "The Petrified Forest" to the sophisticated woman of the world which she plays in "Men on Her Mind," a Dashiell Hammett mystery originally titled "The Man in the Black Hat." Warren William has the male lead in this. After that you may look for her in a little opus called "The Golden Arrow," unless the title gets changed all of a sudden.

There is one small room in Bette's little cottage that has been devoted to a strange but exceedingly sensible purpose. Bette calls it her "Deflation Room." It is entirely bare of pictures or furbelows and contains just one easy chair. The chair is placed facing the garden.

"Whenever I feel particularly proud of myself," says Bette, "I go into that room and have a long talk with myself. 'Bette,' I tell myself firmly, 'you're really not so much, you know. You mustn't lose your perspective and begin to think you're a big shot. Just stop and think of all the marvelous actors and actresses you know—remember how much better they are than you. You've got a long way to go before you become a great actress, so you just calm yourself down and don't go getting any queer notions.'

"Invariably, that treatment will set me straight. It may sound a bit childish, but I think we all need to really make a business out of analyzing ourselves occasionally. A good old-fashioned session of self-criticism is the only cure for an attack of self-satisfaction."

More and more, I think people should be grateful for girls like Bette Davis. Nice, wholesome, sane people, who are willing to work for what they get out of life. The world is too full of women—and men, too—who figure somehow that it owes them a living and who are quite willing to sit back and wait for success to "just happen."

I, for one, am glad to have known her. She's delightfully refreshing, somehow.

Gallantries of Hollywood

[Continued from page 31]

Jeanette MacDonald began production on "San Francisco" she found her dressing room a bower of flowers, compliments of Bob Ritchie. Gene Markey, I suppose, is the most avid flower-sender in Hollywood, and definitely the white-haired boy of the florists. He specializes on his wife, Joan Bennett, always sending Joanie flowers the first day of a new picture, and—on their wedding anniversaries, when Joan is working, he sends flowers to the set every half hour. Few Hollywood husbands go in for such a pretty, and expensive, gesture you can be sure.

The first day of production on a Loy picture Myrna's dressing room is filled with flowers from Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and it is Mr. Hornblow who escorts Myrna to the preview. Myrna never becomes very "sociable" with her leading men. But she and Bill Powell have played in so many pictures together that they have worked out a cute little courtesy all their own. They clip the newspapers and trade papers on their way to the studio and every morning present each other with a batch of interesting or amusing clippings.

Spencer Tracy didn't go in for the flower

courtesy when he and Jean Harlow co-starred in "Riff Raff" (little Jeanie wasn't neglected, though, for Bill Powell sends fresh flowers almost every morning), but one day Spencer brought her three little pigs done up as all day suckers. That started something. The next day she brought him a nickel's worth of slot machine candy, and from then on each morning they presented each other with a gift from the five-and-ten or the corner drug store, some funny little gadget, never over a dime.

Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby always send each other crazy wires during the production of a picture. The first day of a Lombard picture the Lombard dressing room looks like opening night of the Metropolitan Opera. Mitch Leisen, director and close friend of Carole's, usually manages to send the biggest roses, orchids, chrysanthemums, etc. The first day of Carole's new picture, "Concertina," was marked by two important events: Bob Riskin did not send flowers, and George Raft sent regrets. There were plenty of substitutes for Bob Riskin, however, and Fred MacMurray stepped into Raft's spot.

The George Raft walk-out calls to mind another of our quaint customs. When two stars are pouting, their retainers, just as in the days of the Capulets and Montagues, take up the fight. For instance, George Raft's bodyguard, Mack Grey, and his valet, Alex, will insist upon snubbing Loretta, Carole's hairdresser, and Ellen, Carole's maid, who in turn fail to see Mr. Raft's retainers as they pass by.

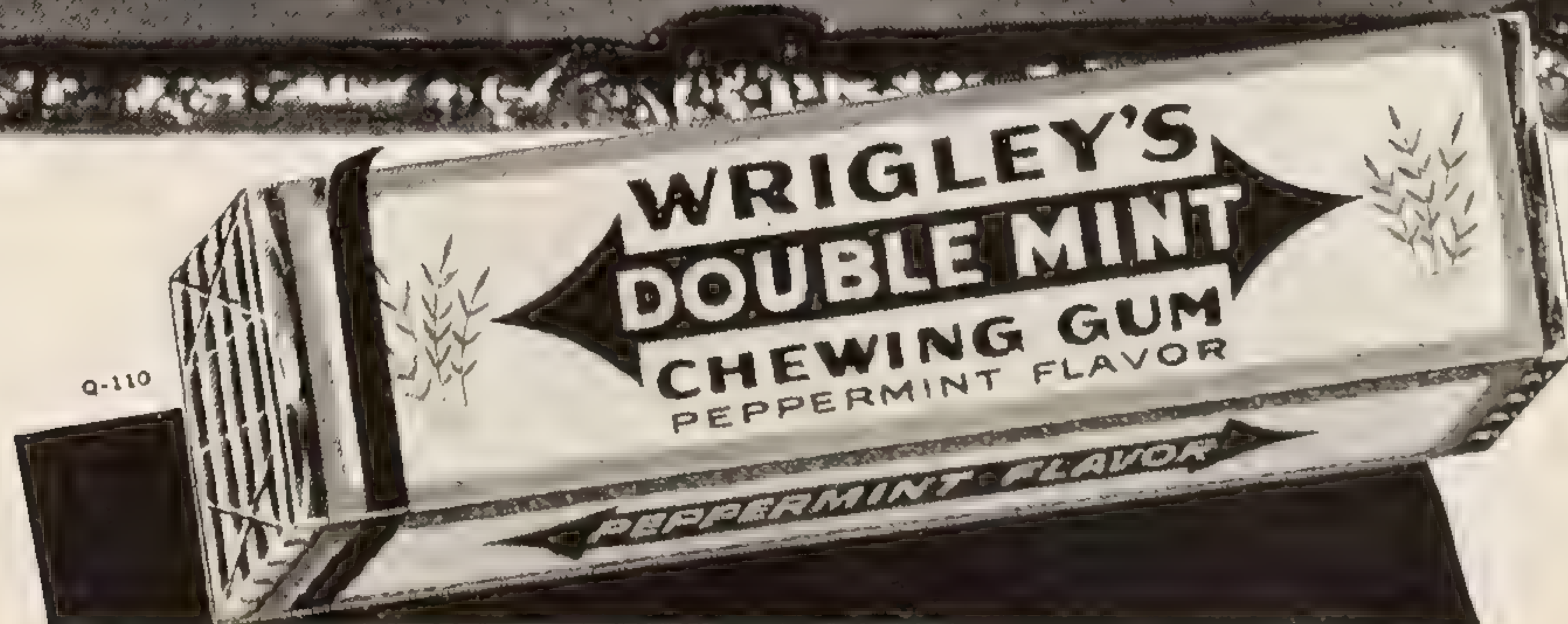
And speaking of the Capulets and Montagues, Norma Shearer is probably the only movie actress who ever received three salaams (not salami, my pet) from her director on the first day of her picture. Roses from a director are common, but not salaams, even when one is a Shearer. It was like this. George Cukor was chosen by Irving Thalberg to direct his wife in the colossal production of "Romeo and Juliet" though he had never before directed Norma. And George is a swell director, but one of these informal guys who calls his temperamental stars (even Hepburn) "Ella," and you couldn't impress him if you walked on the set with King Edward on one side and Garbo on the other. He'd simply say, "Be yourself, Ella." Well, Norma Shearer is sort of the Queen of the Metro lot and all the little hirelings are impressed and go in for pomp and circumstance when she is around.

The first day of production of "Romeo and Juliet" George Cukor sat on his lonely set awaiting Miss Shearer. One of his assistant directors, awed by the very name of Shearer, approached his chair and with dignity announced, "Miss Shearer has left her home." Soon he was back again and with great reverence announced, "Miss Shearer is at the gates." Then: "Miss Shearer is in her dressing room" soon to be followed by a breathless "Miss Shearer is on the set." "Oh, is she," said George, raising his two hundred pounds from the director's chair, and proceeded to kneel down (a pretty picture I must say) and kiss the floor three times before Miss Shearer. There was a horrible gasp of impending doom all over the set. Then Norma burst out laughing, and laughed and laughed until she completely laughed herself out of her Juliet mood. But now every morning when she comes on the set she bows three times to Mr. Cukor.

Another quaint custom is the birthday custom. Whenever a star or a featured player has a birthday during the production of a picture someone finds out about it, there is much whispering, and then along about four o'clock in the afternoon suddenly a huge birthday cake arrives with anywhere from fifty to a hundred candles

Grandma Says

TODAY WHEN LITTLE GIRLS GROW UP THEY
CAN STAY YOUNG LONGER BECAUSE THEY CAN GO TO THEIR
Beauty Shop WEEKLY... AND, TO HELP FACIAL MUSCLES
KEEP YOUNG THEY CAN ENJOY **Double Mint** GUM DAILY.





*Don't use a
1/2 Way Toothpaste
have beautiful teeth*

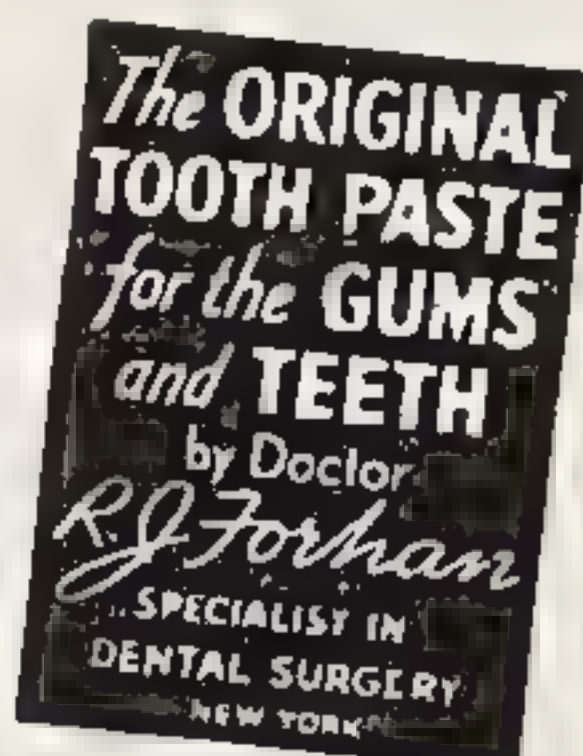
DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan's, the tooth paste that does both jobs—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you two-fold protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's

SHU-MILK
WON'T RUB OFF!
cleans AS IT WHITENS
America's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner

Eyelids Burn?
Bathe them with **LAVOPTIK**
Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik (with free eye cup) from your druggist.

on it. Class distinctions disappear completely and all the prop men and electricians stand around and eat cake and assure little Miss Movie Star that she doesn't look a day over forty. When the crew gave Claudette Colbert a birthday party during the filming of "The Bride Comes Home" they made her walk under a ladder to reach her cake (and Claudette the most superstitious person in the world), and make a speech on how it feels to be fifty. The ladder, or the speech, or the cake, gave Claudette a grand case of indigestion. Almost every star (except the meanies whom nobody can stand) has had a birthday party on the set.

Another Hollywood custom is the party or the gifts at the end of the picture. And what an expensive custom that is. But it is the price the stars have to pay for stardom. They just can't say "thanks" to the director, cameraman, cast and crew, but no, the thanks have to take the shape of a party or presents. Bill Powell always gives a buffet supper the evening of the last day of his pictures. The prop boys are still talking about the "Ziegfeld" party he threw for them, and that was some party what with all the technical crew, the dancing girls, and Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer.

Claudette Colbert is another party giver on the last day of production, and the one she gave the cast and crew of "She Married Her Boss" cost a pretty penny, as I saw the bills. Not just the cast and crew arrived on stage three, but the entire Columbia publicity department, Harry Cohn, Joan Bennett, Walter Wanger and Katharine Hepburn also trailed in.

At the finish of every Walter Wanger production, Walter gives a party for the entire company. Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer, Warner Baxter, Gary Cooper, Mae West and Marlene Dietrich, among the stars, rarely fail to give their company a party at the end of their pictures, and W. S. Van Dyke, Gregory La Cava, and Wesley Ruggles, among the directors, are enthusiastic party givers. Just recently Warner Baxter took over one of the stages at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios and gave the cast and crew of "The Prisoner of Shark Island" a chilé feed. Warner arrived early and cooked the chilé himself, and them as had it, I hear tell, licked their chops. Twice a year Glenda Farrell invites the company to her home for a party, at the end of her pictures. Mae West and Marlene Dietrich

and Joan Bennett usually go in for presents at the end of a picture too—and of course the cameraman usually gets a present if no one else does.

Sometimes the director and the star exchange presents, but usually the poor star gets nothing, not even a good picture. Shirley Temple is the exception to the rule. She gets the presents. At the end of "The Little Colonel" Bill Robinson gave little Shirley a bracelet (it cost a thousand dollars) with miniatures of himself and her in their character parts dangling from it. Every time Anita Louise gives a good performance in a picture her mother gives her a little gold disc for her bracelet, with the name of the picture and the date engraved on it.

Still another of our better Hollywood customs is the appreciation of the company for a good dramatic scene or a modest display of bravery. When he was making "The Farmer Takes a Wife," Henry Fonda had a very difficult fight scene to do with Charles Bickford. He broke his hand in the scene but rather than hold up production he continued to fight Bickford until the take was perfect—then he almost fainted with pain, and the extras and technicians broke into an admiring applause—like the kind you hear when a wounded football hero is taken from the field.

And the day on the set of "Under Two Flags," when the Indian knife-thrower missed, for the first time in his twenty-five years of knife-throwing, and would have sliced Mr. Colman's face open if the gods hadn't been watching out for him just then, it was Claudette and the script girl and Rosalind Russell who practically fainted while Ronnie was just as nonchalant as ever. When they recovered from their fright the company gave Colman a rousing cheer for his nerve.

Isabel Jewell's big dramatic scene in "Ceiling Zero" was applauded by the hard-boiled crew who very rarely even condescend to listen to the dialogue of the picture, and they do say that all those big burly guys were weeping like babies when Lionel Barrymore gave his famous lecture on the friendship of dogs in "The Voice of Bugle Ann." There are numerous other examples of this quite nice custom, but, after all, I'm afraid I'm boring you. I'm not?

How nice of you! Here's my wrist watch and mink coat—I guess I know my Hollywood!

"I Protest!"

[Continued from page 27]

up for "Rendezvous," with William Powell, Rosalind was given the rôle, was made to act as much like Myrna as possible, and after the release of the picture was acclaimed "another Myrna Loy." Now Rosalind Russell is a capable actress in her own right and she doesn't want to be another Myrna Loy—but what can she do when her own studio makes her as much like Myrna as possible! Yes, indeed, I suspect that Metro is playing a little game of "heavy, heavy hangs over your head" with Myrna and that poor Miss Russell as the "superfine." The next time Myrna gets ready for a good protest the "front office" is all set to say, "Get Russell."

Little Janet Gaynor used to be one of the loudest protesters in Hollywood but she learned such a painful lesson that now her protests are done rather *sotto voce*. Janet, about the time talking pictures came to stay, was getting awfully fed up with the "sweetness and light" whimsies she had been doing and wanted something intensely dramatic, something she could sink her teeth into, something in which she could

beat her breast and tear her hair. Mr. Sheehan handed her "Liliom," another whimsy part, and Miss Gaynor took the next boat for Honolulu. The Gaynor-Fox feud was born.

"Ah," said Mr. Sheehan, lapsing into the mountaineer dialect, "I'll larn her." So he put down the welcome mat at the studio and invited Janet to select her own picture, something meaty enough for her. Janet selected "The Man Who Came Back" because it had a great emotional scene for her in an opium den. Then Mr. Sheehan got Raoul Walsh to direct the picture and on the side tipped off Walsh that he was in no way to interfere with Janet's performance—especially in her emotional scenes was she to be allowed to act exactly as she wanted to. So while Janet emoted all over the place Raoul Walsh read his racing form and picked horses at Saratoga. Well, I don't have to tell you what a grand fiasco "The Man Who Came Back" was—and Janet's first flop! She returned to "sweetness and light" post haste.

Now, just in case you've gotten the

impression that I think movie stars are always wrong and that I sit on the producer's desk and help him sneer at the stars, I'll just proceed to tell you some instances where the actor was right. *Et comment*, as Miss Beatrice Lillie adds. As a matter of fact Myrna was quite right to walk out on "Escapade," a part for which Luise Rainer was ideally suited. Myrna insisted that she was the wrong type for the rather coy Viennese girl and that she would feel awfully silly playing that kind of a part. Myrna has never in her life been coy in a picture, thank heavens for that, and if I ever catch her being roguish my great admiration is at an end. Yeah, leave that cute coy stuff to Bergner, Hepburn and Rainer (it's plenty good enough for them) but please let Myrna continue as our foremost sophisticated lady of the screen.

Jean Harlow didn't want to do "Riff-raff," as she didn't like the story or her part of a toughie, but the studio assured her that it would be one of the biggest hits of her life. As you well know "Riff-raff" wasn't even lukewarm at the box office, and Jean received a lot of unfavorable criticism which she would have been spared if the studio had listened to her protestings. Wallace Beery didn't want to play the drunken brother in "Ah Wilderness," and tried to get out of the picture but the studio insisted, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that Beery's performance was the one flaw in the picture. Wally was right. William Powell played so many Philo Vances at Warners that he practically detected himself right off the screen. He protested Philo so violently that as quickly as possible he and Warner Brothers came to the parting of the ways. At Metro he was given different parts, and now he is right up there with the big box office names again. Astrid Allwyn complained so bitterly about her part in "It Had to Happen" that the director and producer finally agreed with her and cut the entire sequence out. Astrid lost a good picture but at least she kept her acting self-respect. Joan Bennett begged off of "Two for Tonight" and "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" but had to play in them, and neither she nor the pictures were hot.

Speaking of Joan, she has one of the queerest "protests" on now that you'll ever find in Hollywood. Joan, who looks like sixteen on and off the screen, wants to look like a sophisticated young matron. Aided and abetted by the Westmores she has changed her hair line, her eyebrows, and her lipstick, and if she doesn't look like a matron soon she'll burst a blood vessel. Imagine going into a rage because you look like sixteen—and in this town where poor movie stars facing thirty (and forty) do everything in their power to look youngish.

Among our most ardent protesters are Jimmy Cagney, Robert Montgomery, Sylvia Sydney, George Raft, Franchot Tone, Warner Baxter, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, Eddie Cantor, Ann Harding, Ginger Rogers, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Bette Davis—practically every star in Hollywood, Mrs. Worthington. And I ain't saying as how they're wrong, and I ain't saying as how they're right. I jest ain't saying.

NORMA SHEARER was so impressed with the blouse that Leslie Howard wears as Romeo that she had it copied, and soon we will all be wearing blouses with buttons down the back and a high ruff neckline.



IF PERSPIRATION WERE A TIGER

—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest*! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready to wear—*no sewing*—and as easily washed as stockings and lingerie.

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, \$1.00 and up.



Kleinert's
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DRESS SHIELDS



A Gay Romance of Love in the Rain

[Continued from page 33]

While he still tottered from this blow a cab slid up to the curb. Yvonne, the discreet, beckoned him near. "Oh Philippe," she sobbed. "You will be brave? You won't give me away?" And that was all the sympathy he got.

He hadn't meant any harm to anybody! All he meant to do was to kiss Yvonne who wanted to be kissed by him. Had she let him accompany her into the cinema the kiss would have been delivered and forgotten by now, but no! She must be discreet and Fate must step in in the person of a stupid usherette and a strange blonde! At this point in his gloomy meditations Philippe paused. The faint beginnings of a smile curved his lips; his eyes softened with memories. He rubbed the cheek Monique had slapped and sighed fondly. Kissing Monique was worth it all!

The Court of Correction was jammed to the doors. Outside the stairs were filled solid with those who came too late to get in. All Paris was there to follow the fortunes of the Love Monster who kissed women in cinemas.

Monique was there with a pert little fur hat planted on one side of her cute blonde head, wearing a fur cape and carrying a muff and quivering with excitement.

She sat beside her Papa who was the publisher of one of the most popular newspapers. Her Papa was very mad. He had fought hard to suppress the trial, but fickle Paris had become enamored of its Love Monster and popular clamor had beaten him.

Alfredo was there, too. Alfredo was inclined to sputter. At moments a chill, clammy suspicion that his innocent little lily in the field was turning into a wildflower dampened his correct ardor.

Madame President took the stand. Baring her gleaming teeth she gave all the horrid details of the kiss that rocked Paris. "In the face of this testimony who can doubt that this dastardly despoiler stands guilty of one of the most atrocious crimes in the annals of French criminology?" she demanded.

"Bravo! Bravo!"

"Boo!" said Philippe from the prisoner's dock.

"Defendant, take the stand." Philippe took the stand.

Really, thought Monique, it was a great fuss about nothing. And he didn't look like a monster. Not at all. He looked like a nice young man—a very nice young man! Was there anything so evil about a nice young man like that? Never!

"Defendant, do you admit that under cover of darkness you attacked Mademoiselle Pelerin?"

"But, Your Honor, a little kiss is scarcely an attack!"

"What would you call it?"

"Well," Philippe smiled engagingly, "We might call it . . . a present."

Madame President was on her feet. "It was an outrageous attack in the dark, Your Honor. We saw it."

"Your Honor," said Philippe bowing to the bench, "they can see in the dark!"

"Meow . . . meow!" said a voice from the audience.

Mademoiselle Pelerin was called. She admitted that the monster's kiss filled her with mingled emotions. More mingled still were her emotions when the court ordered



Carole Lombard says that economy is spending money without getting any fun out of it.

her to reenact the scene at the theater and she found herself planted close beside the smiling young man. Well, really . . . she knew she ought to be indignant, but how could she be when she saw the lovelight in his eyes . . . the lovelight so ardent, yet so respectful, so worshipful of her?

The court watched with strict, judicial attention. The audience watched with delight, all save Alfredo, who began to think his wildflower was growing wilder hour by hour. The crowd outside, which could not watch, exchanged hopeful conjectures, "Do you think he has attacked anybody yet?"

"Now, Monsieur Martin, the Court is confused. It still does not understand the where of the kiss, the when of the kiss, the why of the kiss . . ."

Despair filled Philippe's soul. How to make them understand? How to make them see what he himself could not see plainly. And then . . . inspiration.

"Your Honor, you know what love is, don't you? It is like being struck by lightning."

"Your Honor," the Prosecutor was on his feet. "I protest!"

"Against lightning?" Philippe asked suavely. He resumed when the laughter had died down. "I was seated next to Mademoiselle . . . the fragrance of her perfume . . . I was looking at Mademoiselle's ear . . . That little ear was saying things to me, Your Honor! And the people on the screen were embracing each other. There was soft music—a love song. It went like this . . ."

Silence held the court while he hummed the love song. Monique's lips quirked in a reminiscent smile; her eyes softened and grew dreamy. Love! Ah, yes . . . so this was love, this thrill in her heart that lulled all her senses . . .

"Monsieur Martin!" His Honor's voice was stern. "Before I pass sentence, have you anything more to say?"

"Yes, Your Honor!" He faced the court, proud, impassioned, almost defiant. "If I am convicted for kissing a girl . . . a beautiful girl . . ."

Monique's heart turned a somersault. ". . . It will be the first time . . . since Charlemagne . . . that a Frenchman has ever been convicted for so charming an offense . . ."

From the audience: "Bravo! Bravo!"

"Through the centuries we have become known as one of the most gallant of na-

tions!" Philippe's voice was ringing with conviction. "And now, with one gesture, this court would destroy a noble and inalienable heritage . . ."

"Bravo! Bravo! Vive Martin! Vive Mademoiselle!"

"I kissed this beautiful girl. No true Frenchman should question why or wherefore. I ask only that the court study her loveliness and . . ."

And what? Philippe had the emotion, but he had run out of words. But he had resources. His voice sank to deep, tremulous sincerity. "And there, Your Honor, I rest my case."

"Monsieur Martin," cried the judge, wiping away a tear, "you have done wisely in appealing to the most chivalrous instincts of this court. You are sentenced to three days in jail or 1,000 francs fine."

"So then," thought Monique, "is love a crime? Is this a criminal, this young man sentenced to three days in jail or a thousand francs fine . . . a thousand francs which probably he has not! And what did he do? Merely went to the cinema and chanced to sit beside a young girl who . . . well, who has certain charms, shall we admit? And carried away by the music, the drama of the screen—and the young girl's nearness—he kisses her. Is it justice to condemn him for that? Look instead for the real culprit and what do you find? Monique Pelerin! Yes, Monique the little imbecile, the wretch who brought about this misery to an innocent young man!"

She was not a girl to let a wrong go unrighted. Papa and Alfredo were trying to make way for her to Papa's car. She turned the other way, darted around a corner, inquired of the nearest gendarme where fines were paid. Before Philippe had seen the door of a cell, a speeding messenger brought the word that released him and once more he encountered Monique.

He tried to stammer his thanks to her, but terror seized Monique. "Do you think I did it for you?" she gasped.

"But why, then?"

"To avoid publicity. Do you think I want to see the headlines: THE MONSTER IN JAIL . . . THE MONSTER ESCAPES . . . THE MONSTER RELEASED . . ." She sniffed a scornful sniff. "The Monster . . . hah!"

And so, having proved she cared not a snap of her fingers for him after all, she left him.

Things were happening at the Savoy

Theater. M. Maillot, the manager, found a long queue in the lobby, ladies of every age and social rank, fighting to buy tickets for his forthcoming show. And why? Because they wished to see again the Kiss Monster of the Cinema.

M. Maillot clasped his brow and nearly fainted. They bought tickets to see Philippe—and Philippe was not in the show! He himself had fired Philippe. "Give me a thousand francs quick," said M. Maillot to his cashier. He rushed off in a cab to hire Philippe back again.

With 1000 francs in his clutch Philippe telephoned Monique. "I must repay you, Mademoiselle. Every sou shall be repaid at once. But where? How?"

"I am extremely sorry," said Monique coolly, "but I shall be busy all afternoon at the skating rink."

Philippe was at the rink with his skates on. They skated together, but not always on the skates, because this was his first lesson on the ice. But what is a little ice on the outside when the heart flames with love!

"I must return your thousand francs," he said.

"And that will end the matter," said Monique, remembering her dignity.

"I won't see you again? H'm. . . But I can't give it to you all in one lump. I hope you'll permit me to pay you back a little every day . . . Say a hundred francs at a time?"

"Then it would take ten days," said Monique and felt a growing elation at the prospect.

The course of true love should have been smooth as the ice of the Palais Glace; the chime of skates should have merged imperceptibly into the tinkle of wedding bells, but it was not to be. There were the news

photographers of the tabloid papers to be reckoned with; also the indiscretions of Yvonne.

The so-discreet Yvonne dogged Philippe to the theater. She beckoned him into her taxi.

"I can't stand this notoriety of yours," she cried. "I'm a respectable woman, I tell you, Philippe!"

"Don't go on. I admit it. In fact," he brightened, "I am in favor of it." He saw his way out of it now. "I can't stand this concealment any longer. We must face your husband . . . or we must part!"

"Must we really?" cried Yvonne. "Would you like to kiss me good-bye, Philippe? For the last time?" He didn't feel very keen about it, but he kissed her, cheered by the thought that it was for the last time. And while he kissed her the news cameras clicked, registering one more depredation by the Love Monster. That was the picture the despairing Alfredo found in his morning journal. He rushed at once to show it to Monique.

Alfredo found her at the skating rink, waiting for Philippe.

The paper with its damning evidence was in Monique's hands when Philippe finally arrived. There was a light in her eyes that he saw quickly was not the warming beacon of love.

"But . . . what's the matter?" he asked in amazement.

"You can get your picture in the papers kissing somebody else!" she chastised him severely.

"But Monique, don't you understand? I was just telling her good-bye—"

"It won't take you that long to tell me good-bye!"

"But Monique, that's the girl I thought was next to me in the cinema, when I . . ."

"Then go whisper your lies in her little ear," Monique snapped and skated away. Philippe pursued. Alfredo pursued them both. The police, roused by Alfredo's cries, pursued all of them. They ended in a tangle on the ice and from that tangle Philippe emerged . . . a prisoner again.

M. Maillot faced ruin. The Savoy had sold out every seat. Crowds were standing. Everybody had come to see the famous Love Monster. And the monster was in jail!

The wretched manager went to Monique's papa and even that hardboiled publisher was moved. They went together to the Minister of Justice. But, alas, the Minister could do nothing . . . nothing. But wait! The telephone!

"What?" said the Minister, as he picked up the receiver. Then his voice softened. "Yes, darling . . . Excuse me, gentlemen, it is my little wife . . ."

"Very well, darling," said the Minister after an uneasy moment. "Yes . . . yes, certainly, darling!" He smiled at his visitors. "Gentlemen, on second thought I agree. Martin must be released."

The gentlemen didn't know it, nobody knew it, so discreet had she been. But the truth was that the Minister's wife was none other than Yvonne and Yvonne wanted to go to the Savoy to weep romantically over the brave young man who had foresworn her love forever.

So, according to the best traditions of the stage, in spite of all, the show went on. Philippe sang his song of love while a crowded house listened enraptured, but he sang to one woman only . . . to Monique, watching him with smiling lips. And when he kissed, at the conclusion of that song, it was Monique who nestled in his arms triumphant in the assurance that at last she knew all about love.

The Throat Tested Cigarette

Scientific research has, at last, enabled Philip Morris to replace personal opinion with this scientific fact:

Philip Morris Cigarettes have been PROVED by actual tests on the human throat measurably and definitely milder than ordinary cigarettes.

A fact ethically presented to and accepted by the medical profession.

NO OTHER CIGARETTE CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT!

AMERICA'S
FINEST
15¢
CIGARETTE

"Call for **PHILIP MORRIS**"

STAR BRIGHT HAIR

TOBY WING
GLAMOROUS
SCREEN STAR



*See your hair
"in lights" too!*

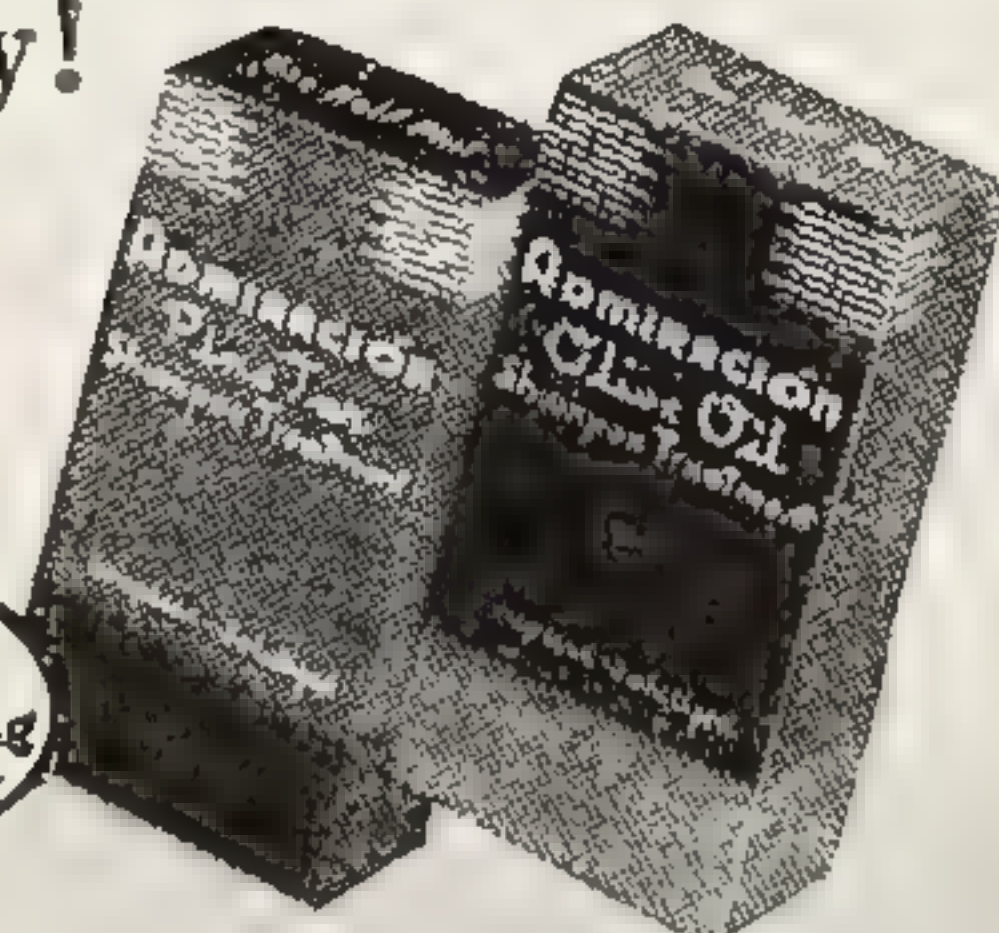
• Starry glints. Hair that looks as if gems had been showered on it. How do they do it, those beautiful women of the screen? That's easy—the *Soapless Oil Treatment*! You too can "wash" beauty into your hair with Admiracion Shampoo Treatment . . . right in your home!

Every woman faces close-ups of her own. So why not take a tip from Hollywood . . . and make *your* hair gloriously soft and radiant.

Admiracion does things soaps can't do. Conditions the hair and scalp. Penetrates deep in the pores and hair follicles. Antiseptic, it contains proved tonic ingredients.

Guaranteed to add rich luster from the very first use: Olive Oil base for dry hair, Pine Tar blend for oily. Follow the stars to beauty!

Toiletry Counters
U. S. and Canada



Admiracion

SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

ADMIRACION LABORATORIES, INC., HARRISON, N. J.
Olive Oil for dry hair () Pine Tar for oily hair () Both 20c

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

SS5

© 1936 Admiracion Laboratories, Inc.



James Cagney stopped his car to yell at two kids fighting. "Hey," said Jim. "You must not hit him when he's down."
"What d'yo 'spose I got him down for?" the winner hollered back.

The Inside "Low Down"

[Continued from page 35]

stood in front of a theatre and looked the people in the eye as they came in and out, and said to myself 'Brown, these are the people you are making pictures for. What about them?' How they will accept 'Romeo and Juliet' I can't say, but personally I don't think they want Shakespeare.

"This, I do know—if effort and money can make a success 'Romeo and Juliet' is all right. They have stuck strictly to the story—the script is only seventy pages long, but it is all solid dialogue.

"Irving (Thalberg) contends that 'Romeo and Juliet' has always been box-office and that it will not fail as a picture. After all, he has an uncanny faculty for picking winners.

"On this picture, nothing satisfies them or is good enough. When I left Hollywood they were taking retakes of retakes. So whatever you see on the screen will be the best that can be gotten. I saw two reels that seemed to me magnificent but they aren't using them in the picture."

Brown is against typing either actors or directors. He claims to have gotten more fan mail from "Ah Wilderness" than from all the other pictures he has made put together. The mirth-provoking graduation scenes are lifted almost bodily from his high school room, which he reproduced in detail, in Knoxville, Tennessee. There were twenty-five in Brown's class in Knoxville and he has had letters from sixteen of them since "Ah Wilderness" was released—most of them from people he hadn't heard from in over twenty years. Yet the producers didn't think "Ah Wilderness" was a Clarence Brown picture—he had to fight for his chance to direct it.

"If a director likes a story," he told me, "and is enthusiastic about it, he should be allowed to do that story. Under no conditions should a director be made to do a story he doesn't see or believe in.

"The best example of directorial mis-casting, to prove my point, was 'Laughing Boy.' Van Dyke didn't want to do that picture—he hated it. He couldn't see it at all. The result was disastrous. As for me, I loved it and would like to have directed it. We send out and make pictures in all the far places of the earth, Africa, the South Seas, China, etc., and they become hits. Less than three hundred miles from Hollywood is the colorful race that originally inhabited our land, the Navajo Indian. Too often we

picture him in the person of that old Indian who squats by the station in Albuquerque. 'Laughing Boy' split this right in two and carried you into the interesting heart of his race.

"I think I could have made a good picture of 'Laughing Boy' because of my feeling for it—and yet I know Van Dyke is a better director than I am."

The truly great in any craft are always modest.

Clarence Brown has a story he wants to do with Luise Rainer. He is not telling the title, but he is sure this story would definitely establish her as one of the finest actresses in pictures. And he also wants to make "Night Must Fall" with Robert Montgomery. The play has been running in London for a year and a half. It is a ghastly, gruesome murder story in a bright, gay and peaceful atmosphere. Montgomery saw it on his recent London trip and brought it to Brown's attention.

"Bob wants to do it so badly he will do it for nothing," said Mr. Brown. "As for me—well, I can't tell you how much it would mean to me."

A year and a half ago Clarence Brown said that Clark Gable's greatest success was yet to come. He still does not think Clark has hit the top. As to the talk about Robert Taylor menacing the Gable popularity he said:

"There's room for both of them, but I don't think Taylor will hurt Gable, at least not for a long, long time to come. Gable is a fine actor. Even without the sex appeal which is one of his strongest points he would still be a great actor. Any man who can go from a part like the one he had in 'Mutiny on the Bounty' to the part in 'Wife vs. Secretary' would have to be a great actor. Gable has not only virility but intense power in everything he does.

"I have only seen Taylor in 'Broadway Melody of 1936.' I liked him. I think he has the makings of a very fine actor but he still has a lot to learn. He's very young and his maturity, at the rate he seems to be moving, is going to bring a splendid personality to the screen."

He believes that Franchot Tone has gone as far as he ever will, principally because his public seem to feel that he has a superiority complex. Of course he hasn't, but the fact that he is democratic actually won't matter. However, even if Tone will

not advance, Brown does not think he will turn back.

"Tone is not only an excellent actor but an intelligent one, of which there are far too few on the screen," said Brown, "his work in 'Bengal Lancers' was almost faultless."

Mr. Brown intended staying in New York to hunt for antiques for his earthquake-proof ranch house until the telegram, which he expected hourly, should call him back to work. Until then he would not know what he was going to make. Two scripts were in preparation, one co-starring Gable and Joan Crawford, the other "The Gorgeous Hussy," starring Joan Crawford alone. About this one he was quite hopeful and talked at length. It will be Joan's first costume picture and a nice vehicle for her. In it she should do the best work of her career to date.

"Have you seen 'Wife vs. Secretary?'" he asked me, apropos of nothing. I told him no.

"Well," he continued, "there's a lad in it I want you to watch. He is James Stewart. He's a youngster, about twenty-two, and he's going places. Jim is the Gary Cooper type—not even as good-looking as Gary. He's rangy and he hasn't yet learned the tricks of make-up necessary to show him at his best photographically. I don't mind this in a newcomer. After they have learned to project their personality we forget these things, just as we have forgotten them with Gable and Shearer, with Crawford and Montgomery and many others.

"Jim doesn't know what it is all about yet. In 'Wife vs. Secretary' he has a scene in a taxi. He just talks, but it is the finest thing that was ever put on the screen.

"Then there's Eric Linden. That boy is one of the finest actors in pictures. If they handle him right he is due for a lot of well earned glory. Because of his size and his boyishness I do not think he will ever become a very great star, but I still believe that when he is properly cast there isn't anyone in pictures who can touch him."

And with this emphatic statement he terminated another set of predictions which, if true, should go a long way toward establishing the foresightedness of this director, whose pictures have brought money pouring into the box-offices of the nation. Clarence Brown is a man who not only knows his movies and his actors but his public as well.

THE ACADEMY AWARDS

For the "Bests" of 1935

Best Performance, Actress
Bette Davis for "Dangerous"

Best Performance, Actor
Victor McLaglen for
"The Informer"

Best Production
"Mutiny on the Bounty" (M-G-M)

Best Direction
John Ford for "The Informer"

Best Original
Ben Hecht and Charles Mac-
Arthur for "The Scoundrel"

**"Dentyne's a Double Attraction
— Keeps Mouth Healthy —
Tastes Delicious"**



DENTYNE KEEPS TEETH WHITE. Our ancestors had good teeth because they ate foods that required plenty of chewing — gave teeth and gums healthful exercise. Our foods today are soft, over-refined—that's why many dentists advise chewing Dentyne. The specially firm, *chewy* consistency encourages the exercise needed for mouth health. It cleanses in a pleasant, *natural* way.

YOU'LL LIKE ITS SPICY FLAVOR! Its delicious taste alone makes a great many people Dentyne enthusiasts. It's fragrant—it's smooth—and the flavor is lasting. An excellent chewing gum in *every* way. Note the smart flat shape of the package—made to slip handily into pocket or purse — an original and exclusive Dentyne feature.

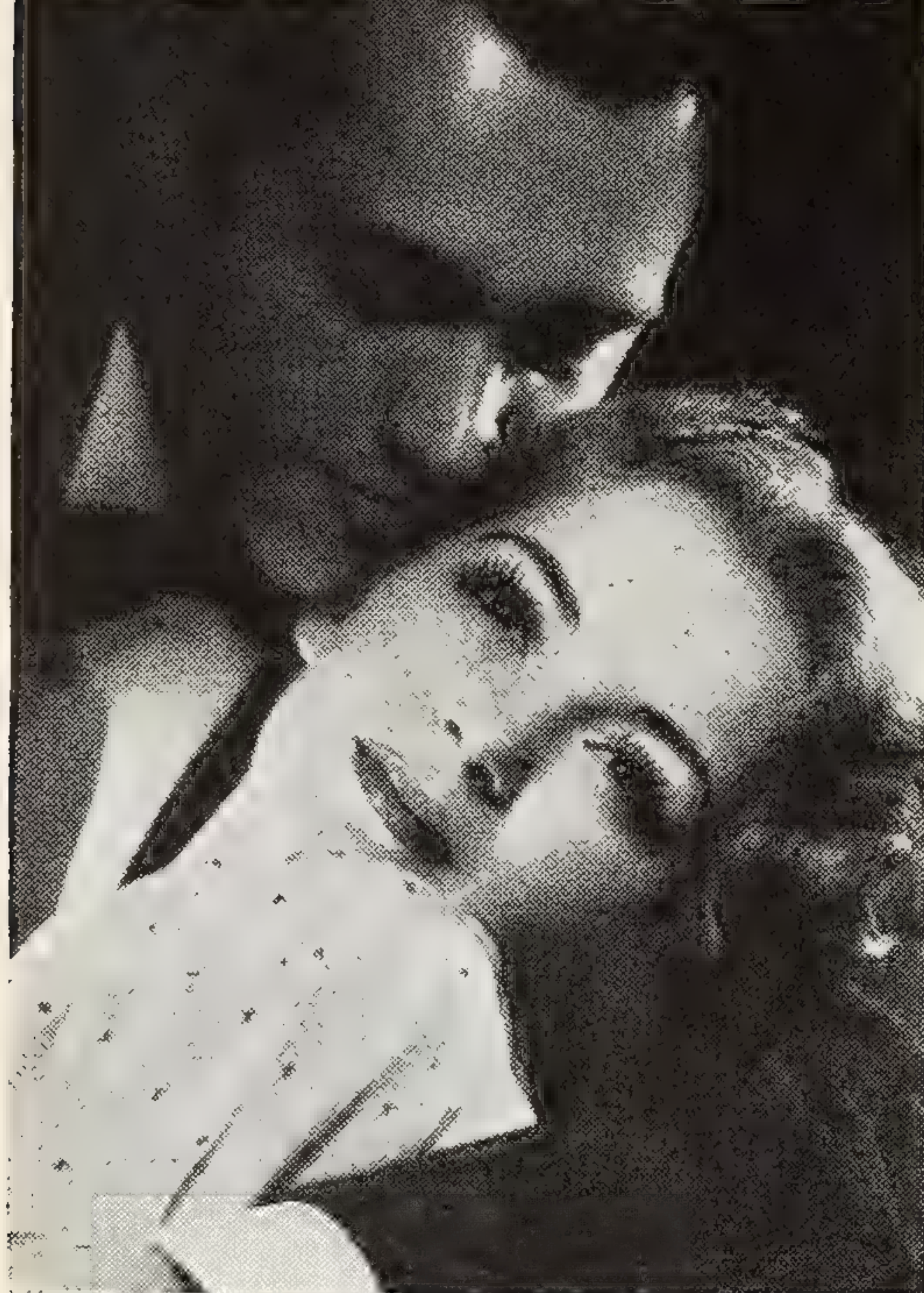
*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

She knows the secret of
**"BREATH
 CONTROL!"**



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
 Keeps breath pure and sweet
 1 to 2 hours longer



● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.



As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. Every trace of hair eliminated. Sold everywhere.

Write for Booklet. Free Demonstration with ZIP Epilator at Madame Berthe—Specialist, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

"A Million Dollars Worth of Bachelors"

[Continued from page 23]

of Cleo Black.

But if this comparatively small group of eligibles are ready to take the plunge, Harpo Marx, Ronald Colman, Jack Oakie, George Brent, Henry Fonda, Cesar Romero and Francis Lederer head a division of redoubtables who refuse either to renounce bachelorhood or to return to the marriage state from which they have won freedom. Conrad Nagel, Roger Pryor, Harry Ruby, George Raft, Michael Bartlett, Norman Krasna, King Vidor, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Randy Hearst, Jr., Preston Sturges, Jack Kirkland, Busby Berkeley, Russel Gleason, Nils Asther, William Powell, Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Gene Raymond, Cary Grant, Bert Wheeler, Lee Tracy, Lyle Talbot, Brian Aherne, W. C. Fields, H. B. Warner, Harvey Priestler, Jackie Coogan, James Blakeley, Lloyd Bacon, Rouben Mamoulian, Mickey Neilan, Cy Bartlett, Richard Cromwell, Addison Randall, Nacio Herb Brown, Jose Iturbi, Alan Jones—all of these are footloose if NOT fancy-free. I'd list fifty more but it would get tiresome and there is no more evidence needed.

The exact status of Clark Gable is not clear. Pending a divorce action, Gable is neither fish nor fowl in the Leap Year sweepstakes. However, the girls would prefer to jump the barrier and set out full-tilt in pursuit of the broad-shouldered matinee idol. It is not inconceivable that studio pressure might return him to his wife, but, unfortunately, this is a marriage that seems destined for the rocks. I dislike to say that, but it is true, as those who know the inside story will agree.

What accounts for the vast number of unmarried males in Hollywood, I think, is the published records of Hollywood unhappiness in the Reno courts. It makes them cautious. Another vital reason, I believe, is that movie males believe that they will sacrifice their feminine followings and, in consequence, their earning powers, if they wed. This is a fatuous conception. In my article last month, on the happily-married couples of the Coast, I exploded the false theory that marriage harms the box-office draw of a screen star. In fact, it enhances his value.

The public, in fact, likes to feel that the performer has a fine record of home life. It gives him an unfathomable prestige that cannot be measured, but, nevertheless, it exists and is a vital aid. It is hard to convince youngsters that such is the case, and I think that a lot of them shy away from marriage for that reason. Perhaps this will persuade some of them to disregard such silly reasoning, if their contracts do not expressly forbid it.

Quite as important a deterrent to Hollywood marriages is that most of these eligible males and eligible girls haven't the TIME for romance. That sounds ridiculous, but nevertheless it is true. The Coast colony works long hours and it is a physical necessity for them to get their sleep. The arduous routine doesn't leave them much time for extended courtships.

The girl stars and featured players of the Coast are just as reluctant to marry as the men, which completes the meeting of the immovable object with the irresistible force. Janet Gaynor, for instance, is now carrying on a desultory affair with Robert Taylor. As in other Gaynor affairs, this will eventually dissolve into a routine fare-thee-well. He'll go back to Irene Hervey and she will be found at the Troc with Gene Raymond. Not until they start slipping do the girl stars consider marriage. Jeanette MacDonald, for years, was

escorted persistently by Bob Ritchie, so persistently that everyone believed they had been secretly married. But they broke apart recently, apparently writing finis to a typical Coast disillusionment. Florence Rice, June Travis and Betty Furness are heart-palpitators of the first order but nothing ever develops. It seemed for a time that Michael Bartlett would win the Rice charmer, and that Jack Kirkland would claim Miss Travis for a bride but, to date, these expectancies haven't been realized.

The Jean Harlow-Bill Powell attachment is marathon in quality. It has gone on now for months and months, and now seems to have cooled down to a calm and friendly understanding and companionship. The Carole Lombard-Bob Riskin flame seems to have died out completely. The Myrna Loy-Arthur Hornblow enigma is still as puzzling as ever.

These are all typical Coast romances with typical conclusions. Either they break up in a furious scene or they lose their fury and passion in the passage of time and become colorless and neutral-toned friendships. Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, for a time, were altar-headed, but they have reached the same complacent agreement that these others have accepted.

Greta Garbo has not influenced the cardiographs of male Hollywood greatly. Apart from that one startling adventure with Rouben Mamoulian, when Greta hopped-scotched around the country with a degree of vigor that amazed all of us, her life has been bare of serenaders. The late John Gilbert was the only one who seemed to intrigue her. For the greater part, she prefers to be alone with her ladies in waiting, waiting perhaps for some knight in armor to win her. Marlene Dietrich, (Mrs. Rudolph Seiber) when she wishes to turn on all of her feminine charms, bewitches whatever males there are in the immediate vicinity. Von Sternberg and Brian Aherne will testify to that. Connie Bennett has kept Gilbert Roland dancing attendance upon her for years, and Gloria Swanson, up until recently, monopolized Herbert



Wide World

Robert Taylor took Janet Gaynor to the Screen Actors' Guild Ball thereby maintaining the lover-like attitude so necessary to "Small Town Girl," their latest picture.

Marshall. Mac West plays no part in Hollywood's amours.

The three film stars who could have upset the entire ranks of Hollywood bachelordom, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert and Grace Moore—each a "looker" in her own right—are all happily married. The exotic Merle Oberon may be married by the time this appears in print. Miriam Hopkins, Elissa Landi, Rochelle Hudson, Ann Sothorn, Frances Drake and Eleanor Powell are all available, however, for the Leap Year assault.

So much for the summation and presentation of evidence. But, after all the briefs have been submitted, the fact remains that \$1,000,000 worth of Hollywood bachelors are still in the celluloid waters, refusing to nibble at the luscious bait that the Coast cuties extend to them.

But it's Leap Year, and the girls are inventive. Let's check up at the end of the season, and see how many of these confirmed bachelors have sidled bashfully and self-consciously to the preacher's shack and murmured "I Do." Last year, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Margaret Sullavan and Sylvia Sydney led the parade to the altar. And Jack Warner married Ann Alvarado. Of these five weddings, two already have foundered, Margaret Sullavan and Miss Sidney both seeking divorces, and turning William Wyler and Bennett Cerf back into the ranks of the eligibles. It would be curious if Miss Sullavan and her ex, Henry Fonda, thrown together in a picture, remarried as a result.

It's Leap Year, and anything can happen. The prediction, as the \$1,000,000 Sweepstakes starts, is: "Weather Clear, Track Fast."

Gene Takes a "Termer"

[Continued from page 29]

"Be your age" has always been my motto, so now you can see why I felt not a little let-down by this grown-up Peter Pan who thought anything that had occurred seven years ago "was an awfully long way back."

But wait a minute—we hadn't really got started yet, and when the port, a bit heavy I'll admit for luncheon, started trickling down to where it did the most good, I started to feel a bit more mellow, a bit more tolerant. After all, fifty million fans (do I flatter you, Gene?) can't be wrong, and for that matter neither could some of those "glamour girls" of Hollywood who jump right through the hoop when he invites them to the snooty Mayfair dances on certain Saturday nights, or to make merry with him at the exclusive Club Trocadero.

And so we really got talking and I discovered, quite happily, too, that Gene drops that outer veneer of perpetual youth the moment you bring up a subject that really interests him. As there were three subjects that he professed great enthusiasm for—the production of films, horses and travel (and wouldn't this be as good a place as any to slip in his penchant for rye bread toast?)—we had plenty of conversational meat to subsist on until the end of what proved a very delightful and all-too-brief luncheon.

"Why have you given up free-lancing?" I inquired over the mushroom soup. "I heard you just signed a long term contract with R-K-O."

Gene looked serious for a moment as he said: "You know I've been free-lancing for several years. I think I've gone as far as I can that way. So I'm trying my luck with a 'termer' again."

"Which do you consider more beneficial to your career?"



PHIL REGAN and
EVALYN KNAPP in
"LAUGHING IRISH EYES,"
a REPUBLIC PICTURE

SPARKLING EYES . . . *an invitation to* ROMANCE!



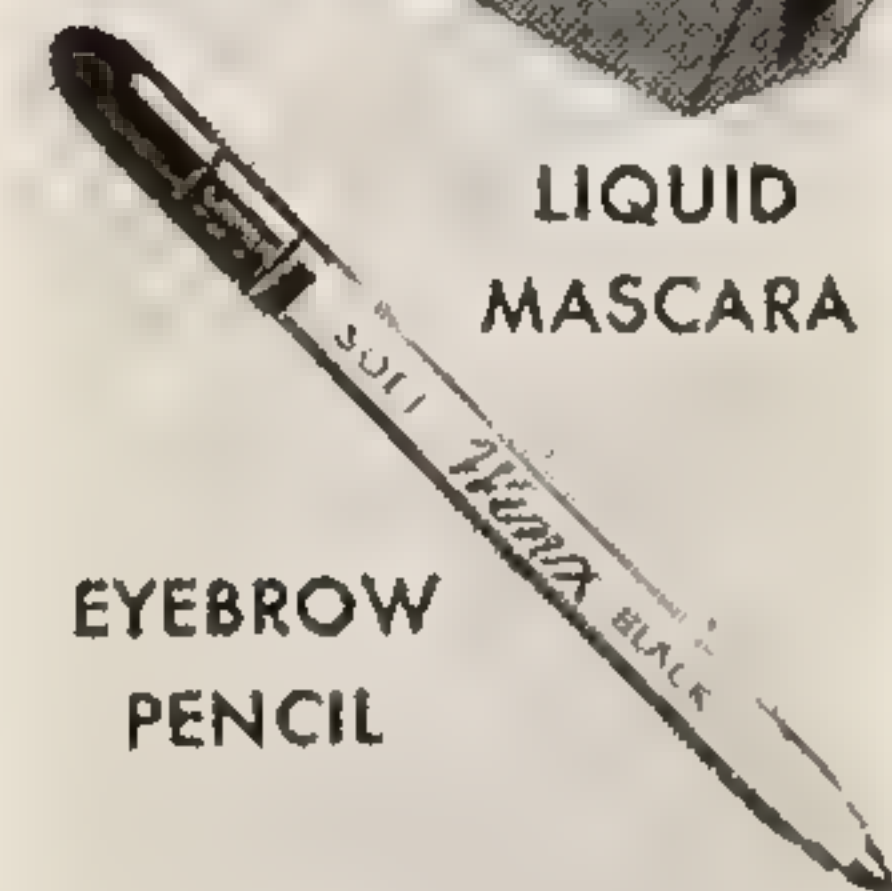
CREAMY
MASCARA



EYE
SHADOW



LIQUID
MASCARA



EYEBROW
PENCIL



CAKE
MASCARA

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX

Eye Beautifiers

Why be **FAT**?

"I LOST 50 lbs."

**THIS QUICK, EASY WAY
PROVED SAFE for 26 years**

● Get rid of fat the quick way that has been tested and proved safe and successful by thousands of delighted people during the past 26 years! Why experiment or take chances? Millions of packages have been sold. Hundreds of letters prove results are just what you want. Don't let fat rob you of happiness when it is so easy to be slender.

**Look-
Feel-
like a
NEW
PERSON!**



DO AS THESE WOMEN HAVE DONE!

Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 S. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight almost all my life I reduced 55 lbs., with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Never was in such excellent health as I am since taking them." Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, Dayton, O., writes: "Lost 47 lbs., did not diet." **REDUCED 34 LBS.** Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., writes: "Lost 34 lbs. RE-DUCE-OIDS are pleasant to take, and dependable. I feel fine." A California Graduate Nurse writes: "I lost 27 lbs. of fat, after other methods failed. I recommend RE-DUCE-OIDS as a preparation of merit." We wish we had room for more of these wonderful experiences, telling of reductions as great as 80 lbs. The writers tell of feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. **Effective and safe for 26 years.** RE-DUCE-OIDS contain no dinitrophenol. Pleasant, easy to take.

FAT GOES...OR MONEY BACK!

Your money back in full if not delighted...you are the judge. No risk, so don't delay, fat is dangerous! At drug or dep't stores. Or send \$2 for 1 package; or \$5 for 3 packages direct to us. Currency, M. O., stamps, or C.O.D., plain wrapper.

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. S365
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Send me...packages of RE-DUCE-OIDS
(Enclose payment; or 10c if ordering C.O.D.)

☐ Send me FREE BOOK, "HOW TO REDUCE"

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



DON'T JUST SAW THE HEAD OFF A CORN

—remove it root and all!

A CORN'S like a tack in your toe. Don't just pare the head off—get it *all* out! Then you know it's gone and won't grow back *worse than ever*.

You can remove it with Blue-Jay! This amazing double-action plaster ends pain instantly. Then quickly the corn dries, shrinks, gently lifts out—is gone!

Tiny, compact, easy to use—Blue-Jay ends worst corn for only 4¢. No more risky paring and cutting. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Get a box today—25¢ at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY

Bauer & Black Scientific

CORN PLASTER

"If you had asked me that a year ago I might not have known how to answer you," he replied quickly. "But now I can say that for myself the contract was really necessary."

"You see, I signed with Paramount when I first went to Hollywood. I stayed with them a year and I played in some mighty good pictures. But I found I was being typed. Generally as a weakling. Maybe my blond hair accounted for that. Anyway it wasn't much fun playing the same sort of roles over and over again, so I decided to get out on my own and only sign up for roles that I really wanted to do. That was the turning point for me."

"Did you do 'I am Suzanne' and 'Zoo in Budapest' when you were free-lancing?"

"Yes. You see what I mean. Those pictures were different. I got a chance to prove that I wasn't a perpetual screen play-boy or convict or irritating young husband."

"I remember them both very well, and I particularly liked your characterizations," I told him.

"Yes, but they didn't bring in results at the box-office," Gene interrupted quickly. People who liked artistic films went to see them, but the masses stayed away. Now Lilian Harvey was perfectly adorable in 'I am Suzanne,' but what good did the picture do her? None. The producers weren't impressed because the receipts were pretty low. And pretty soon Lilian went back to Europe.

"But I can't complain. Even though those films didn't make money they brought me excellent newspaper reviews. And that means a lot when you're building with an eye to the future. I did a number of real box-office successes during that period, too. I mustn't forget that. There were 'House on 56th Street' with Kay Francis, 'Sadie McKee' with Joan Crawford, 'Ann Carver's Profession' with Fay Wray, and 'Flying Down to Rio' with Fred Astaire and Dolores del Rio. But 'Zoo in Budapest'—Loretta Young played with me in that—is my favorite."

"With all those good pictures to your credit, I'm surprised you signed a term contract," I remarked as we selected our desserts from the tempting little table that the waiter decided to wheel over in our direction. (Gene selected rice pudding with plenty of cream—maybe this accounts for that gorgeous complexion of his.)

"Well"—and he tilted his head a bit to the side, a habit he has when he's ponder-

ing a question—"I felt that I'd reached rock bottom so far as good free-lancing parts were concerned. You can't go on in one direction indefinitely, if you want to climb. I wondered why, for a while. Then I decided that the big companies put their featured players in the roles that were sure to shine out—for this reason—if they clicked, and clicked big, the company would reap the reward with the success of the player's succeeding role, and so on and on. . . . Whereas, if a free lance player clicked, his roving assignments would take him right off the lot where he'd made a hit, to another one which would cash in on his previous performance. You see?"

"I get it."

I also got something else. Arrogant youth never changes its mind. It sticks to its guns until cracking point, rather than admit a blunder. It takes an adult mind to say "Right about face. Perhaps we'd better start all over again." Well, Gene had just conclusively demonstrated the latter point, and with all due humility I mentally apologized for classing him for one brief moment with the Peter Pan who wanted to remain in Never-Never Land always and refused to grow up.

With the mention of polo, the second of Gene's enthusiasms, I almost had him sitting in the saddle.

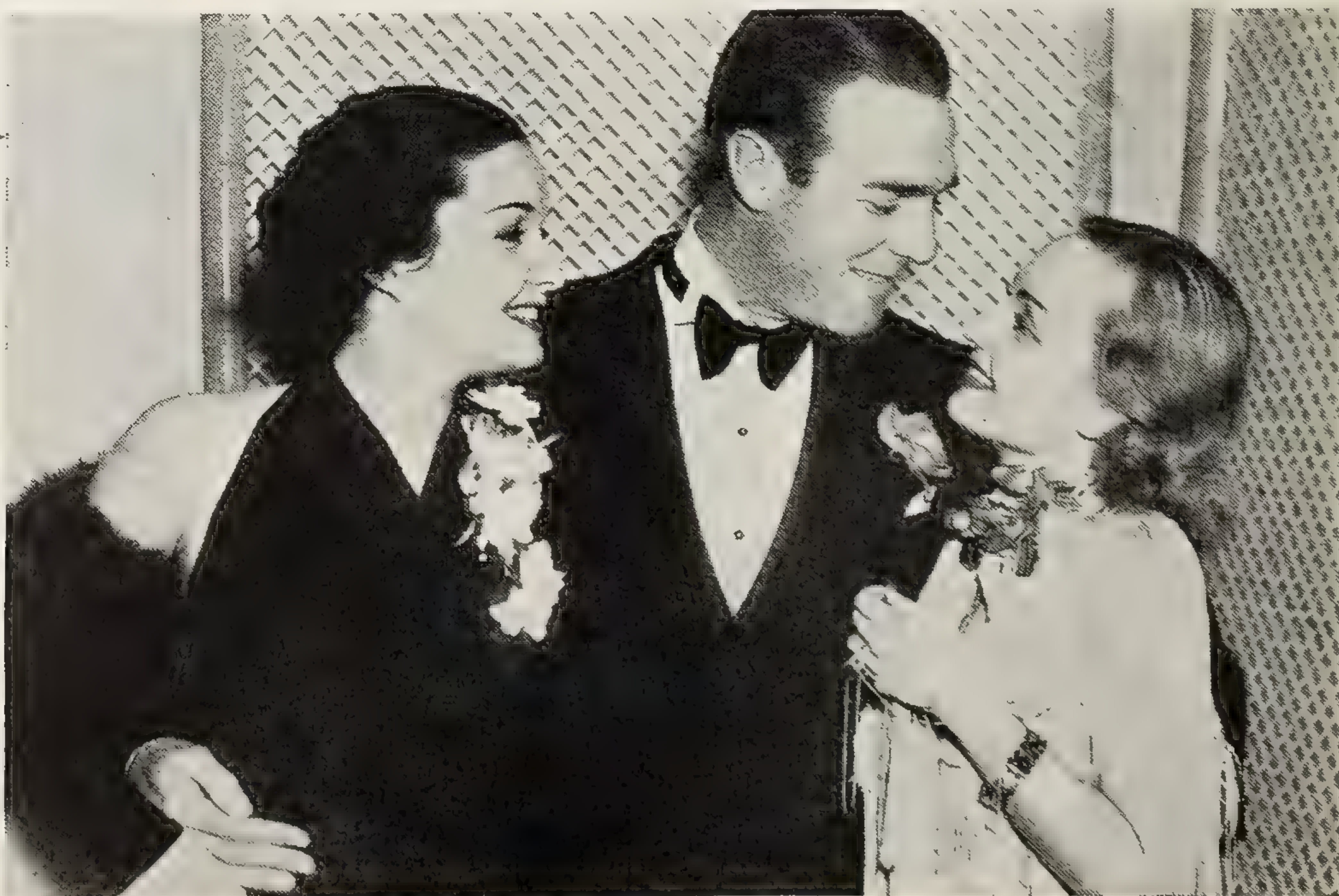
"I don't play any more, though," he told me regretfully. "Had an accident a year or so ago that cracked my lip wide open. Was laid up for three weeks, holding up production all that time. No. I gave polo up. It was too expensive a sport—in more ways than one."

A line-up of the pals with whom he rides in Hollywood would read like a Who's Who of filmdom's most celebrated he-men, and I gathered quite easily, as our conversation got horsier and horsier, why *Variety's* portraitist asserted that Gene was "regular enough, all around, to satisfy the men."

For the first time since he went out to Hollywood, Gene owns a house of his own instead of living in hotels or apartments.

"But don't think we'll live in it twelve months a year (*we* means his mother and younger brother). We like to keep stepping too much for that."

This led us to Gene's third enthusiasm—travel—and I asked him a question that had been on my mind for a long time. I had attended a cocktail party in his honor



Wide World

Gail Patrick, Randolph Scott and Carole Lombard being roguish in the shade of the waffle iron screen at the Brown Derby Cafe.

last year just before he had set out for his first visit to Europe, with his mother. At the time, he had been bubbling over with excitement. Yet he had remained only three weeks and then hopped back across the water again.

He smiled when I brought this up. "Everybody's asked me that question," he replied with a smile. Then, seriously—"I got so tired of meeting the same people wherever we went. It seems that in Europe everybody manages to get around to the same resorts at the same time. I guess it's what they call 'the right seasons.' Well, there we were meeting the same people at dinner night after night whether we were in Cannes or Monte Carlo or St. Moritz. It was pretty dull stuff.

"I remember at a dinner party one night at St. Moritz. I was stuck with a blasé society girl who didn't say a word. After I had run out of conversation, I glanced across the table and my mother gave me a hopeless look. She was sitting next to an English Earl—a pretty dessicated Earl at that. Later she told me she had asked him what he had thought of America. He had visited here the year before. 'I say'—he had drawled in answer—'what puzzles me about America is what you do with your bally shoes at night when you're stopping in hotels?' My mother told him that if he left them outside his door—the custom in England—they wouldn't be there next morning. She could vouch for that. At which he remarked, 'Jolly odd country, that!'

"That dinner party helped us to make up our minds all of a sudden that we wanted to come back to America as quickly as the boat would get us there."

But now for the surprise! The minute he stepped foot on American soil, where do you think Gene went? To Palm Beach, no less. Where he met the same people (at least the second cousins and the aunts of them) that he had run away from in the swanky gay spots on the Continent.

What are we going to do with "this guy from Hollywood?" One minute he's a clear-thinking business man who knows all the answers without delving deep into the text books, and the next he's like the little boy following the circus from town to town.

The "Glamour Girls" of Hollywood don't seem to mind this, however. For when their day's chores at the studio are done they want to go where the lights are the brightest—where they can not only see but be seen, and if Gene, the town's most eligible bachelor, will take 'em there, it's orchids to them. So, who are we to quibble just because it might mean scallions to us, to use an old columnist's expression?

Nicknames They Grew Up With

[Continued from page 55]

went out in a great burst of sympathy when I learned that Ann Harding, as a girl, was known as Do-Do. It is a contraction of her real name of Dorothy Gatley. Some people, she admitted, still call her Do-Do!

Elizabeth Allan, the lovely ethereal looking English girl who so delighted you in "David Copperfield," is just plain "Liz" to her pals.

Henry Wadsworth is "Hank." Which reminds me that the elegant Marquis de la Falaise, husband of Constance Bennett, was never, after his first few moments in Hollywood, addressed by any such dignified appellation as "Marquis" or even Mr. de la Falaise. Hollywood promptly called him

As smooth as the Swoop of a Gull



the Linit Beauty Bath provides Instant Results

☞ The alert girl or woman today in her quest for beauty, through the cultivation of charm, personality and good health, should not overlook the first requisite of loveliness—a *perfect skin*.

☞ The smart woman will be glad to know of this simple way to attain a beautiful skin—the way so many fastidious women of today are acquiring it.

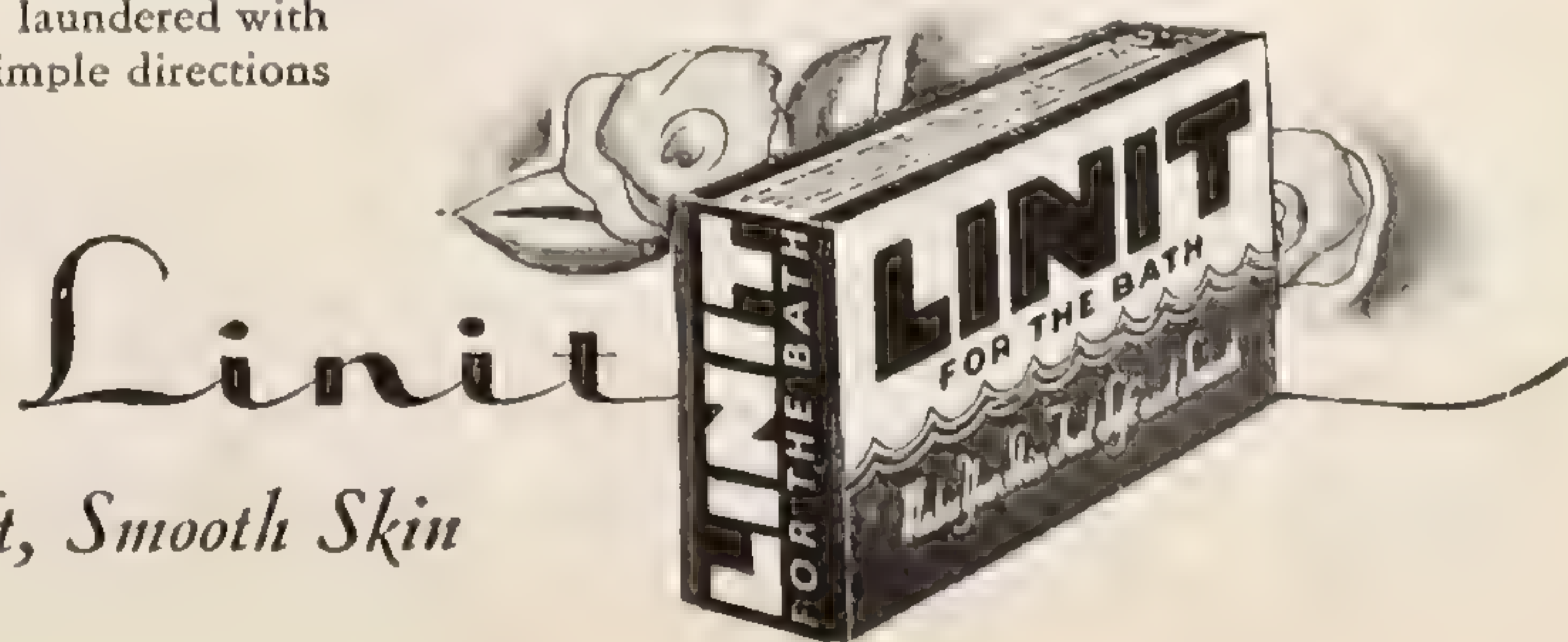
☞ One of the most remarkable skin beauty aids is the Linit Beauty Bath. Imagine stepping into a bath as soft and luxurious as rich cream, bathing as usual and, after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

☞ To enjoy the refreshing luxury of the Linit Beauty Bath, you merely dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe. It is such a simple means of keeping the skin alluringly soft, that there is no excuse for any woman, who takes pride in her personal charm, to have anything but a clear, soft, smooth skin.

☞ Once you try Linit, you will be happy to make it the daily feature of your bath. Parents will be glad to know that Linit is a valuable aid in bathing the baby and children, for in many cases of irritation the Linit bath is most soothing to the skin.

YOUR DAINTY UNDERTHINGS will be refreshed and restored to their original loveliness when laundered with Linit. Just follow the simple directions on the package.

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS



The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

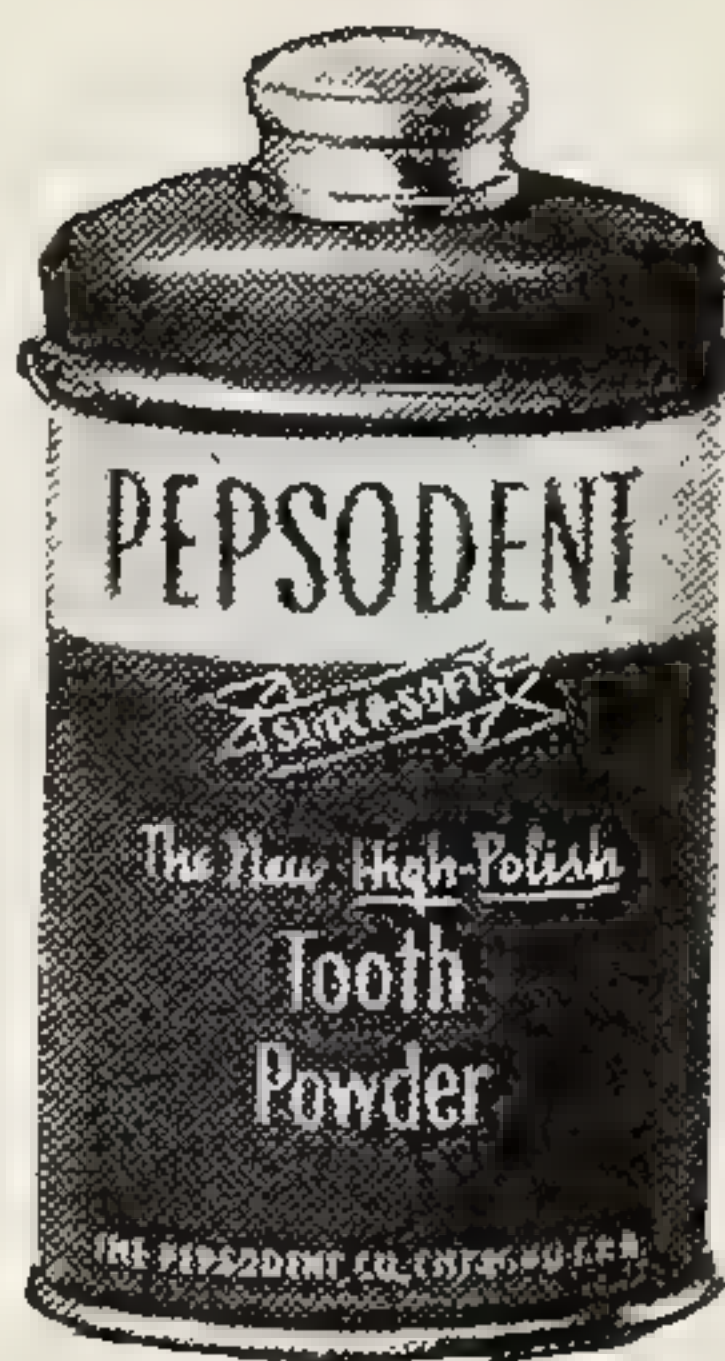
HEAH YO'IS! THAT NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER FOLKS IS RAVIN' ABOUT!



IT DOES EVERYTHING BETTER

- 1 GETS TEETH TWICE BRIGHTER... *Adds charm to any smile!*
- 2 YET IS TWICE AS SOFT... *Safe even for children's teeth!*
- 3 FOAMS BETWEEN TEETH . . . *Cleans more thoroughly!*
- 4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER . . . *Far more economical to use!*

LARGE CAN 25c FAMILY SIZE 50c



PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER *The Professional Tooth Powder for Daily Home Use*

Watch for the Shirley Temple cover
on SILVER SCREEN for June.
On sale May 7.

KEEP YOUR CHIN *Young!*



Firm chin muscles are the very foundation of beauty. Why let a double chin, sagging muscles, or lumpy jaw rob you of the firm, lovely contours of youth?

ROTULA
FOR MILADY'S
CHIN CONTOUR

is scientifically designed to correct these foes of beauty by smoothing away unevenness, stimulating circulation to restore tone to sagging muscles, reducing double chin, and correcting lumpy jaw. ROTULA is a soft white rubber roller that perfectly fits the chin and jaw. Roll back and forth briskly, as it does not pull or stretch the skin. Eliminates chin straps and tiresome patting.

To keep a young chin lovely—to restore firm contours to an ageing or neglected chin or jaw—massage with ROTULA a few minutes twice a day!

YOU ARE SURE TO BE DELIGHTED with this new scientific beauty aid. Price \$3.75 postpaid. Send check or money order, or shipped C.O.D. The ROTULA CO., Dept. E, Box 425, Santa Monica, California. Folder on request.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **KNO GRAY** ENDS GRAY HAIR

If you're dissatisfied with your hair inquire for unique French method **KNOGRAY**. Any shade from one bottle. Not a restorer. Colors roots perfectly, permits perm, wave. Won't rub off. Entirely different from anything you've known. Booklet. **MADAME TURMEL**, Dept 14A, 256 W. 31st., New York



Read Free Offer!

Visible Pimples and Blackheads, Freckles, Ugly Large Pores and Surface Wrinkles Disappear!

It is all explained in a new free treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Write to **MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES**, Dept. S-63, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased tell friends.

"Hank." But upon Constance's colored chauffeur fell the title. The chauffeur, a dandy of dandies and quite the toast of Hollywood's Central Avenue belles, is known among his crap-shooting *confreres* as the Marquis.

Katharine Hepburn's name lent itself to Kate or Katie. It was only when she came to Hollywood that she achieved the nickname—and this, I might add, is only applied by a few of her most intimate and fearless friends—of Ella. It was bequeathed upon her one day by her director, George Cukor, the same gentleman who saw her in New York and believed so firmly in her acting potentialities that he persuaded a skeptical Hollywood to give her a break. You know, of course, how Mr. Cukor's judgment panned out. Knowing our Katie quite well, therefore, and becoming slightly impatient of her antics upon his set one day, Mr. Cukor patiently bore as much as he could and then in a loud ringing voice which could be heard the length and breadth of the stage, he shouted, "Get off your high horse, Ella, and get down to work!" It takes a lot to jolt a Hepburn, but she was so startled that she took the rebuke in good spirit and DID get off her high horse. Thus, Ella she is, but only to a few intimates and only on rare occasions. I shouldn't advise you to caption her pictures in the magazine "Ella" Hepburn!

Sure, we've got to have a "Skinny" in our screen family. I found one, only not a long lanky male, but a beautiful female whose voice is world famous on the screen. She was also known when a girl as "Brick," "Red" and "Carrots," all of which she loathed as only a tall skinny young lady in her early self-conscious teens would loathe! Now her hair is no longer a carrot red but a golden brown, she has curves instead of sharp angles and most people know her not as "Skinny" or "Brick" but as Jeanette MacDonald.

Did you ever hear of anyone in the movies named Clarence? Yep, we've got a Clarence in Hollywood, a big, strong, lusty, hair-on-his-chest fellow, who is famous for his athletic prowess. I refer to Buster Crabbe. Clarence is his real name, Buster is what his parents called him when small, and Larry is the new name, bequeathed him only recently by the studio which liked neither Clarence nor Buster.

"Buttons," because she was so small, is the name to which Helen Mack answered and still does. Oddly enough the "Ginger" of Ginger Rogers' name came not from the color of her hair, but is a contraction of Virginia—so "Ginger" she's been known practically since she wore her first blue hair ribbon.

Here's a good old neighborhood gang nickname. The exceedingly elegant appellation of "Tin Can Lizzie" was bestowed upon one of our better film blues singers because of her youthful tomboy tendencies, and because she could hold her own with any of the gang in a fistic battle. She didn't mind, even took "Tin Can Lizzie" as a mark of distinction, and today you will find Miss Wini Shaw answering to "Lizzie" from her friends.

I wonder how many of the thousands of feminine admirers of a certain new male screen idol would be as excited about his charm if he had been introduced to them by his real and prosaically dull name of Edwin Alonzo? This handsome, brown-haired, blue-eyed young man, whose voice is one of the thrilling discoveries of the film world last year, is known to you and me as Michael Bartlett. Michael grew out of the nickname "Mike" tacked upon him his first day in an expensive eastern prep school, when an upper classman yelled, "Pass the butter, Mike." "Mike" he was from then on, even through Princeton and into the theatrical, musical and film worlds. He finally adopted Michael professionally.

Of course you remember the famous story of the little boy who loved to play Indians and cowboys with his pals. And how, as he pretended with great gusto he was killing Indians to the left and right of him, he would shout "Bing! Bing! Bing!" instead of "Bang! Bang! Bang!" That little boy was Harry Lillis Crosby, better known to the fans as plain Bing Crosby.

Get a good hold of yourself, now! We have a "Sunshine" girl in Hollywood, one of our younger and important film players who actually bears the nickname of "Sunshine." It is Anne Shirley over at Radio. She was dubbed this, when in school, by her teacher because of her cheerful personality and the name has followed her to the studio, where some people still call her Sunshine. Well, it is all right by me, I can bear up.

If you want to send a shiver up the elegant back of one of our most lush feminine stars, sneak up behind her some day and say, "Hello, Billie." They hung this name on her in school and she has had an awful time forgetting it. There is another name you don't want to shout too loudly at her, because about the time she changed it completely her career began to boom. It is Lucille La Seuer. Yes, Billie La Seuer, alias Lucille La Seuer, is Joan Crawford. But that one was easy. Her suave, charming husband, Franchot Tone, was known as "Pamp" throughout his prep and college days.

If I said "Flighty" to you suddenly, you'd probably think of some silly, brainless piece of fluff, but you'd be wrong. It is the tag by which his pals know Frank Lawton, the young English actor, and it is developed from his passion for airplanes. And if you said "Boo" suddenly anywhere near Frank, he'd look around to see if you were addressing his English wife, Evelyn Laye, who, like yours truly, was dubbed by a baby relative who couldn't say Evelyn but could say "Boo." Silly, but true.

Walter Connolly was always called "Useless" when a lad—he thinks because he was such a bad pool player. Virginia Bruce was "Ginny," contracted from Virginia, and Clifton Webb, the elegant dancer, was just "Cliffie" and still is.

Wait, here's a pip. Estelle Thompson O'Brien at the age of eleven was given the part of the queen in a Queen Victoria pageant staged by herself and some schoolmates in Calcutta, India. With the rôle she took upon herself so many airs and was thereafter so "la-de-da" and elegant that the other little girls spitefully called her "Queenie." But Estelle Thompson O'Brien didn't mind a bit. In fact, she gloried in the name which the other little girls thought would make her mad. Somehow she knew deep in her heart that she was destined to be a great actress and "Queenie" was a fitting name for her. I think, perhaps, she was right for she gives definite promise of becoming one of the great queens of filmland. For Estelle Thompson O'Brien is just another way of referring to Merle Oberon.

I am nothing if not thorough, and in my research on this nickname business, my sleuthing led me to M-G-M, where I hopefully accosted Mr. Clark Gable. Mr. Gable gave me a most peculiar look when I put my question, "What did they call you when you were small, Clark?" In his eyes was a faraway look, but his answer was singularly noncommittal. "Oh, nothing special," he replied, "just Clark." And try as I might I could not break him down further. But I bet he had a lulu of a nickname!

How do you like this crop of nicknames that I have garnered? They are *interesting* atrocities, I think, and better than a lot of names I can think of for editors, if you don't like these.



What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

There's really no excuse for it these days when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use it any time—*after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM



ON SANITARY NAPKINS.
Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

takes the odor out of perspiration



"Nagging pain of corns, callouses or bunions can cause lines in the face"
—says Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, noted Foot Authority

INSTANT RELIEF

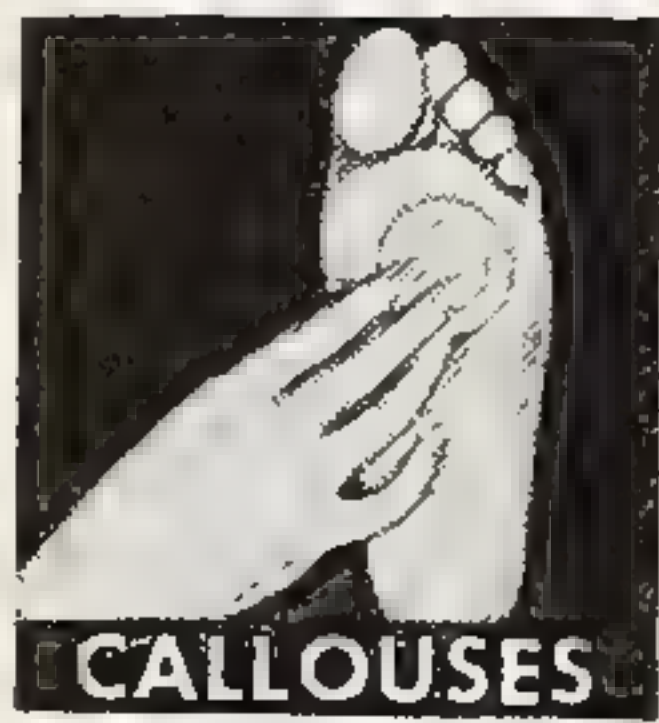
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve the pain and the cause of these foot troubles. They cushion and protect sensitive spots from nagging shoe pressure; soothe and heal, and prevent sore toes and blisters. To quickly and safely REMOVE corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box. Sold at all drug, shoe and dept. stores.

—2 Kinds—

NEW DE LUXE flesh color 35¢
STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢



CORNS



CALLOUSES



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

MILLIONS USE "HUSH" for BODY ODORS

10c SIZE AT 10c STORES

HUSH CREAM LIQUID POWDER STICK

REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN

[Continued from page 59]

desperado of the trio; Lewis Stone is the philosophising hold-up man who passes as a Doctor of Philosophy in church gatherings, and recites Shakespeare's Macbeth before he kills himself; and Walter Brennan is the stiff-kneed, toothless bad man who is willing to face death to return the baby. Chester and Irene Hervey look after the love interests. The desert exteriors are well worth your while if you like deserts.

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY

Rating: 84°—SEX AGAIN, GOODY—M-G-M

MYRNA LOY or Jean Harlow, wife or secretary, which shall it be, and what a problem for Massa Gable, gentleman publisher and debonair socialite. I suppose lesser men would probably go mad trying to make the choice, but what with Jeanie going gallant on us it's more or less decided for Mr. Gable. It's a Faith Baldwin story, so of course there's a theme and the theme seems to be: never accuse a husband of dallying with his secretary if you want to keep him from noticing how attractive she is.

According to the story, Clark Gable, terribly in love with his wife at home, and terribly business-like at his office, had never noticed how pretty and pleasantly sexy his secretary was until his wife started imagining things and got jealous of her. Of course Myrna insisted that she wasn't a jealous wife but, naturally, what with her women friends and her own mother-in-law advising her to get rid of Jean, she couldn't help but begin to wonder what went on during office hours. And then when Jean answered the phone in his hotel room at two o'clock one morning, when she called him over long distance—well, that was just too much for Myrna, she decided on a divorce.

Gable, deeply in love with his wife but you know how men are, is all set to take Jean to Bermuda when Jean, realizing that she is only second choice, contrives a reconciliation. She goes back to her boy friend, James Stewart, and Myrna promises never to be jealous again. The picture is extremely well written and acted and benefits from the superior direction of Clarence Brown. You'll be vastly entertained, and of course not every day in the week do you get a Gable, a Harlow and a Loy all in the same picture.

F-MAN

Rating: 66°—ENTERTAINING COMEDY—Paramount

JACK HALEY plays a country hick who's just plain nutty on the subject of G-men. His life's ambition is to be one of the boys, and he becomes such a pest at the Department of Justice headquarters that William Frawley, a G-man with a sense of humor, makes him an F-man, which he tells him is just one step short of being a G-man. Of course I don't have to tell you that the hick, supremely happy over being an F-man, blunders right through to success—much to the amazement of the Department of Justice. Adrienne Marden plays the girl friend and I hear has been signed on a contract since the preview. It's an unpretentious little comedy, with some swell gags, and laughs aplenty.

BE A DESIGNER OF HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Qualify for a good position, or have your own Shop and win financial independence as Hollywood Fashion Expert. **DRESS LIKE SCREEN STARS** Design and make glamorous gowns for yourself like those of your favorite film star. Have more clothes and dress more smartly, at even less expense.

HOLLYWOOD FASHION CREATORS OUR ADVISERS With the cooperation of Movie Studios and Screen Stars, this 50-year old College will teach you Costume Designing in your spare time at home. Free placement service. If over 16, write at once for Free Illustrated Booklet.

WOODBURY COLLEGE
Dept. 55-E Hollywood, California

PURSE-PAK PERFUMES

Duplicating odors that retail up to \$24.00 per ounce, but at 1/3 to 1/4 their price.

Here are our 5 popular odors—True GARDENIA, NURETTE (heavy), SEBA (medium), LA JUNE (light) and ORSINI (light).

FREE—Two 1/4 Dram Bottles

Send \$1.00 for full dram—your choice of any one of above odors (in fancy gift Purse-Pak) and receive FREE, your choice of 1/4 dram of any 2 of the other odors—or send 25 cents for a 1/4 dram of any one of above odors—or \$1.00 for all five odors. Postage prepaid. This offer good in U. S. only. Money back if not satisfied.

SAFECO PARFUMERIES

1207 Balmoral Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Larger quantity prices on request. Inquiries invited on any special odors desired.

DR. WALTER'S QUICK REDUCING GARMENTS for any part of the body. Flesh colored gum rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins quickly; fit perfectly and improve shape immediately.

14 inch LEGGINGS \$3.00 pair
14 " STOCKINGS 6.75
BRASSIERE\$2.25
UPLIFT BRASSIERE 3.25
GIRDLE (laced up back) 4.50
ABDOMINAL REDUCERS for men and women...\$3.50

Send circular measures of part of body to be fitted when ordering. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.

DR. JEANNE S. M. WALTER, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL COURSES

• SCREEN, STAGE and RADIO TECHNIQUE. Acting, Dramatics, Voice, Speech and Diction for Announcers, Actors and Singers. Ballet and Stage Dancing.

AUDITIONS—TESTS... One and Four Year Courses. For information write

ITHACA COLLEGE

5 DeWitt Park

Ithaca, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Earn Extra Money Home Spare Time ADDRESS ENVELOPES. Do Sewing Work, List names. Many other kinds of work offered. Send 3c stamp for full complete details.

\$50.00 to \$100.00 a month.

WOMEN'S AID BUREAU, Dept. SU, 276 High St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$\$\$ Photoplay Ideas \$\$\$

Stories accepted in any form for criticism, revision, copyright and submission to Hollywood studios. Our sales service selling consistent percentage of stories to Hollywood Studios—the MOST ACTIVE MARKET. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Send original plots or stories for FREE reading and report. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of others. Deal with a recognized Hollywood Agent who is on the ground and knows market requirements. Established 1917. Write for FREE BOOK giving full information.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CO.

551 Meyer Bldg.

Hollywood, Calif.

ITCH

... STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

STUDIO NEWS

[Continued from page 19]

She is holding his right hand (which is all bandaged up) with her left while she rearranges the bandages with her right. In the distance is heard the orchestral accompaniment to the opera.

"There!" Madge exclaims. "How does that feel?"

"Rotten," says Chester. "You'd better do it all over again." Madge looks at him and laughs as he continues: "I hate to admit it, but, for the first time, the chief was right." She looks at him questioningly. "He said all I wanted was to hold hands to music—"

"Sssh!" she interrupts. "There's Mario's great aria."

But Chester is obviously paying no attention to the music.

"To think," he speculates, "I was sore at the Chief for sending me up here."

Suddenly something drops behind them. Chester jumps up and fumbles for his gun but he can't get it out of his pocket in time.

"We'll have to do it again," Ed Marin, the director, says. "You muffed it that time."

"Wouldn't it be better—a little more unusual," Chester suggests, "if we just looked around at him and didn't pay any attention to him?"

"Him" is the bound and gagged figure of a chorus boy the musician has attacked and robbed of his clothes.

"We're all nuts on this set today," Marin confides to me. "My wife and I celebrated our tenth wedding anniversary over the week-end and Chester celebrated his birthday. The party is still going on as far as we're concerned and we can't seem to get serious. Watch this scene closely, now. You'll find it has *everything*—charm, lift, lilt, dialogue, action. I doubt that such a scene was ever written before."

Madge is convulsed. I go over to say "hello" because I've never seen her look so beautiful as she does in this white crepe with a sort of scarf effect, the whole thing trimmed in a heavy fringe, one of Steve McDonald's orchids being the only ornament.

"Gee, you look beautiful," I whisper heavily.

"A bit of Carmen," Madge murmurs, fingering the fringe.

How can I do any serious reporting when nobody takes me or my efforts seriously? I bow coldly, mutter something about "My mistake, I thought it was you" and transfer my activities to—

R-K-O

REMEMBER all those murder mysteries James Gleason and Edna May Oliver used to make? Well, they've started them again, only since Miss Oliver's defection, Helen Broderick is playing *Hildegard*, the school teacher who solves everything.

This time, early in the morning, Inspector Gleason, summoned to Central Park, finds the dead body of Sheila Terry. There is every evidence that Sheila has been thrown from her horse and kicked by him afterwards. They've all decided it was an accidental death when Gleason hears a familiar voice saying, "You know, I had an uncle who thought the World War was an accident," and then Miss Broderick strolls up casually, carrying her Scottie (Mr. Jones) in one arm and leading the horse with the other. Gleason whirls on her. "It



SHE WAS TOO FAT!

And then she made up her mind to get thin and did, without hard exercise or starvation diet

Nobody loves a fat girl—but why mope about it when you can so easily get rid of that excess fat by means of a tried and true corrective, known and recommended by physicians the world over?

Many years ago medical science discovered that obesity—when an abnormal condition—is caused by the lack of an important element which the body normally supplies.

That element—which is the chief ingredient of Marmola—has since been prescribed to thousands of overweight women, with amazingly beneficial results. It is taken with their meals. They do not wear themselves out with exercising, do not starve themselves, nor drain their systems with drastic purgatives. Yet day by day they have felt lighter, more alert, more energetic. Soon they find their weight satisfactory.

The excess fat has simply slipped away, revealing the trim and slender figure underneath.

Sounds like a miracle, but thousands of women who have taken Marmola as directed — 4 tablets a day — might well tell you it's a demonstrated fact. Indeed, since 1907, more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased — proof positive that nothing succeeds like success. Marmola is put up by one of the leading medical laboratories of America.

Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

Marmola is on sale by all dealers — from coast to coast.

Rheumatism

Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Drug-gist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

POEMS

Set to Music Published

FREE EXAMINATION—SEND POEMS TO

McNEIL

Bachelor of Music

1582 West 27th St. Los Angeles, Calif.

I WANT YOU

Work for "Uncle Sam"



Start \$1260 to \$2100 a year
MEN—WOMEN. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. I will coach 25 free. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. H-319 Rochester, N. Y.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 35 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 554, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

PIMPLY, ROUGH SKIN

due to external irritation

Cleanse clogged pores—aid healing of the sore spots the easy Resinol way. Sample of Ointment and Soap free. Write Resinol, Dept. 5G, Balto., Md.

Resinol

Be an ARTIST

MAKE \$50 TO \$100 A WEEK!

Many of our successful students are now making big money. Our simple methods make it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing at home, in spare time. New low tuition rate. Write for big free book "ART for Pleasure and Profit," today. State age. STUDIO 175, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART 1115—15TH ST., N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.



FAT GONE



GET SLENDER
By Safe
FOOD METHOD

Just Like Eating Candy!

● Stop fretting over hated fat and get rid of it this **SAFE** easy way!... **NO DRUGS**... no dangerous di-nitrophenol... no thyroid... not laxative. Just eat delicious **SLENDRETS**, which look and taste like candy, and **LOSE FAT** in a hurry. You feel and look better! This new Food Method converts fat into energy, by helping to re-distribute stored fat. **SO SAFE!** Though a baby should eat them by mistake, it would not be harmed.

READ HOW OTHERS LOST FAT: "36 lbs. of fat gone, never felt better!" writes Miss Angell (N. Y.). "I reduced 48 lbs., look ten years younger," writes Mrs. Sims, Iowa.

REDUCE QUICKLY... OR NO COST

If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results, you get your money back in full. No risk—you can't lose one cent!

ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY!

Don't give **FAT** another day's start... but be sure you reduce the safe **SLENDRETS** Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! At all good drug stores, or, send \$1 for generous supply package containing 84 **SLENDRETS**. Or, \$5 for 6 packages. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or C.O.D.) Sent to you in plain wrapper.

Scientific Medicinal Products Co. Dept. S536
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me on your money-back offer

- ☐ The \$1 package containing 84 **SLENDRETS**
☐ 6 packages of **SLENDRETS** for \$5
(Enclose payment. Or if C.O.D. send 10c fee)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

SHU-MILK

cleans

ALL WHITE SHOES

America's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner



Write for **FREE SAMPLE**
GARFIELD TEA CO.,
Dept. 243, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CLEANSE Internally

and feel the difference!

Why let constipation hold you back? Feel your best, look your best—cleanse internally the easy tea-cup way. **GARFIELD TEA** is not a miracle worker, but a week of this "internal beauty treatment" will astonish you. Begin tonight. (At your drug store)

GARFIELD TEA

would be you," he observes sourly. "A person can't get killed in the city limits any more without you showing up."

"Mr. Jones," replies Miss Broderick with dignity, "and I were out walking and we found the horse. So we thought we'd look for the rider."

"Well, it's all right, see?" Jimmy says belligerently. "It was an accident."

"I don't think so," Helen retorts coolly. "Oh, I see," comes disgustedly from Jim. "You've got a theory. You're going to tell me she committed suicide."

Now, I think it would have been much more sparkling if he'd said, "I suppose you're going to tell me she fell off and kicked herself to death," but it's getting on towards noon and the first race starts at 1:30 so I don't even say "hello" but race over to the next set.

Here William Powell and Jean Arthur are just starting "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford." That is, Bill and Eric Blore are starting. Miss Arthur hasn't appeared as yet. Bill is the *ne plus ultra* in doctors in Los Angeles, and he's just sitting down to his evening meal, with the paper propped up in front of him, when Blore comes in carrying a bottle of champagne. He starts to open it but, without saying a word, Bill holds out his hand for the bottle. Eric has a pained look on his face as he unwillingly surrenders the bottle. Still without a word, Bill fishes in his trouser pockets, pulls out a dollar bill and lays it on the table. Looking even more pained, Eric pulls a dollar from his own pocket and lays it beside Bill's. It is evidently nothing new to him. Bill points the bottle at the dinner gong way over in the corner, opens it and the cork shoots across the room hitting the gong. With a smile of satisfaction Bill pockets the two bucks, pours himself a glass of wine and goes on reading and eating.

Mr. Powell's *sangfroid* was never so beautifully illustrated as in this scene. When the cork shoots out of the bottle the wine foams up and spills all over the table but he makes no fuss—pays no attention to it. Just calmly lets it spill and fills his glass.

And that, good people, is the start of "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"—another murder mystery.

Pondering heavily on the growing number of murders in the movies this month, I make for—

Twentieth Century-Fox

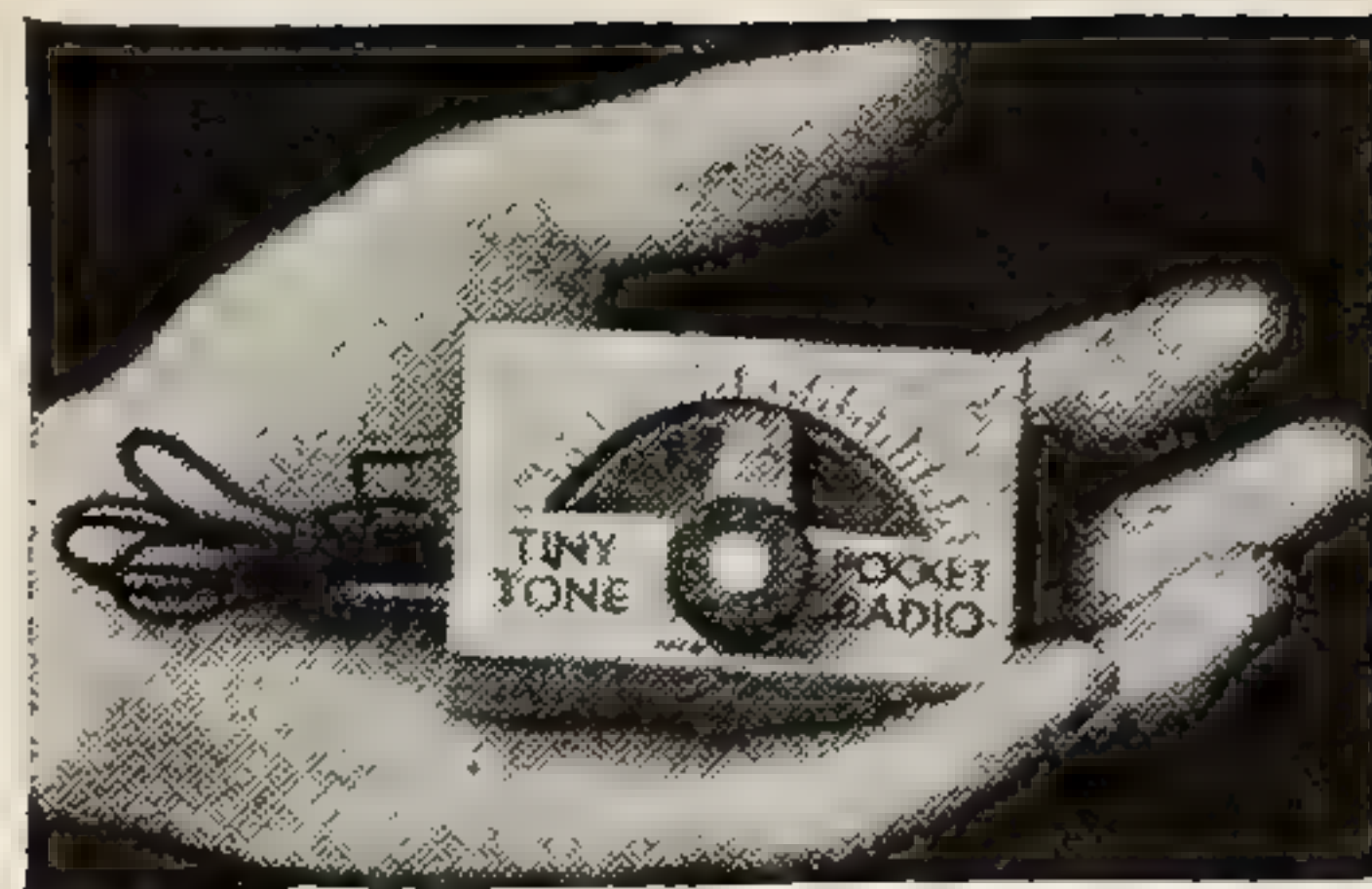
"**THE COUNTRY BEYOND**" I've already reported. "Poor Little Rich Girl," starring Shirley Temple, is just starting, so I'll tell you about that next month and "The Zero Hour," starring Fredric March and Warner Baxter is on location, so you'll have to wait on that one, too.

BUT there is "Human Cargo," starring Claire Trevor. Would you believe me if I told you this is a murder mystery? It is.

Claire is the niece of a heavy advertiser on a paper. She persuades her uncle to force them to give her a job as reporter. They assign her as Brian Donlevy's (that swell actor) assistant.

The paper is trying to expose the alien shakedown racket and Donlevy has a hot tip. He takes Rita Cansino, the head of the racket's girl, to his apartment to protect her. She's a dancer in a night club. Claire doesn't like the way he's handling things so she quits and goes over to a rival newspaper. Then she tells the district attorney (Ralph Morgan) where Rita is. The D. A. takes her away from Brian and up to his own office. Despite Brian's protests that she'll be killed, he assures her he can protect her.

She is just about to speak the name of the guilty man when there is a crash of glass and she falls to the floor with a bullet through her head—**DEAD!**

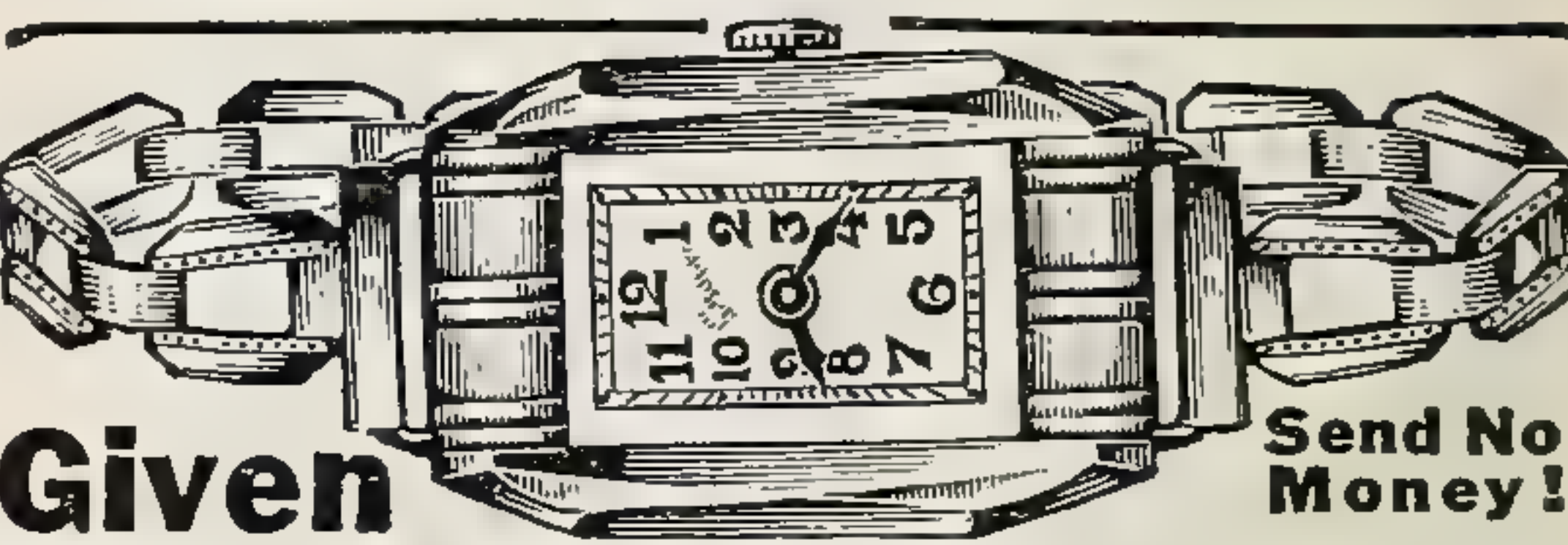


NEW!! MIDGET POCKET RADIO

\$2.99
COMPLETE POSTPAID

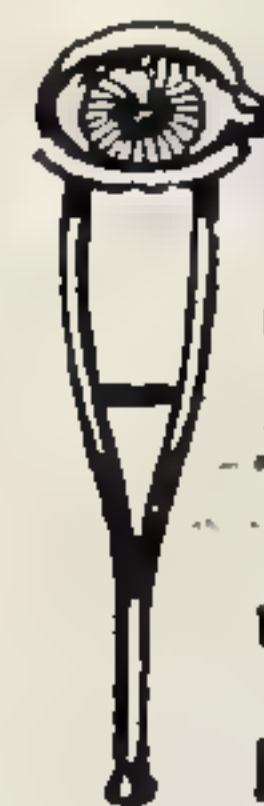
Fits in any small pocket easily. Weighs only 4 oz. as shown. Comes in four beautiful colors: (Black, green, brown, white.) No tubes, batteries, or electrical connections needed! Nothing to wear or need replacement—will last for years—only one moving part! Separates and receives broadcast stations with beautiful clear tone. Range up to 50 miles—MUCH GREATER under good conditions—very little static or interference! Can be used by ANYONE ANYWHERE! NO CRYSTALS TO ADJUST! Absolutely complete with midget phone and instructions to use while in bed, hotels, at home, autos, offices, camps, on bicycles or any place you may be. No complicated or messy hookups—takes only a second to connect. THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS. THESE ARE FACTS! Send only \$1.00 and pay postman \$1.99 plus postage on arrival or send \$2.99 (Cash, M. O., Check). Ideal Gift. Guaranteed. ORDER NOW! State color. Foreign orders 65c extra.

TINYTONE RADIO CO., Dept. S-5, KEARNEY, NEBR.



Given **Send No Money!**

LADIES' & GIRLS' SEND NAME AND ADDRESS! Latest Shape **HIGH GRADE 7 Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH** with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. **YOURS** for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. **SPECIAL--** Choice of 40 other gifts for returning only \$3. Our 40th year. Be First, Write today for 12 boxes of White Cloverine Salve. **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 82-H, Tyrone, Pa.**



DIVORCE EYE CRUTCHES!

Get Rid of the Spectacle Handicap

The Natural Eyesight System tells how to do it at home. Full information **FREE**.

NATURAL EYESIGHT INSTITUTE, Inc.

Dept. 65-P Los Angeles, Calif.



Want a career in PHOTOGRAPHY?

Wonderful money-making opportunities in this growing field. Earn while learning. Practical, individual instruction in every branch of Professional and Amateur Photography. Personal Attendance and Home Study courses. 26th year. Free Booklet.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

10 West 33 St., (Dept. 64) New York

NEW FRENCH PERFUMES

Exquisite, alluring enticing perfume in the most popular, extra concentrated odors that last for days.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Send 25c in stamps, for 2 full

drams, postpaid.

FRANCINE, Box 95, Hammond, Ind.

25¢
Postpaid



Your Marriage Forecast

As Told By Your Stars

What is the romance in store for you... destined from the day of your birth? Whom should you marry? What is your luckiest day? Send full birth-date with Dime and Stamped Return envelope for your Chart at once.

THURSTON, Dept. O-16

20 W. Jackson Blvd.

Chicago, Ill.

TYPISTS WANTED

Typists earn extra money home typing authors manuscripts. Good pay. A real opportunity for those who really want to work. Send 3c stamp for details.

TYPISTS BUREAU, Dept. SU, Westfield, Mass.

Earn \$50.00 to \$100.00 A Month Spare Time

SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES

BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. **WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.** **UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California**

DENTIST'S DISCOVERY

Teeth-Agleam
SPARKLING WHITE TEETH
Secretly

NO BRUSHING
NO EFFORT
DAINTY AS
LIP ROUGE

Enough
FOR A YEAR
\$1.00

May Erickson says: "Go home to brighten my teeth? Never! After smoking, lunching, before stage appearances, I always use 'Teeth-Agleam'."

Here's perfect smartness! Win admiration. Be attractive, all day—every day. Carry "Teeth-Agleam" in your purse. Simply apply with fingertip. Keeps teeth sparkling white—always! Not a dentifrice. Absolutely harmless. Mail or wire one dollar today. Prompt refund if not pleased.

WHOLESALE DENTIST'S SUPPLY CO
Omaha, Nebraska

DRUGGISTS: Smart, cleanly people everywhere buy Teeth-Agleam on sight. Write for dealer prices.

DEVELOP YOUR CURVES!

Don't be discouraged if your form is flat, saggy, or undeveloped! There's still hope if you'll try my **VENUS CREAM METHOD**. Simple and harmless and often adds 1 to 3 inches. Wonderful for scrawny neck and arms, wrinkles and crowsfeet.

Hundreds of satisfied users: "My friends are beginning to notice the improvement in my figure" says Miss P. J. of W. Va. "You should see the curves my form has now" writes Miss W. H. of N. Car.



**30-Day Treatment
Only \$1.00**

If you are not surprised and delighted with results, return empty container and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

ROSE MILLER, BOX 1271-SU., Birmingham, Ala.

PIMPLES
Quickly Banished!

Why suffer embarrassment? Amazing new treatment quickly banishes pimples, blemishes, blackheads and other unsightly skin disorders. Safe, quick, lasting. No rubbing, no soaking, no dangerous method to mar the skin. "SEEDA" good for everybody, children, too. A simple, sure way to a healthful, beautiful complexion. Try it, you have nothing to lose; money back if it fails. Send \$1.00.

only \$1.00

THE SEEDA LABORATORIES
2485-65th St., Dept. A-5, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Free For Asthma

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma at this season of the year; if you choke and gasp for breath don't fail to send at once for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live nor what your age or occupation nor whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Write now and test the method free on your own case. Address: **Frontier Asthma Co.** 214-A **Frontier Bldg.**, 462 Niagara Street **Buffalo, N. Y.**

MAKE \$18⁰⁰ WEEKLY at HOME

ADDRESSING and MAILING POSTCARDS and LETTERS. Experience unnecessary. Steady work, supply furnished. **START NOW**. Complete particulars send 10c to cover mailing expenses.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIES
17 Locust Dept. 22B Springfield, Mass.

Dreams . . .

Don't belittle or be ashamed of your dreams. Modern Analysis explains dreams truly. Send 10c for absorbingly interesting 82 page book. Enrich your own life and relations with loved ones through understanding of your secret thoughts, hopes, fears, ambitions. We guide you free. **DR. TUTT'S DREAM STUDY**, 63 Warren Street, New York City.

ECZEMA TORMENTS

quickly pacified by
efficient help of

POSLAM
A CONCENTRATED OINTMENT

Send for
FREE SAMPLE
Poslam
STATION G
NEW YORK

Claire is already there, leaning against a desk when Brian rushes in.

"Through the head," Morgan muses. "She died instantly."

"That's giving her protection, Carey," Brian cracks sarcastically. "She's safe enough now."

And then people in the corridor, attracted by the shot, start to rush in.

"Hey, you, get back. Get out of here," Wade Boteler (a plain clothes man) yells at them, rushing over and forcing them back out of the door.

I leave the murder unsolved and rush around to—

Columbia

THE gods are with me! "Roaming Lady," with Ralph Bellamy and Fay Wray, is on location. Likewise "And So They Were Married," with Mary Astor, Melvyn Douglas and Edith Fellowes.

"The Devil's Squadron," starring Richard Dix, Karen Morley, Henry Mollison and Lloyd Nolan, just finished so that leaves only "Panic on the Air." Months ago I told you about a picture called "Panic on the Air," but when the picture was released it bore a different title, so now they're making another picture with this title. This one stars Lew Ayres, Florence Rice, Benny Baker, Wyrley Birch and a mob of others.

Not only is this a murder mystery, but there is a kidnaping thrown in for good measure. Lew is a sports commentator on the radio and he is just about to solve everything, with the aid of Wyrley (a cryptographer). When he and Florence and Benny arrive at Wyrley's home they find the criminals have beat them there and are waiting for them. Lew and his pals are bound and gagged and left in the living room while the criminals depart with the marked five dollar bill which is the solution to everything. Lew is due back on the air in a few minutes to give the solution he had promised the waiting public. What to do?

In one corner of the living room is a lot of shelves with bottles on them. Wyrley, who is too far away, keeps jerking his eyes towards the bottles. Finally Lew understands. He rolls over to them, but on account of his feet being tied he can't stand up, so he gets a yard stick between his feet and points it at one bottle after another until Wyrley nods that that is the right one. Lew knocks it off with the yard stick and it falls and breaks. First he lets some of the acid drip on the rope which ties his feet, stands up with his back to the dripping fluid so it can fall on the rope which binds his hands. It eats through the rope and his flesh as well but he's very brave and as soon as his hands are loose he jerks the gag out of his mouth, frees the others, rushes to the telephone, calls the radio station, has them put an amplifier to the receiver and broadcasts to the police his solution of the murder, telling them where they'll find the criminals.

I chat for a few minutes with Florence and Lew. Florence is still living in the same apartment and she says if I call her she'll go out with me, so I borrow a few drops of the acid to burn her 'phone number on my wrist. Lew tells me he will direct (not act in) his first picture—"The Glory Parade"—as soon as he finishes this one. We're having a swell time when I suddenly look at my watch and discover it's one o'clock. Whoops, my dear! I'm off to the races!

* * * *

Later tonight. The big race has been run. That is, except for *Pompey's Squaw*. She hasn't come in yet. Of the fifty smackers I took to the track, the last two bits has just been spent on a bottle of arsenic for Mr. Green. If I'm still at large, I'll see you next month.

**I THOUGHT
15¢ WINDOW SHADES
WOULD LOOK CHEAP**

**GUARANTEED
As Advertised in
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
MAGAZINE**

**"But No One Ever Realizes
My 15¢ CLOPAYS are
Not High Priced Shades"**

WHAT an agreeable surprise to find 15¢ CLOPAY window shades the smartest, richest looking I ever owned! And so inexpensive! When they get soiled, I simply put up new ones—keep windows always spic and span at amazingly low cost." Try this plan used by millions. CLOPAY 15¢ window shades are made from a new kind of tough, pliable creped fibre that will not pinhole or crack. Smart patterns and rich plain colors. See them in leading 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Send for **FREE** color samples. CLOPAY Corp., 1568 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TAP DANCING BY MAIL
Beg. or Adv. Tap \$1. Sample Tap lesson for Beg. with Standard Time-Step & Break, 25c. Beg. Waltz & Foxtrot \$1. **HAL LEROY** studied here. Send for list "S."
KINSELLA ACADEMY, 2532 May St., Cincinnati, Ohio

**the secret of
beautiful body skin**

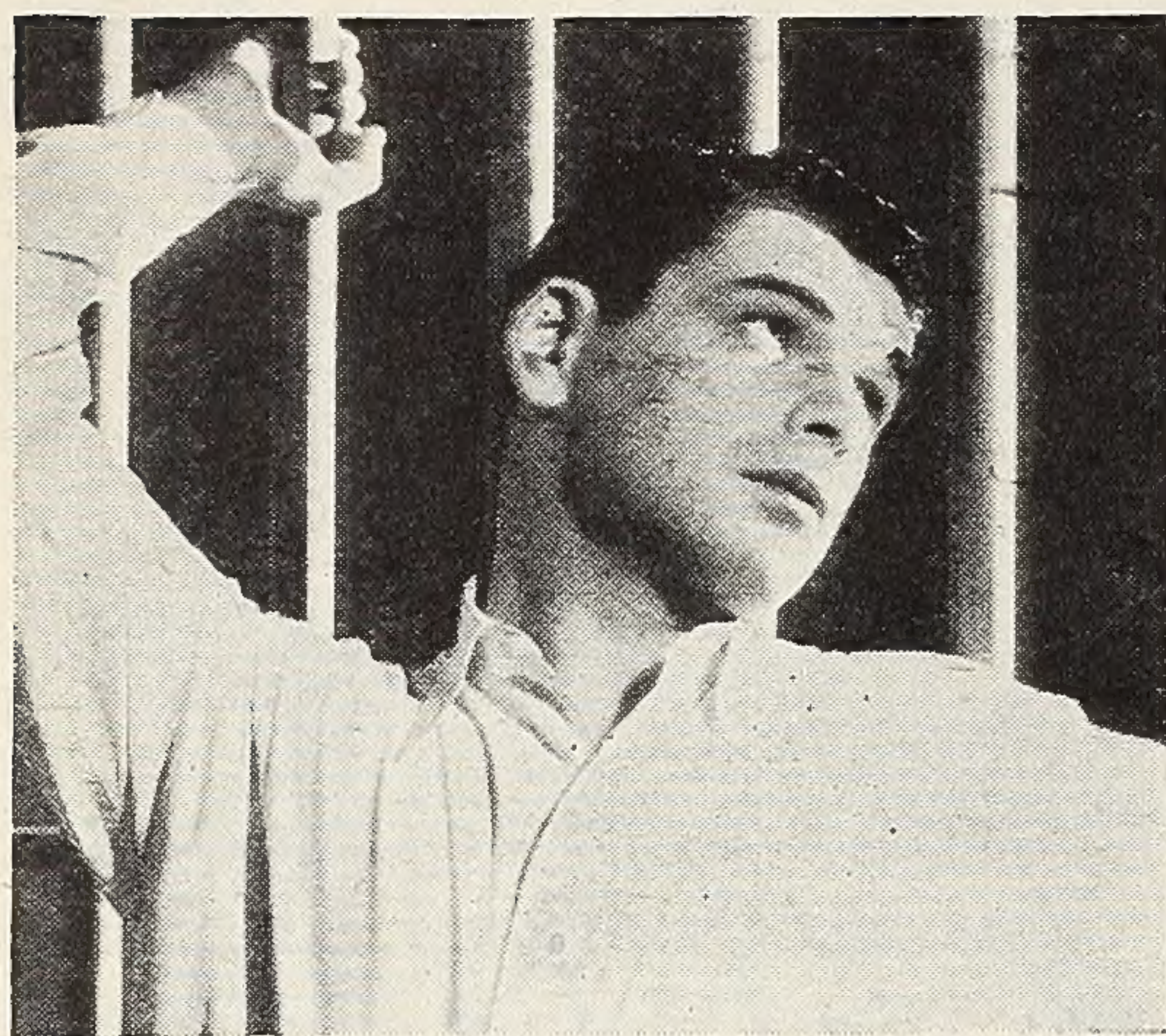
**BATHASWEET
FREE**

Yes, you can have a lovelier, more alluring body. Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet, and make your bath a beauty treatment.

You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. Gone is all harshness from the water. Bathasweet softens it to a caress—softens it so that the water cleanses your pores as they would not otherwise be cleansed. The best evidence of this remarkable power to dissolve impurities and to keep them dissolved is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness. . . . Yet Bathasweet costs very little—50c and \$1 at drug and department stores.

Free—a gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp., Dept. S-E, 1907 Park Ave., New York.

The Final Thing



Paul Muni

AT THE Art Students League in New York City they used to have a show burlesquing their betters, and the painting that had a real honest-to-goodness rubber boot stuck on the canvas was properly adjudged as being pretty darn funny. Moving pictures are trying to stick fact and fancy together, and have been doing it for some time, and the first thing you know there will be only a few of us purists left, fighting back to back against the rubber boot sticker-oners.

The first impossibility was real sound with unreal shadow mouths and larynges. Chaplin is still fighting on that flank, although he has given way to permit some sound. Did you get the significance of the jumble of words that he sang? He knew he MUST NOT have reality.

We remember a picture with Warner Baxter and a love affair, and then, the first thing you knew, there was Boulder Dam! Bang went the whimsie, plot and love affair. We thrilled at the magnificence of the work of these great engineers and make-believe was forgotten. It is the same way with the quintuplet picture. Hokum, plot, humor, atmosphere and what-all are discarded in presence of the facts—five of them, Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Annette and Emelie. It is a picture, but is it Art?

* * *

They awarded the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' trophy for the best performance to Bette Davis for her work in "Dangerous," and all the time it was her work in "Of Human Bondage" that you were thinking of—and they were too!

And, although Paul Muni's performance of Dr. Pasteur was excellent, any honors he may win will, for us, be in recognition of his work as "Scarface" and as the "Fugitive from a Chain Gang."

* * *

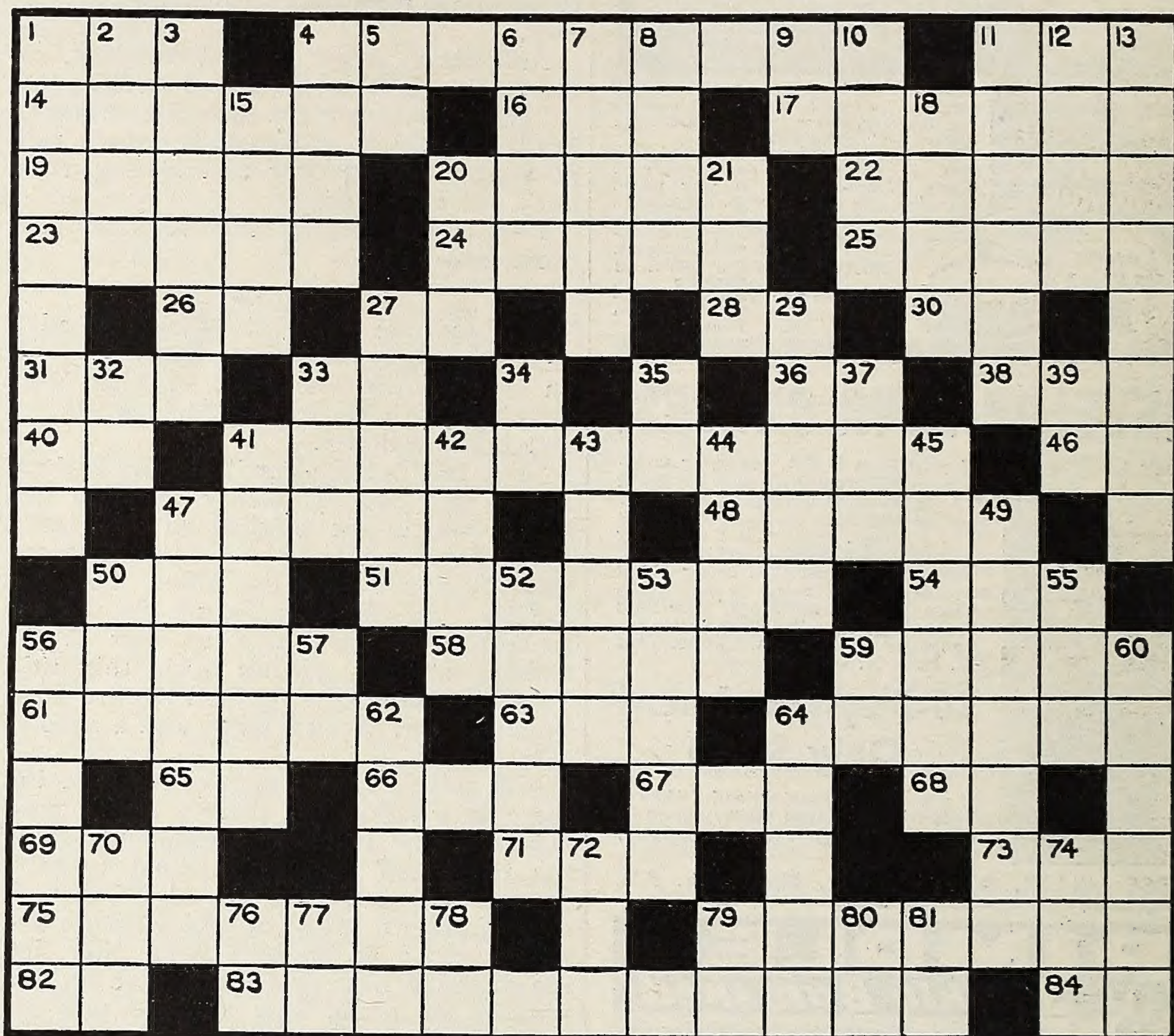
"When a pessimist has a surprise it is pleasant news," says Rex Stout (creator of Nero Wolfe), "but an optimist's surprises are always unpleasant." Perhaps that is why all of us are getting so cynical—or, should we say, intelligent? McLaglen was a traitor in his picture, "The Informer," and got a prize. We can believe the character he was on the screen, while the figures of sweetness and light sometimes leave us doubtful. Bette Davis' part in "Dangerous" was surely hard—remember, she chose death instead of not having her own way. We could believe that. Captain Bligh got a "show" placing for the meanest character ever screened. What's happened to the folks who liked "Little Women?"

Edw. Keen

EDITOR.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



CROSS

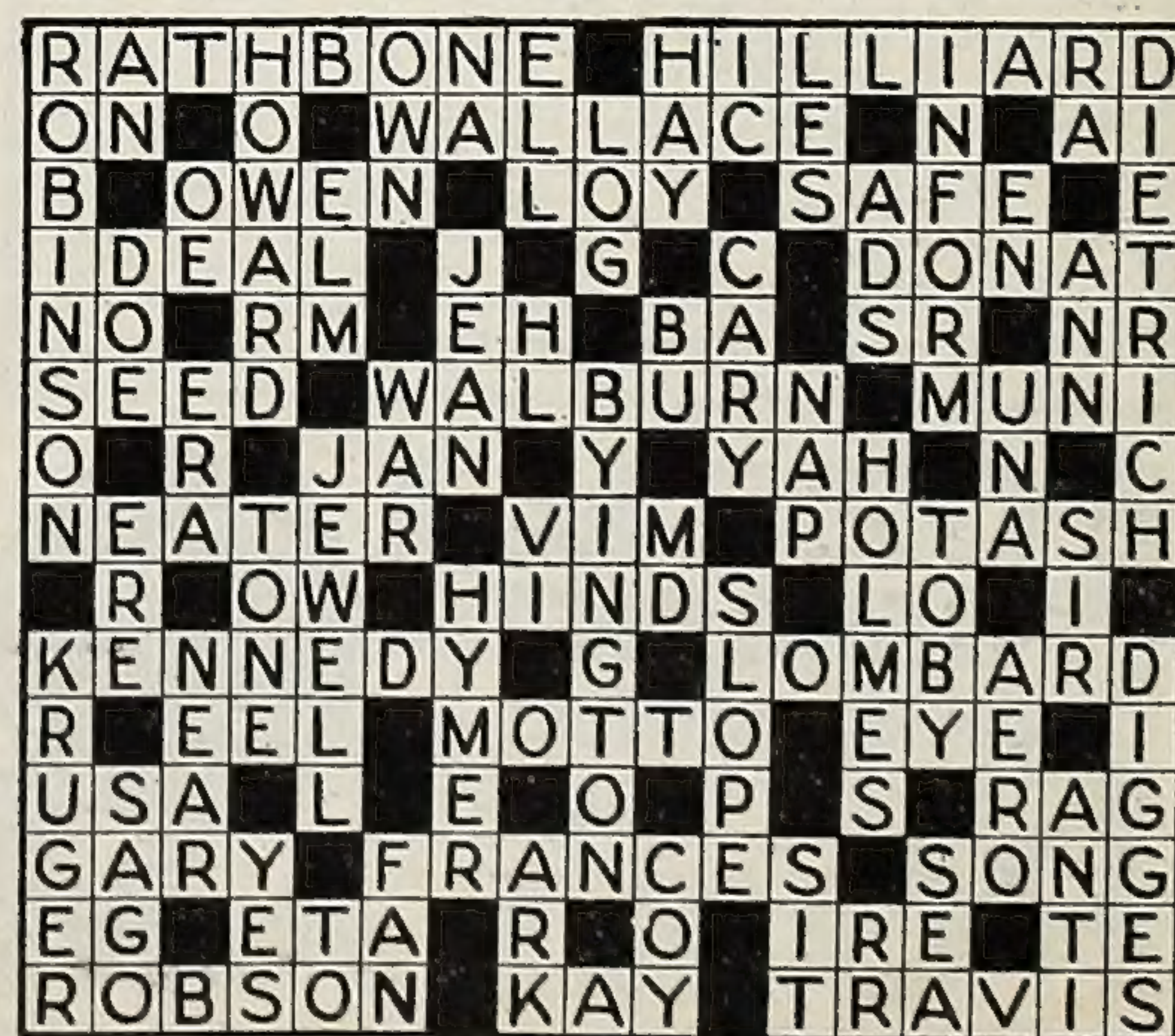
- 1 Large
- 4 He has his own company in England
- 11 Limb of the human body
- 14 Fashion designer at M-G-M
- 16 Even (poet.)
- 17 Miriam Hopkins' husband in "Splendor"
- 19 Approaches
- 20 A comedienne from Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 22 Bill Jones in "Three Live Ghosts"
- 23 The gambler in "Don't Gamble With Love"
- 24 A place used for sacrificial offerings
- 25 To invade suddenly
- 26 Jerry in "One Way Ticket" (initials)
- 27 A large mass of rock (abbr.)
- 28 Western state (abbr.)
- 30 She stars in "Next Time We Love" (initials)
- 31 Natural metal
- 33 She's lovely in "If You Could Only Cook" (init.)
- 36 Above
- 38 Surely (negro dialect)
- 40 A measure of length (abbr.)
- 41 "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
- 46 Upon
- 47 A large cattle farm
- 48 Diminishes
- 50 One of the best known cowboys
- 51 Karen in "These Three"
- 54 Had dined
- 56 Agreements
- 58 Remembered as "The Invisible Man"
- 59 Daughter of a poor merchant in "Exclusive Story"
- 61 Additional ones
- 63 Appears with Edward Arnold in "Sutter's Gold"
- 64 With Joan Blondell in "Miss Pacific Fleet"
- 65 Masculine title of respect (abbr.)
- 66 Before
- 67 King (Fr.)
- 68 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 69 Period of time
- 71 To place
- 73 Senior (abbr.)
- 75 Jerry in "The Lady Consents"
- 79 Soon to be seen as Juliet
- 82 A title of nobility (abbr.)
- 83 One of Hollywood's great directors
- 84 A river in Livonia

DOWN

- 1 The captain in "Hellship Morgan"
- 2 A thought
- 3 Dorothy in "Collegiate"
- 4 Speedy in motion
- 5 Indefinite article
- 6 Genuine
- 7 The star of "Dangerous"
- 8 A handle, as of a pitcher
- 9 Mrs. Charles Vidor (initials)
- 10 A mark or blemish
- 11 "Mr. Hobo"
- 12 He appears with Mae West in "Klondike Annie"
- 13 Large dwelling houses
- 15 The most common and useful of metals

- 18 To crowd
- 20 Jake Lee in "Ceiling Zero"
- 21 Period of time (abbr.)
- 27 Star of "Anthony Adverse"
- 29 A great French novelist
- 32 Direction (abbr.)
- 33 He sings in "Give Us This Night"
- 34 Expression of surprise
- 35 Now making "The Singing Kid"
- 37 A writing implement
- 39 Stop!
- 41 Dr. Mudd in "The Prisoner of Shark Island"
- 42 Norse god of thunder
- 43 He owned the girls' school in "Collegiate"
- 44 Possesses by right
- 45 Silas Marner was one of these
- 47 He returned to films in "The Music Goes 'Round"
- 49 He gives a fine performance in "Soak the Rich"
- 50 To interweave
- 52 Becomes colorless
- 53 Lifeless
- 55 Finish
- 56 Three famous film stars bear this name
- 57 Elder (abbr.)
- 59 A mode of transportation
- 60 First name of Mrs. Gary Cooper
- 62 Leaf (bot.)
- 64 Star of "The Birth of a Nation" (pos.)
- 70 To free
- 72 Elongated fish
- 74 A meadow
- 76 A well-known radio orchestra leader (initials)
- 77 Therefore
- 78 You (O. E.)
- 79 A direction (abbr.)
- 80 The heroine in "Confidential" (initials)
- 81 Always

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



At 6—Sally is
tired out after a
hard office day



At 7—Sally is radiant,
gay, her skin fresh
and delicately fragrant



This quick Beauty Bath peps you up—leaves you *dainty*...

FOR the girl who wants to win
out with men, *daintiness* is
all-important. There's a world
of fascination in skin that's not
only thoroughly clean, but deli-
cately fragrant, too!

You'll love the way a Lux
Toilet Soap beauty bath relaxes
and refreshes you. You'll love
the fresh, sweet odor it gives
your skin. And here's another
important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap
is ACTIVE. It cleans the pores

deeply, carrying away stale per-
spiration, every trace of dust and
dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap
bath, you feel like a different
person. You're ready for con-
quests—and you *look* it!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux
Toilet Soap because they've found
it such a superb complexion
care. They use it as a bath soap,
too, because they know neck
and shoulders need the beautify-
ing care this gentle soap gives.



*Chesterfield writes
its own advertising*

*They
Satisfy*

